Collier's

JUNE 14, 1947

TEN CENTS

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MAIN STREET MOVES TO JAPAN

by WELDON JAMES

●

THE ICEBERGS BEAR DOWN

by FRED SPARKS

e, 14 1947

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Coffee is Fresher in this Jar...

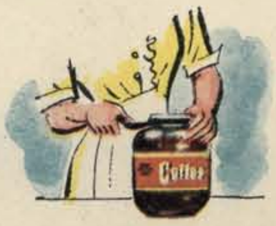
HIGHEST VACUUM EVER!
-that's why 217 popular brands have switched to **ULTRA-VAC**

TO UNSEAL | TO RESEAL
PRY 3 PLACES
HIGHEST VACUUM
ULTRA VACUUM PACKED
Coffee
Duraglas Ultra-Vac

Under this NEW-type *flexible*, tamperproof cap your coffee *comes* fresher, *keeps* fresher.

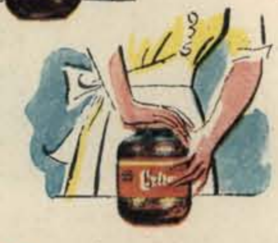
Highest Vacuum ever!

Yet it opens with just 3 quick pries!


Coffee
JUST 3 QUICK PRIES WITH KITCHEN TABLESPOON
"NOTICE...THUMB'S RIGHT IN THE SPOON-BOWL—SEE HOW?"

The Only Sure Reseal!

KEEPS your coffee FRESHER!


Coffee
RESEALS AIRTIGHT!

Ask for your favorite brand in the New Duraglas ULTRA-VAC JAR
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

Make a wish! Little Bette Daly (third from the left), just four, may well wish that she grows up to be as pretty as her Mommy. She's well on the way toward having her "model" mother's sparkling smile! For Betty, knowing today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise, sees to it that the Dalys use Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle gum massage, to help gums become firmer, teeth brighter.

Betty Daly is a Model Mother–five times over!

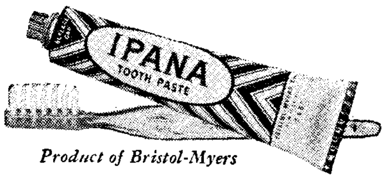
She safeguards the future smiles of not one, not two, but five little Dalys

PROBABLY you've met Betty Daly. In newsreel fashion revues, smiling at you from under John-Frederics' newest creation. Or modeling a smart little $15,000 mink number.

Now meet the *real* Betty Daly—mother of 3 boys, 2 girls! A *model* mother who teaches her children what models know so well: the importance of a sparkling smile. The older Daly children, in fact, already follow Betty's prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

For hazel-eyed, brownette Mrs. Daly knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Reading from left to right, Jere, Joan, Jackie and Bette listen to Mrs. Daly explain proper care of teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

Peace and quiet descend on the Daly household in Jackson Heights, N.Y., after the youngsters have their nightly workout. Nightly, their gums, too, get a workout—with Ipana and gentle gum massage. Because 7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage, as shown in a national survey (*and dentists, 2 to 1, prefer Ipana for their own use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

Firmer gums, brighter teeth–with Ipana and Massage

LET ME TELL YOU WHY I INSIST ON MOTOROLA AUTO RADIO

① TONE is first with me. I like my music rich and natural—the way it comes in at home. My Motorola Auto Radio brings it to me that way on the road.

② When I want a program, I *want* it! I don't like to be confined to nearby, big-power stations. My Motorola brings in more stations, clearer and sharper—wherever I drive.

③ If I buy a new car, I don't want to lose the investment I've made in a radio. My Motorola can be transferred to my next car, quickly and easily.

TAKE A TIP FROM ME—Get in touch with your Motorola dealer today. And if you're getting a radio in your new car, BE SURE TO SPECIFY

Motorola AUTO Radio

MOTOROLA INC. • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

COLLIER'S

June 14, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

GOBBLEDYGOOK

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In your May 3d editorial Let's Murder Some Words how did you manage to avoid the growing abuse of "check," a substitute at random for "compare," "inspect," "verify," "confer" or even "report to" or "call at"? When a man has a long list of things to do, I do not mind his "checking them off," but what about the man, invited to dinner at a certain time, who says he will "check with his wife," or "Mr. Hoosis, please check with the ticket counter"?

A. A. BLOCK, Washington, D.C.

. . . Won't you feel relieved when your office *is* again at 250 Park Avenue, instead of *located* there? . . .

ROBERT INGRIM, New Rochelle, N. Y.

. . . I'm all for scalding
The guy who says "balding." . . .

NORMAN ANTHONY, New York

. . . Reading Let's Murder Some Words I found myself mentally writing a letter that went something like this: "Pursuant to your requisition for an increased allocation of material, our co-ordinator (fiftyish and archfallingly) has alerted us to the fact that if you will contact him at Luigi's glamor bistro, he will do what he can to expedite your priority."

This translated roughly as follows: "There are several in line ahead of you for the stuff you want. However, if you buy the right guy lunch and a couple of drinks, you still can't get what you want."

MARIE WILSON, Los Angeles, Cal.

FORGOTTEN MEN

DEAR SIR: Robert C. Ruark's Aw, Nuts! (May 10th) has a sneering cynicism and lack of understanding of the problems faced by the serviceman and -woman.

The veteran was the last hired; he will be the first fired in the coming recession. Mr. Ruark's article will sound silly then, as it does now, to those of us who understand the real problems. More has been done for the veteran after World War II but he has been forgotten quicker.

FRANCIS J. BASSETT, Ridgefield, Conn.

OPTICAL DISILLUSION

DEAR EDITOR: In your otherwise fine article Pipe Lines to the Heavens (Apr. 26th), I notice a couple of flaws.

The Schmidt is not regarded as a telescope, because it is used exclusively as a photographic camera. Astronomers do not make ocular observations with it. Hence its real name: Schmidt camera.

The writer refers twice to convex

(Continued on page 45)

Vol. 119, No. 24. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio; Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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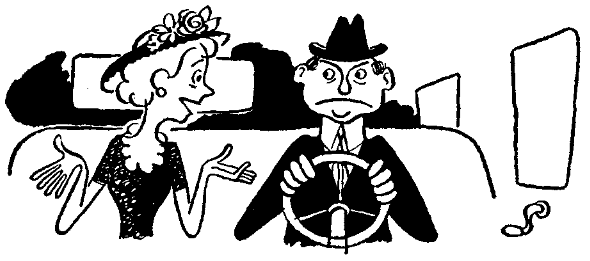
How safe a driver are you?

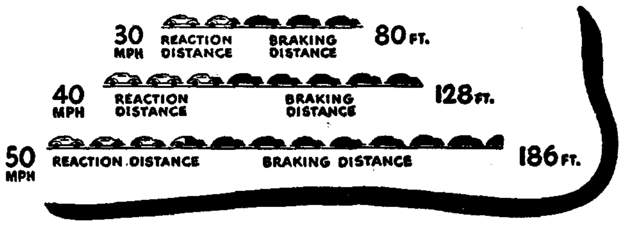


Are your driving habits good habits?

Driving a car can be a pleasure or a tiresome ordeal. It depends on how you drive.

If you make it a habit to keep your mind on your driving, to keep your car under control, and to observe traffic rules, you'll get a lot more enjoyment from your motoring. You'll get places just as fast as the thoughtless, "me first" motorists, and you'll have a lot better chance of avoiding accidents.

Make it a habit, too, to keep your car in good running condition. Brakes, steering mechanism, lights, and tires especially should be checked regularly.

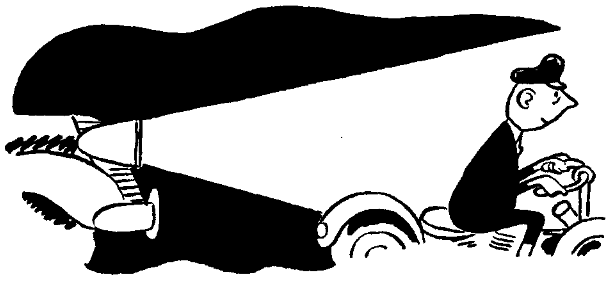


When you have to stop, can you do it in time?

Chances are you *can't* stop as quickly as you think you can.

Traveling at only 20 miles an hour, your car will go at least 22 feet while you move your foot from the accelerator to the brake. Even under the best road conditions and with good brakes, it will take another 21 feet—or a total of 43 feet—before you can stop.

This stopping distance increases with your speed. At 40 miles an hour it is 128 feet; and at 60 miles an hour you'll travel 254 feet before you can stop. The National Safety Council is the authority for these figures.



How should you drive at night?

Driving after dark requires special care, for you can't see as far ahead as you can in the daytime.

Suppose your headlights suddenly show a barrier 150 feet ahead on the road, and you're driving 50 miles an hour—you are *outdriving your headlights*, for at that speed you can't stop in less than 186 feet.

Try to avoid looking directly at approaching headlights. Lower your own lights for oncoming cars, don't take the chance that a "light-blinded" motorist will run into you. Watch your side of the road for pedestrians or parked cars.

How can you help avoid accidents?

It's only common sense to adjust your driving to suit adverse weather and road conditions.

Be prepared for emergencies such as blowouts or sudden skids, and know what to do when they occur. Keep alert for the actions of other drivers or pedestrians.

And remember—a survey reported by the National Safety Council shows that drivers who have been drinking are 3 to 4 times as likely to be involved in an accident as those who haven't.

To help you get more pleasure from your motoring send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 77-C, on safe driving.

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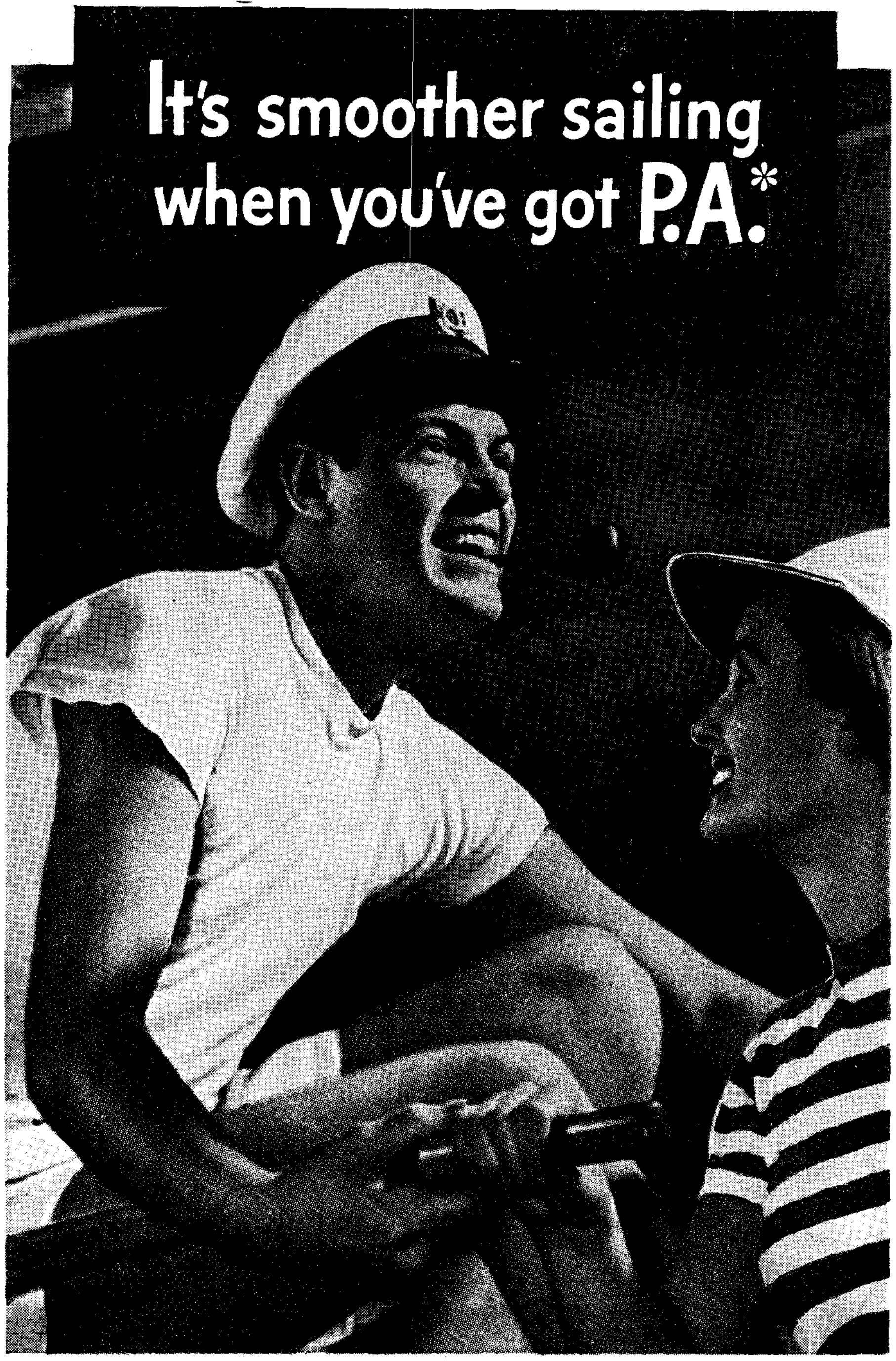
TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

When a man smokes a pipe, he has a distinctly masculine attractiveness that women find appealing! And, when he smokes Prince Albert tobacco, he has a hearty rich-tasting smoke that's delightfully mild and easy on the tongue!

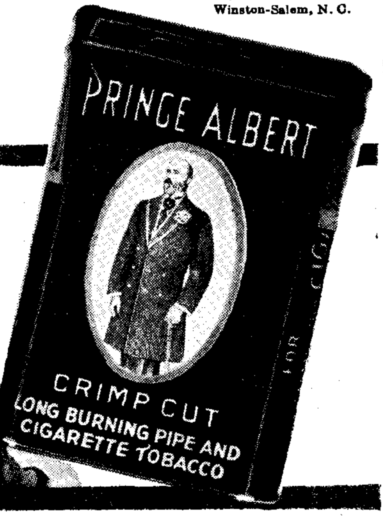
P.A. means Prince Albert

Try Prince Albert and you'll agree—it's a great tobacco! P.A. is *crimp cut*—packs and cakes just right in your pipe... smokes cool and even right down to the bottom of the bowl.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke

A GREAT CIGARETTE TOBACCO TOO. NOTHING LIKE P.A. FOR FAST, EASY ROLLING AND TASTY SMOKING!


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

GEORGE LICHTY

When the first bridge over Niagara Falls was planned in 1848, the problem of getting a cable from the American to the Canadian side was solved by offering $5 to the first person who could make a kite carry a string across the 800-foot chasm. After this had been accomplished by a boy, the string was used to pull over a small steel cable which, for several years, enabled persons to go back and forth, two at a time, in a little wire basket.

A remarkable ship launching by radio was that of the Orion, a 24,000-ton liner built in England in 1934 for service to and from Australia. In Brisbane, 12,000 miles away, the Duke of Gloucester broadcast the christening address to the crowd in the British shipyard and then pressed two buttons causing a bottle of wine to be broken on the bow and the vessel to begin its slide into the water.

In most American cities having television stations today, apartment-house tenants are forbidden to erect their own television aerials, because a roof covered with them would hinder the work of firemen. Thus, these tenants cannot use a receiver until the building puts up a master aerial, and this may cost, in a house having 60 apartments, for example, as much as $6,000. As yet, only one company is producing a master system and only one installation has been made—in the General Motors Building, New York.

An ingenious baseball device scientifically determines balls and strikes and, consequently, eliminates actual and suspected errors in judgment by the umpire. It consists of a vertical beam and a horizontal beam of invisible light which cross each other and form an area in front of the plate that, when pierced by the ball, causes the indicator to register a strike.

Of the 20,000 chiropractors in the United States, about 2,000 openly practice and even advertise in the four states in which their profession is illegal — Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi and New York.

A total of 731 foreign-language newspapers and magazines are published in the United States today in 38 languages, among them being 97 in Spanish, 17 in Greek, 9 in Arabic, one in Welsh and one in Korean.

A decade ago in Berlin, an unusual method was employed to apprehend a man who was mailing batches of seditious booklets. Upon finding the post office he used, the police coded each stamp sold there so they could tell the date and hour of its purchase, and also installed a camera so the stamp seller could secretly photograph quantity buyers, with the date and hour shown in each picture by a calendar and clock in the background. Thus, the next batch of stamps used by the wanted man led to his capture.

The Wall Game, a unique form of football played between teams of students at England's Eton College, is undoubtedly the most difficult game in which to make a goal, which consists of touching the ball against a door at one end of the field or a tree at the other. In the 106 years the game has been played, one goal has been made, on the average, in every 21 games.

An analysis of the fire alarms turned in in New York City during 1946 shows that, out of every thousand, 611 were received from boxes on street corners, 210 over the telephone and 179 from special automatic and manual boxes in large buildings.

While virtually all movie-fan clubs are devoted to living stars, the latest is the Buck Jones Memorial Fan Club, formed to honor the memory of this star, who lost his life in the Cocoanut Grove fire in Boston in 1942.

While criminal investigators can rarely state that a certain hair came from a certain person, a case occurred recently in which a single hair, found at the scene of a homicide, led to the positive identification of the murderer. After hairs taken from three suspects were found, in a microscopic examination, to be nearly alike in length, diameter and color, they were subjected to ultraviolet light which caused the hair in question and that of one suspect to emit a purple fluorescence. The glow was produced by aspirin which the man took daily in such quantities that traces of it had worked into his hair.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. *This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission*

You get more fun

Play it all you please... It's self-charging!
General Electric's De Luxe Portable Radio renews its power over and over again.

Yes, there's lots more fun because you can recharge this G-E Portable's battery anywhere there's an a-c outlet . . . or from your car battery. So you can use it as freely as your radio at home. You can play it on house current too, like any table set, even while recharging.

Just look at these amazing features: push button controls to help bring in U. S. and foreign stations galore. Famous G-E natural color tone. Built-in charger. Rugged military construction, and die-cast aluminum case that's light as can be. See and hear it today at your General Electric radio dealer's.

natural color tone radios

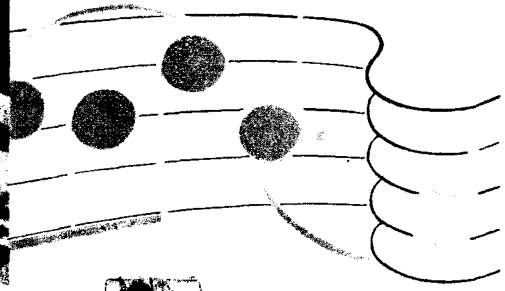
GENERAL ELECTRIC

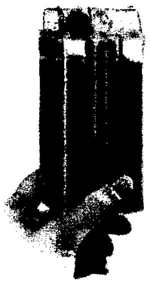
170-F6

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS
General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

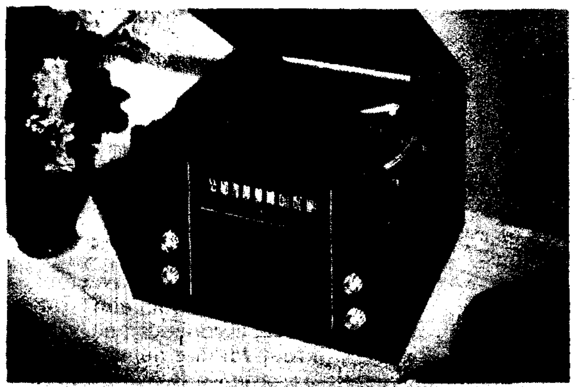
MONICA LEWIS,
popular star of radio and Signature Records.

G-E self-charging portable radio

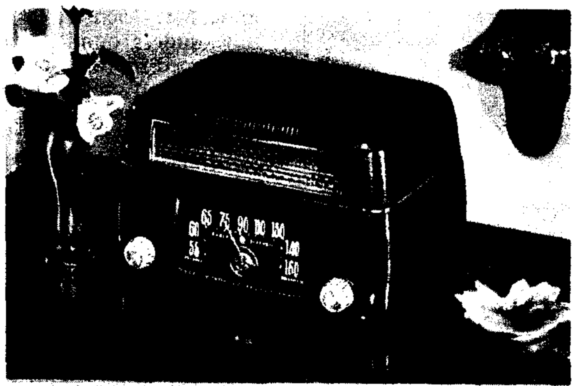




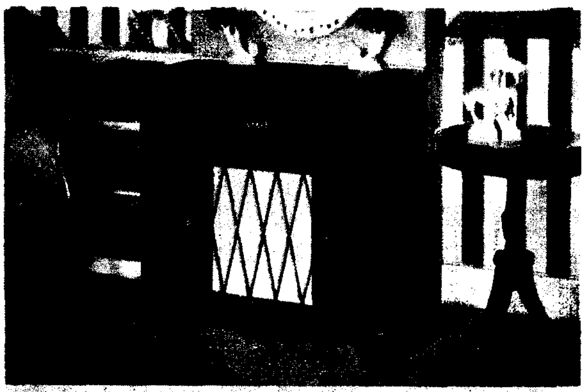
THIS TINY BATTERY DOES IT
It's an airplane type battery with an 18 months' guarantee. The visible indicator tells when the battery is fully charged . . . and when to recharge.



General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph — Delight in Model 304's glorious natural color tone! Discover new beauty in your favorite records when played by the amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer.



Enjoy G-E natural color tone in this table radio with its rich rosewood brown plastic cabinet and gleaming Multi-weave grille. Oversize (5¼") Dynapower speaker. 5 tubes plus rectifier. Ask for Model 202.



Superb FM-AM automatic radio-phonograph...Natural color tone. FM, standard, and shortwave radio. G-E Electronic Reproducer recreates all the music on your records. 9 tubes plus rectifier. See Model 417.

Only Household Simoniz Gives You

"Colors-to-Match"

Glamour For Furniture And Woodwork

Clean, brighten and protect your furniture and woodwork this colorful, easy way. Apply Household SIMONIZ in mahogany, walnut, maple neutral—the very color that matches the finish. It helps to hide scratches and leaves a rich, lasting, natural brilliance. Household SIMONIZ dries hard—avoids sticky, oily surfaces that attract fingerprints and dust. Smudges and soiled spots wipe off with either a dry or damp cloth. For a completely new way—the "colors-to-match" way—of beautifying your precious wood finishes, get Household SIMONIZ in Colors—today! THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

MAHOGANY—Also for cherry, redwood
WALNUT—Also for dark mahogany, oak
MAPLE—Also for light oak, birch, pine
NEUTRAL—For bleached and light woods

SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Household SIMONIZ in Colors

"SIMONIZ" ... Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. & Foreign Countries

THE WEEK'S WORK

Fred Sparks (right) and seal

ALL of my thirty-one years I wanted to go South for the winter," says Mr. Fred Sparks (The Icebergs Bear Down, p. 12). "Last November an editor called me and sent me South on an assignment." Ten days later Mr. Sparks was on his way to the South Pole and before he could thicken his blood, he was living in a tent in Little America, wearing two pairs of longies, three sweaters, a fur jacket and trying to put on a sled dog named Fairbanks.

The dog escaped, whereupon Mr. Sparks borrowed a yellow parka from Admiral Byrd, made of Byrd cloth—and autographed by the admiral. Mr. Sparks' tent was heated by a potbellied stove. "By acting like a flapjack and flipping yourself around constantly," explains Mr. Sparks, "you often got your temperature up to around freezing. It was 10 below in the corner where my cot was. One night I dropped my socks on the floor, instead of putting them in the stove. Next morning they broke—not tore—when I tried to put them on."

As good explorers must, Mr. Sparks had his trying moments. One night during a blizzard he started for the mess hall, a few city blocks away, and found himself lost for two hours. "When they found me," he says, "I looked like a baked Alaska. A Weddell seal weighing one thousand pounds tried to sit on my lap when I was taking a snapshot. I tangled with a 75-pound emperor penguin and he (I'm not sure it was a he) bit me on the arm. While retreating from his ferocious attack, I fell down a crevasse and almost got the frozen food treatment. They say I would have kept for 36,000 years."

ANDREW B. CRICHTON, brother of the beet-cheeked Kyle of the staff, should know his subject: The Plight of Coal, p. 100.

Son of a coal miner, born in a coal tipple at Arnot, Pennsylvania, and raised by his own admission in a coal mine, Mr. Crichton has spent so much time underground he has practically developed ingrown headlights.

As a coal consulting engineer, Mr. Crichton has investigated and reported on coal mines the world over for banks and railroads and has written extensively on not only coal, but its hot rivals: gas and oil.

To these talents he adds those of a businessman. He's president of Johnstown Coal and Coke (produces 2,000,000 tons a year, employs 2,000 men); president of the Maryland Coal Operators Association; and has negotiated face to face with John L. Lewis!

THEN his most artistic brother Kyle has just copped a handsome $250 first prize, awarded for the outstanding magazine sport story of last year—Hot Tamale Circuit. It ran in two parts: June 22 and 29, 1946, and it dissected the Mexican jumping baseball situation. It will appear in Best Sports Stories—1947, and will be published by Dutton and Company. Also included will be a doozie called Lady Killers by a Ted Shane, and unplaced in the money, obviously because of the current epidemic of myopia among contest judges.

WE WOULD also like to put the finger of pride on the Messrs. Henderson and Shaw, who teamed up last fall on an article called V.D. For Sale (Nov. 23, '46), which exposed prostitution in some of our most industrious cities. At the moment of going to press, the federal grand jury has returned twelve out of fifteen indictments against red-light district operators of Wheeling, West Virginia. F.B.I. men brought in the evidence after Henderson and Shaw pointed the way.

SPEAKING of teams, ex-sports writer Paul Gardner and ex-ham Allan Gould got together some time ago as a word-picture combine. Operating under the motto "Cheesecake & Meatballs," thus far it's worked out very well. When Mr. Gardner gets such an idea as Beauty in the Bull Ring, p. 24, he dispatches Mr. Gould and his camera into an arena in Bogotá, while he himself sits well up in the stands. There he gets an "overall picture" and takes notes as he directs Mr. Gould with cries like "Closer! Closer!"—referring to the charging bull.

To capture the glamorous Conchita's aesthetic butchery, Mr. Gould got as close to trouble as he's ever been. "Breathing Bogotá's rarefied atmosphere was tough enough on a short-winded guy like me," he says, "but when a bull started chasing me instead of Conchita, I really did huff and puff. The race was so thrilling—the bull after me, and me after a quiet nook—that afterward Conchita actually handed me the two ears and tail she was awarded for her performance."

This week's cover: Elma & Dogs. The armful of lassie with the armful of caninity is Elma Corinne Pellew, daughter of Collier's staff artist Jack Pellew.

Of Cornish blood, Elma is sixteen, specializes in Art at a New York high school, is tall, brunette and vivacious.

This is Elma's first modeling job. What with their acrobatics and vivaciousness it took Photographer Jimmy Snyder, two assistants, two of Collier's staff, a few hundred thousand sharp "Naughty doggies!", three roller towels, and one mop to pose the darling little moppets in Elma's arms. . . .

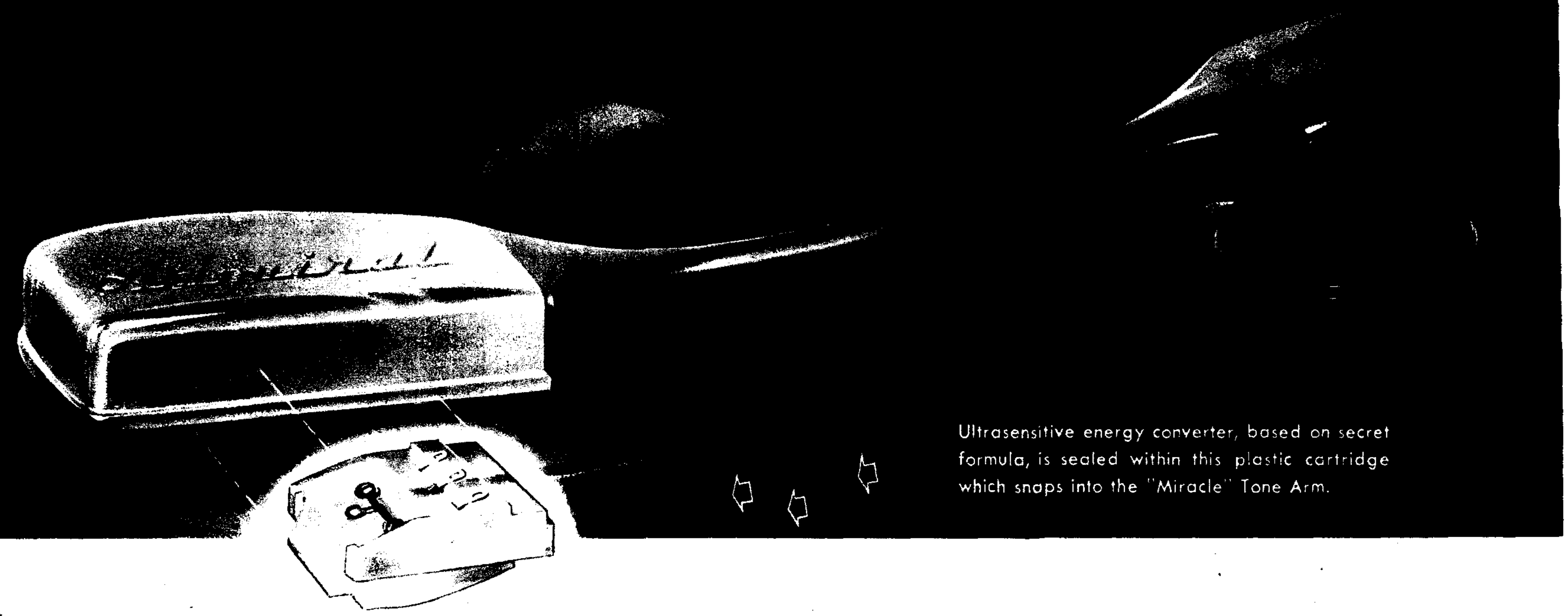
Ted Shane

Wartime secret formula makes possible new

RECORD PLAYING SENSATION

Admiral

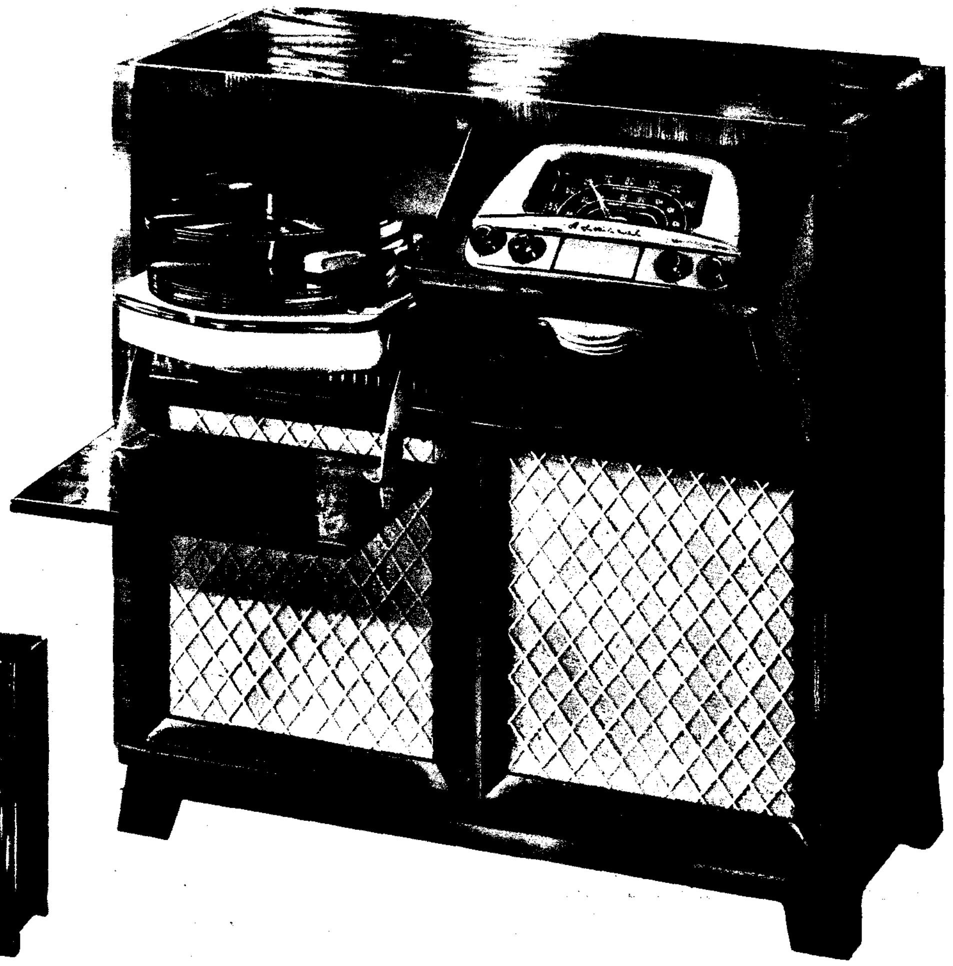
MIRACLE TONE ARM

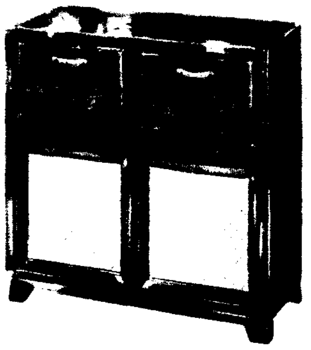


Ultrasensitive energy converter, based on secret formula, is sealed within this plastic cartridge which snaps into the "Miracle" Tone Arm.

Performance · Style · Tone . . . You get all three with Admiral

During the war this remarkable secret formula saved many American lives . . . today it brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. Serving as an ultrasensitive energy converter, it has made possible the greatest advance in high fidelity reproduction since the invention of the automatic changer. Uses no coil, no crystal, no filament, no special tube. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. Reveals hidden tone beauty even in your most frequently played records. See, hear this record playing sensation, today. Ask your Admiral dealer for a demonstration.





ADMIRAL FM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Model 7C73 FM-AM Radio Phonograph with "Miracle" Tone Arm and swift, silent automatic changer. Glorious static-free FM (frequency modulation) reception . . . as engineered by Admiral. Superbly styled in walnut, mahogany or bleached mahogany.

America's Smart Set

ALSO ADMIRAL DUAL-TEMP
THE "NO DEFROSTING" REFRIGERATOR

You don't stay first unless you're best

We put the teakettle in this picture to remind you that on a hot day at high speeds tires actually get hotter than 212°F., the temperature at which water boils!

Since heat is the greatest single cause of tire failure, you want the coolest-running tires you can get—tires that resist heat.

That's why Goodyear checks every batch of rubber that goes into Goodyear tires to make sure you get cooler-running tires that roll up extra mileage.

Here's how it's done . . .

The strange apparatus shown above gives rubber a fever and then takes its temperature.

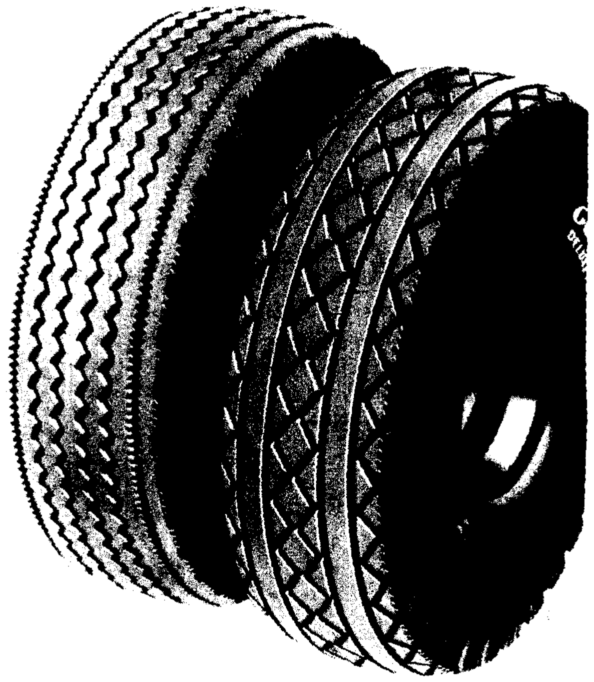
Rapid vibration builds up heat in the small block of rubber much as heat is built up in a tire on a moving car. By measuring the heat rise at regular intervals over a definite period of time, the liveliest, most heat-resistant compounds can be selected for Goodyear tires.

This is still another of the many reasons why Goodyear tires roll on for thousands of miles after lesser tires have failed. It is added evidence as to why Goodyear holds its place as America's first-choice tire for the 32nd consecutive year.

MORE MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY

New tires deserve new tubes. Get *both* from your Goodyear dealer—your Tire Service Headquarters.

First–every year for 32 years



GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

There was a ghost in Andrea's heart on her wedding day—the memory of

KANSAS

WHITE VIOLETS

BY JAMES GOODING

IT SEEMED to Andrea that she was the only living soul who heard the service doorbell. It sounded again and again, like a question which receives no answer. Through chinks in the bustle and laughter and talk echoing through the house, even above the chatter of her mother and Gaynor here in the room, the noise reached her. She sat clenching her fists until it ceased, like a thin ribbon of sound suddenly snipped in two.

Then someone called that the florist had arrived with the bouquet, and Gaynor, bursting with happy curiosity, was out of the bedroom and down the stairs before she could be stopped. A minute, two minutes, three minutes passed while Mrs. Reid fussed at the maid's impatience, wavering between the wish to stay with Andrea and the imperative urge to know if the florist had followed instructions. Finally she yielded, saying that she would return immediately to show Andrea the flowers, that Gaynor was a silly old fool to go and disappear, that with the ceremony half an hour away they were sure to be late.

As soon as she was alone, the girl's indulgent smile at her mother's flutterings faded. Once more she tried to choose Something Old from among her great-grandmother's jewelry spread across the lavender velvet trays of the antique jewel case. But her mind was not on seed pearls and amethysts. Nor on the guests assembling upon the clipped, neat lawn. Nor on the wedding bouquet. Nor the dress, like a carefully arranged white cloud across the wide bed in this pastel room.

She had looked forward to this day, as one always looks forward to new happiness. But now that the time was at hand, the instant after which she could not turn back without tears and trouble and heartache, there was a ghost in her heart. It had slipped back through all the barricades. It refused to be banished, and even now remained—undaunted by the mellow afternoon light or by excitement which made the air taut and vibrant.

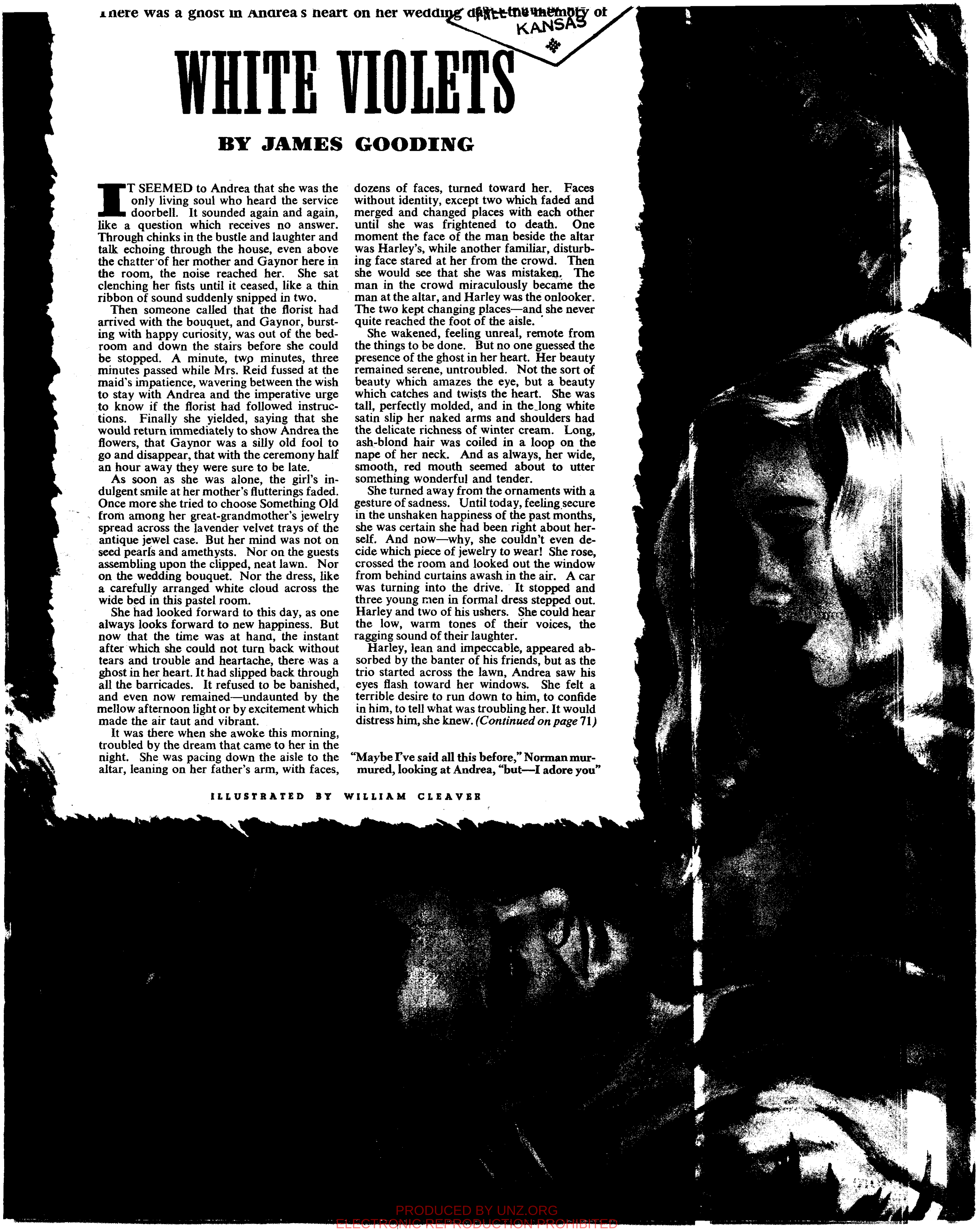
It was there when she awoke this morning, troubled by the dream that came to her in the night. She was pacing down the aisle to the altar, leaning on her father's arm, with faces, dozens of faces, turned toward her. Faces without identity, except two which faded and merged and changed places with each other until she was frightened to death. One moment the face of the man beside the altar was Harley's, while another familiar, disturbing face stared at her from the crowd. Then she would see that she was mistaken. The man in the crowd miraculously became the man at the altar, and Harley was the onlooker. The two kept changing places—and she never quite reached the foot of the aisle.

She wakened, feeling unreal, remote from the things to be done. But no one guessed the presence of the ghost in her heart. Her beauty remained serene, untroubled. Not the sort of beauty which amazes the eye, but a beauty which catches and twists the heart. She was tall, perfectly molded, and in the long white satin slip her naked arms and shoulders had the delicate richness of winter cream. Long, ash-blond hair was coiled in a loop on the nape of her neck. And as always, her wide, smooth, red mouth seemed about to utter something wonderful and tender.

She turned away from the ornaments with a gesture of sadness. Until today, feeling secure in the unshaken happiness of the past months, she was certain she had been right about herself. And now—why, she couldn't even decide which piece of jewelry to wear! She rose, crossed the room and looked out the window from behind curtains awash in the air. A car was turning into the drive. It stopped and three young men in formal dress stepped out. Harley and two of his ushers. She could hear the low, warm tones of their voices, the ragging sound of their laughter.

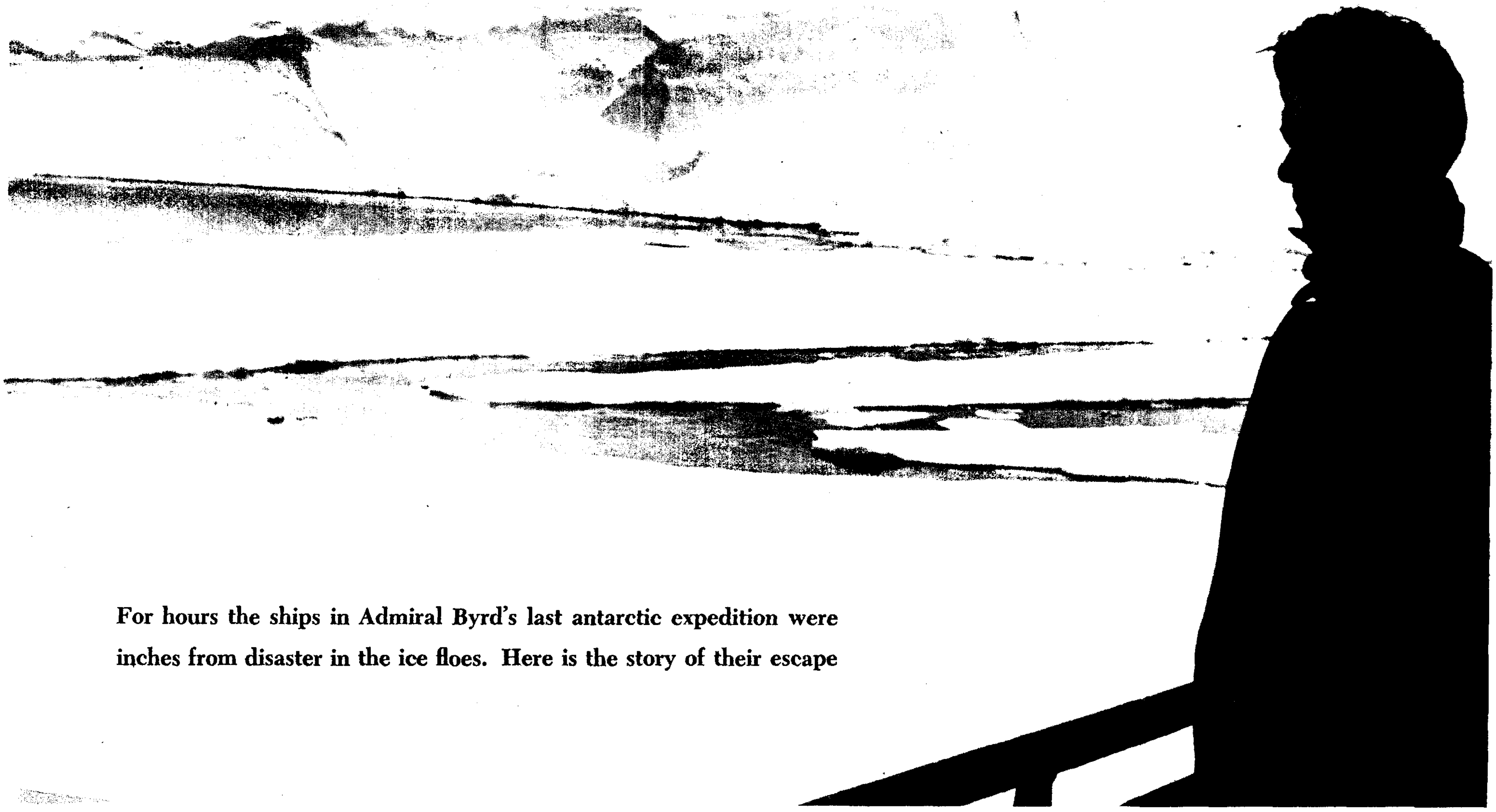
Harley, lean and impeccable, appeared absorbed by the banter of his friends, but as the trio started across the lawn, Andrea saw his eyes flash toward her windows. She felt a terrible desire to run down to him, to confide in him, to tell what was troubling her. It would distress him, she knew. *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM CLEAVER



"Maybe I've said all this before," Norman murmured, looking at Andrea, "but—I adore you"

[illegible]



For hours the ships in Admiral Byrd's last antarctic expedition were inches from disaster in the ice floes. Here is the story of their escape

A crewman on the Coast Guard icebreaker Northwind watches a huge iceberg, one of hundreds the ships encountered in their thrilling trip

BY FRED SPARKS

WITH EDWARD P. MORGAN

RICHARD HAROLD CRUZEN, Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, stood on the bridge of the icebreaker Northwind, scowling out at the Ross Sea, where jagged ice floes glittered under the midnight sun. "Look at that filthy mess," he growled.

The admiral, with a problem on his mind, was not to be fooled by such a splendid scene. He had a refined and educated hatred of ice—a silent, treacherous enemy. Here on the white borders of the South Pole, the snow seemed to wear mittens which muffled all the noises in the world. But the ice never stopped moving. It crept, like a footpad in the dark. In the vaulted stillness you couldn't hear it move. You couldn't see it move but you could *feel* it, huge and menacing. The ice could freeze a man without a sound; it could crumple a ship like a paper sack.

Cruzen, as he pondered the perils of an impending voyage through the ice packs, was aware that since time began, ice had mocked mankind and now still shielded the greatest unexplored area on the face of the earth—between four and six million square miles of frozen desert in Antarctica at the bottom of the world.

The admiral's feeling about ice was not a blind or crazy hate. It was purposeful, honed down to a razor's edge by long experience, tempered with a combat man's respect for the talents of a real foe. Twice before during Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's 1939-41 expedition to Little America on the Bay of Whales, Cruzen had taken ships through the pack out again. He had recently headed the Navy's Operation Nanook to the North Pole. Now here he was, on Tuesday, December 31, 1946, New Year's Eve, about to invade enemy territory once more.

This was Operation High Jump, Admiral Byrd's fourth and most elaborate sortie to the South Pole. Cruzen's main problem, as commander of Task Force 68, was to get an advance fleet of five ships safely through to Little America with men and supplies. Byrd would then fly in from the aircraft carrier Philippine Sea. The expedition promised to add new and valuable volumes to man's scientific and military knowledge of south polar regions. It was Cruzen's responsibility to see it launched smoothly and on time.

The admiral, a short, leather-faced sailor, paced the Northwind's bridge and fretted. Should he move all five ships through the pack together or nurse them along one at a time? The ice looked more forbidding than usual. From Scott Island, a barren, rocky stump off which the force lay on the edge of the Ross Sea, 1,500 miles below New Zealand, it was still another 750 miles to the Bay of Whales.

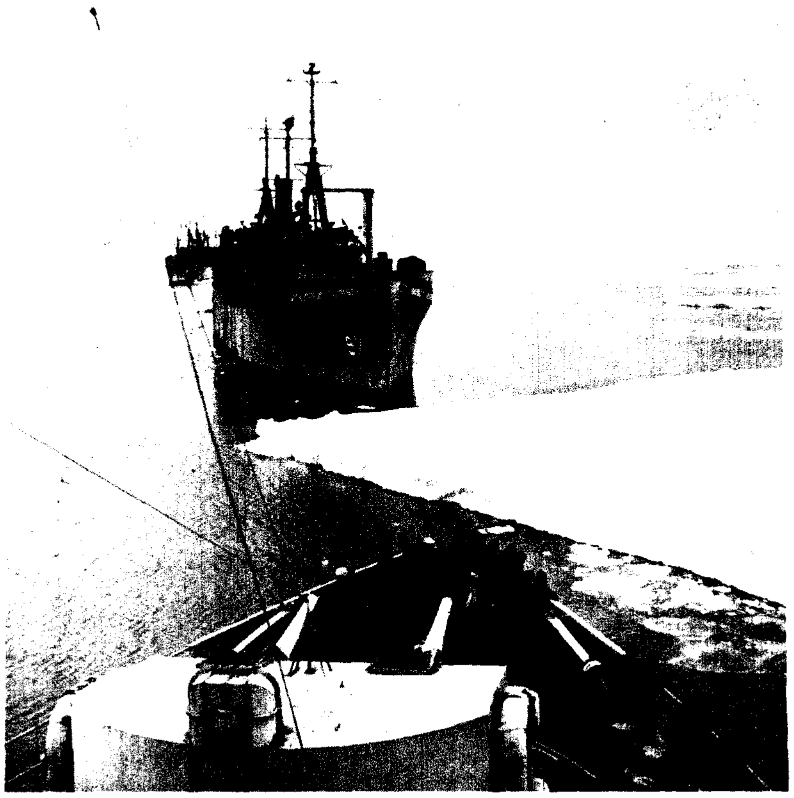
The great ice pack which protects the continent of Antarctica from the world is a mass of floating blocks and sheets of ice, studded with colossal bergs.

During long winter nights the temperature reaches 80 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Then the bergs are frozen solid in the pack; the floe is impassable.

But in December, when the polar summer begins, warmer weather breaks up the pack, and the bergs and sheet ice float around like chips in a punch bowl. The blocks and sheets range from small pieces to chunks 20 feet high, broader than a dozen city blocks. The bergs, which break off the ice shelf jutting 100 miles out from the continent into the Ross Sea, are the heaviest moving objects in the world. Bigger than skyscrapers, they rear to heights of 200 feet above the water, reach to depths four times that underneath. In a high wind a berg, its gleaming sides acting as sails, can move as fast as a ship. Nothing can stop it as

As the Northwind breaks its way through the ice pack in the Ross Sea the crew is kept busy clearing the decks of ice fragments taken aboard during the 750-mile journey

Rear Admiral Richard H. Cruzen, task force commander, directs the rescue of a ship stuck in the ice pack



The icebreaker (foreground) moves in to push aside a floe which is impeding the progress of the Merrick

it plows through the pack. It could crush the Queen Elizabeth like a fly.

The pack is unpredictable. Some ships have found a clear channel all the way from Scott Island to the Bay of Whales. Some have taken weeks to get through; others have been trapped and destroyed.

Two hours earlier on this afternoon, Cruzen had dispatched his "egg beater"—Northwind's helicopter—65 miles southward on a reconnaissance of the floe. Now the helicopter returned and spiraled gently down onto the icebreaker's boarded fantail. The observer, Commander Peter Smenton, hurried to the bridge.

"The ice looks loose, sir," he reported to Cruzen. This checked the admiral's own observations on a previous rekky. He surveyed his force. In the lead was the Northwind, 6,000-ton potbellied pride of the U.S. Coast Guard. Behind her at 500-yard intervals stretched the four other vessels in a straight line.

First came the freighter Yancey, then her sister the Merrick, each more than twice the icebreaker's size and loaded with tents, tractors, high-octane gasoline, rations and other top priority materials. Then followed the 15,000-ton command and communications ship, Mt. Olympus—Cruzen had transferred his flag from her to the icebreaker to head the dangerous operations through the pack. Bringing up the rear was, of all things, a submarine, the U.S.S. Sennet, bobbing like a long, black log behind the others. Populating this strange flotilla were some 1,500 sailors, scientists, explorers, a handful of aviators, a dozen reporters and 27 dogs. I was on the Northwind.

"We'll move together and we'll start tonight," Cruzen said at length. Although the voyage through the pack began as routinely as a ferry ride to Yonkers, he was going to curse that decision.

Tiffany's would have hung its head in shame that evening. The ships moved quietly through a purple sea. Cotton cloud tufts scattered across a pale blue sky. In the midnight brightness, the snowy shoulders of the pack sparkled expensively. Stripes of deep, disturbing blue—layers of clear hard ice—cut through the whiteness of the distant bergs. A great stillness enveloped the scene.

As we moved into the pack, Northwind's spoon-shaped bow bellied up on top of the cakes, cracking the surface and shoving the pieces aside, as you might flip away a tiddlywink with your thumb.

Cruzen was constantly on the prowl. In a green flying suit and a long-billed Mitscher-style cap, looking more like Donald Duck than an admiral, he trotted aft to the fantail, scuttled up the rigging to the crow's-nest, peered down anxiously at the cold, lumpy wastes. Then he returned to the bridge to check the hydrographic guide.

We knifed through a slushy sea at nearly eight knots, and by Wednesday afternoon, January 1st, the force was well into the floe. But then the wind rose swiftly, dead astern, pushing the ice cakes against the sterns and sides of the ships, closing the channel behind each one. Speed fell to less than four knots. Northwind had to zigzag to widen the path.

The command ship, Mt. Olympus, fourth in line, called up on the TBS—seagoing walkie-talkie: "Unable to proceed. Ice formed around stern." Ice around the stern is far more perilous than ice around the bow because it threatens a ship's vital parts, the rudder and screw. Mt. Olympus had to stop her engines for fear of breaking her propeller on hunks of ice. The whole line stopped.

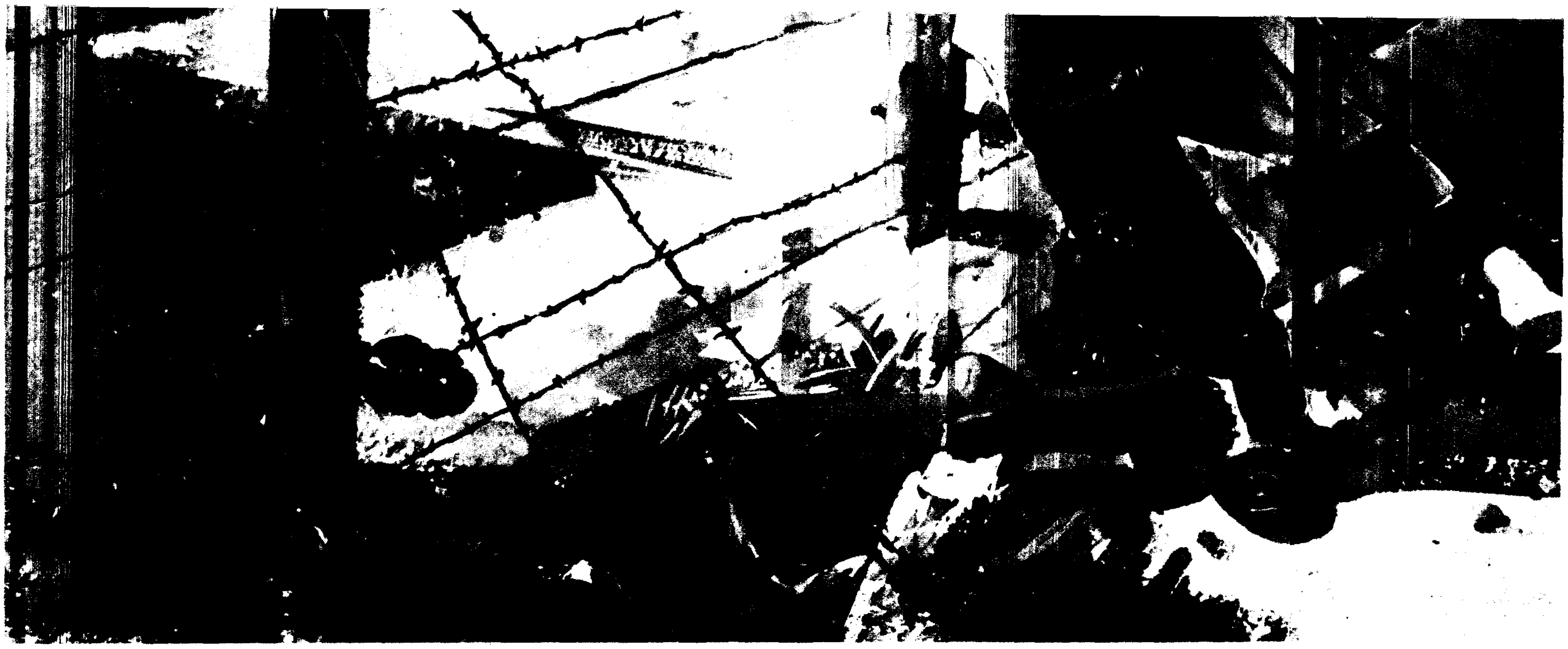
Northwind, equipped with reinforced, deep-set twin screws so she could turn safely on a dime by running one full ahead and reversing the other, swung back and cut a close circle around the Mt. Olympus, knocking the ice free.

Our poky pace irritated the Sennet. The sub's crew were the cockiest in the fleet. This was the longest submarine voyage in history and the first time one had tried to penetrate pack ice since Hubert Wilkins almost lost a sub at the North Pole in 1928. The Sennet's skipper was appropriately named Joseph Bryan Icenhower.

Icy Joe and his boys were set on

(Continued on page 28)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED SPARKS



On the afternoon of the fifth day, Surgeon General Mors watched one of the sentries stagger, drop his rifle, and collapse in a spasm of weakness

SYMBIOSIS

BY WILL F. JENKINS

Symbiosis is an art of critical importance to mankind—as you will readily agree when you read this prophetic and frightening story

SURGEON GENERAL MORS was out in the rural districts of Kantolia Province, patiently arguing peasants into allowing the vaccination of their pigs and the inoculation of their families, when the lightning occupation took place.

There was no declaration of war, of course. Parachutists simply began to drop out of a predawn sky an hour before sunrise; at the same time, jet planes sprayed the quite empty streets of Stadheim, the provincial capital, with machine-gun bullets, which killed two dogs and a stray cat. Then roaring, motorized columns raced across the international bridge at Balt. Armed men rounded up the drowsy customs guards and held them prisoner while tanks, armored cars, and all the impressive panoply of war drove furiously into the still peacefully sleeping countryside. Then armored trains chuffed impressively across the international line, their whistles bellowing defiance to the switch engines and handcars in the Kantolian engine yards. A splendid, totally unheralded stroke of conquest began in the cold gray light of early morning.

When dawn actually arrived and the people of Kantolia began to wake in their beds, more than half of the province was already in enemy hands. The few enemy casualties occurred in a railroad wreck, which itself was due to the action of overenthusiastic quislings who blew up a railroad bridge to prevent the arrival of defending troops. That action merely held up the invasion program by two hours and a half in that sector. By eight o'clock of a drowsy, sunny morning, the province of Kantolia had been taken over.

Surgeon General Mors heard about it at nine, while he stood beside a pigsty and patiently argued with a peasant who had so far refused to allow either his pigs or his family to be inoculated. Mors heard the news in silence. Then he turned heavily to the civilian doctor with him.

"I had not much hope, but it is very bad," he said. "War is always bad! And I hoped so much that we would finish our program of immunization! No nation before has ever achieved one hundred per cent inoculation. It would have been a very great achievement."

Standing beside the pigsty he wiped his forehead. "Now, of course, I shall have to go to Stadheim. That will be the enemy headquarters, no doubt. I hope, Doctor, that you will continue the inoculation program while you can. I beg you to do so! One hundred per cent immunization in even a single province would be a great feat! And after all, it is not as if the enemy would not be driven out. But even in ten days terrible damage can be done!"

He went to the small, battered car in which he had been making his rounds, arguing with stubborn peasants. He was a stocky little man with deep circles under his eyes—somehow officials of small nations located close to a large one with visions of military glory tend not to sleep well of nights. Surgeon General Mors had not slept well for a long time.

PERHAPS, as a military officer, he should have tried to rejoin the defending army which so far had not fired a shot. But his presence in this region had been to further the inoculation program, and that program had locally been directed from Stadheim.

As his car bumped and whined along the highway toward the provincial capital, the occupation progressed all about him without actually touching him. Three times he heard flights of jet planes roaring through the clear blue sky above. He could not pick them out because of their speed. Once he saw a faraway cloud of dust which was an armored column racing for some strategic spot not yet taken over. The enemy acted as if Kantolia had bristled with troops and weapons, instead of being defended only by customs guards at the border and the fifteen-man police force of Stadheim.

The little car clanked and sputtered. The morning was quite perfect. Here and there a cotton wool cloud floated in the blue. All about were green tablelands, spread with lusty growing crops. Surgeon General Mors looked almost enviously at the unconcerned people of the rustic villages through which he passed. They had no desire for war, and most of them did not yet know that it had come. He felt that any conceivable means was permissible for the defense of simple people like these against the alleged ideals of the enemy. But he looked very unhappy indeed.

Toward noon, he saw the steeples of Stadheim before him. But he turned abruptly aside as if to postpone the inevitable. He drove up a gentle, rolling incline until he came to the squat, functional building which housed the pumping station for the provincial city's water supply. The station and its surroundings seemed untouched, but when the engineer of the pumping station came out, the surgeon general could tell by his expression that he knew of the tragedy that had struck the country.

Surgeon General Mors got out of the car.

"They have not come here yet," he said in a flat, matter-of-fact voice.

"Not yet," said the engineer. He ground his teeth. "I have carried out my orders," he said harshly. "Just as I was told."

Surgeon General Mors nodded.

"That is good." Then he hesitated. "I would like to look over the plant," he said almost apologetically. "It is very modern and clean. The—enemy spent their money on guns. They might try to remove it for one of their cities."

The engineer stood aside. Surgeon General Mors went through the little pumping plant. There were only twenty thousand people in Stadheim, so a large installation was not required, but it was sound and practical. There were the filters, and the chlorination apparatus, and the well-equipped small laboratory for tests of the water's purity. The people of Stadheim would always have good water to drink, if the invaders didn't wreck or remove this machinery.

"It is good," said the stocky little man unhappily, "to see things like this. It makes for people to be healthy, and therefore happy. Do you know," he added irrelevantly, "that our inoculation program was almost one hundred per cent complete? Ah, well—" He paused. "I must go on to Stadheim. The invaders are there. I shall try to reason with them about our sanitary arrangements. Their soldiers will not understand how careful we are about sanitation. I shall try to get them not to make changes while they are here."

The engineer's eyes burned suddenly.

"While they are here!"

"Yes," Surgeon General Mors went on disconsolately. "They will not stay more than ten days. War is very terrible! It is everything that we doctors fight against all our lives. But so long as men do not understand, there must be wars." He drew a deep, unhappy breath. "It will indeed be terrible! May it be the last!"

There was a sudden change in the engineer's eyes.

"Then we fight? My orders—"

"Yes," said Surgeon General Mors, reluctantly. "In our own way, we fight. In the only way a small nation can defend itself against a great one. We may need as long as ten days before we drive them out, and when it comes it will be a very terrible victory!"

He hesitated, and then spread out his hands in a gesture of helplessness. He walked out to the car and drove sturdily toward Stadheim.

Sentries stopped him at the outskirts of the city, to confiscate the car. But when he got out, wearing the uniform of his country's military force, he was immediately arrested. He was marched toward the center of the city by a soldier who held a bayonet pressing lightly against the small of the little man's back. Mors, of course, was of the medical branch of his army and looked hopelessly unmilitary, and he carried no weapon more dangerous than a fountain pen. But the enemy soldier felt like a conqueror, and this was his first chance to act the part.

WHEN the surgeon general of his country's army was taken to the general commanding the invading troops, the latter was already much annoyed. There had not been a single shot fired in the invasion, and this time the history books would place the credit where it belonged—with the dull, anonymous men who had prepared timetables and traffic control orders, rather than with the combat leadership. General Vladek would go down in history, if at all, only as the nominal leader of an intricate cross-country troop movement. This he did not like.

An hour since, too, he had performed an impressive ceremony on a balcony of the provincial capitol building. With officers flanking him and troops drawn up in the square below, he had read a proclamation to the people of Kantolia. They had been redeemed, said the proclamation, from the grinding oppression of their native country; henceforth they would enjoy all the blessings of oppressive taxes and secret police enjoyed by the invaders. They should rejoice, because now they were citizens of their great neighbor—and anybody who did not rejoice was very likely to be shot. In short, General Vladek had read a proclamation annexing Kantolia to his own country, and he felt very much like a fool. It was not exactly a gala occasion. But the only witnesses outside of his own troops had been two gaping street sweepers and a little knot of twenty quislings who tried to make their cheers atone for the silence of the twenty thousand people who stayed away.

However, when Surgeon General Mors was brought to his office as a prisoner of war, General Vladek felt a little better. A general officer taken prisoner! *This* had some of the savor of traditional war! The prisoner, of course, was a stocky, short figure in a badly fitting uniform, and his broad features indicated peasant ancestry. But General Vladek tried to make the most of the situation with military courtesy and charm.

"I offer my apologies," said General Vladek grandly, "if you were subjected to any discourtesy at the time of your capture, my dear General. But after all"— he smiled condescendingly—"this is war!"

"Is it?" asked Mors. He continued in a businesslike tone: "I was not sure. When was the declaration of war issued, and by whom?"

General Vladek blinked.

"Why—ah—no formal declaration was made by my government. There were military reasons for secrecy."

Surgeon General Mors sat down and mopped his face.

"Ah! I am relieved. If you invaded without a declaration of war, you have the legal status of a bandit. Naturally, my government would not regularize

(Continued on page 87)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

MAIN STREET MOVES TO JAPAN

One of the most popular dance halls in Tokyo is the Mimatsu, where Japanese hostesses charge the G.I.s five yen a dance. The G.I.s rate socially about as well as the officers, since excellent recreational facilities are available to all

Occupation forces and their civilian colleagues in Japan live in a world of their own. It's even better than home, and the entire expense of it is charged to reparations. Nobody's worried but the Japs

THE charming young woman with the blue eyes and the freckled nose stared moodily at the orange groves and rice paddies of Kyushu as the Allied Express thundered along the rickety roadbed of Japan's southernmost island. She was having none of it.

"I tell you," she said with vehemence, "they've found the one weak chink in our American armor, and they're cracking away at it. They know we're absolutely dependent on plumbing that works, and they're damned well determined we shan't have it. It's psychological warfare, that's what it is."

Her Army officer husband nodded in weary agreement. He had heard this, off and on, ever since his wife arrived in Japan. He had long before taken over an Army-requisitioned Western-style house, supervised repairs, painting and furnishing, and felt complacently that Mrs. Smith and little daughter Mary could not have been welcomed to a nicer home, not even in the States.

But the plumbing had never worked, not for more than a week at a time. The water supply would fail. On days when it didn't fail, it flooded; when the supply on the first floor was all right, the pipes on the third would burst and soak the house. Or, when guests for the week end arrived, the heat would fail, and no one could bathe.

The Smiths had had it, and were ready to go home. They would have to stay a year or more, of course, the Army being what it is, but they wouldn't like it. And if anyone ever dared to say anything like "Never had it so good!" Well . . .

The Smiths are a pleasant if saddened fraction of the 160,000-odd Americans currently running Japan

Memorial Hall is a former Japanese sports palace where American soldiers may bring Japanese girls for ice skating every afternoon and evening

Michael Lambert, daughter of an American correspondent, plays jan-ken-pon (the old scissors-paper-rock game) with two little Japanese girl friends who live next door

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN F. DOMINIS

(or being run by the Japanese). And for some, despite plumbing and lingual difficulties, it must be said in truth that they never had it so good.

General MacArthur has only about 130,000 G.I.s and officers in his incredibly small U.S. occupation force, bolstered by some 35,000 British troops. But his civilian charges are increasing apace. By July he'll have more than 20,000 War Department civilian employees in Japan, and by December, with more than 1,100 wives and children arriving monthly, a "dependent" population of at least 26,000.

These Americans are a foreign society sitting on top of the Japanese body politic and economic, a flock of democrats living under Army rule and by Army grace, creating a new kind of Little America.

Aside from the G.I., who has it good enough by anyone's overseas standards, most of the Americans live in the best parts of whatever region they occupy, possessing the best private houses, the best of the relatively few hotels and apartment buildings thoughtfully left around by the B-29 boys, or the spanking new Quonset cottages and houses put up by the Army with Japanese labor. The highest price even a general can pay for a mansion complete with Army-furnished heating systems, refrigerators, furniture and five Japanese servants: $100.50 per month, the maximum in the War Department scale. The average: closer to $51.

The heart of the American capital is the mile or two of modern office buildings and hotels miraculously spared by the B-29s, an oasis of solidity and comfort in the burned or blown-out wreckage of Tokyo's 750,000 "missing" buildings. It stretches roughly from the Imperial Palace, upon which General MacArthur can look down from his marble offices in the great Dai Ichi Building to the Ginza, and up and down "MacArthur Boulevard," and weaves across occasional ruins to include scattered smaller cases of London-like office buildings or hotels.

Here thousands of Americans live and work, and here their thousands of jeeps, trucks, busses and increasing numbers of shiny new autos, fresh from the States, make the sight of a ricksha a rarity and give the heart of the city an incredibly Americanized look. (The Americans already have almost as many motor vehicles on the roads as all the 74,000,000 native Japanese put together.)

If he wants to, the American can be as insulated against contact with the real Japan (except for servants) as though he were in New York. The G.I.s have luxurious clubs, with beer and dancing, and plenty of American girls to dance with—at least in Tokyo or Yokohama. The officers have comfortable hotels, overheated and staffed with countless servants, and every billet has a good and well-used cocktail bar. Civilians live comparably, depending on their real or simulated rank; a CAF-15 can, like a general, live in the supposedly splendid Imperial Hotel, have a staff car and driver, and pay only $28 per month for a suite with bath; the lesser lights will be in somewhat humbler, less expensive, and more crowded quarters, as will the junior officers or the G.I.s.

Absorbing Oriental Culture

Thousands of Americans take the Army Education Center night-school offerings in Japanese flower arrangement, drama, language, concerts and Oriental history, or study the language and the people (chiefly female) direct, or tour the tourist high spots of Japan every week end.

In this sense the occupation is indeed the answer to the prewar prayers of the Japan Travel Bureau; what with free railway transportation (in coaches or sleepers reserved for Allied personnel alone) and 25-cent meals in luxurious Army-run resort hotels all over the country, more Americans are seeing more of Japan than they ever saw of America. Japanese government tourist experts, cheered no end by the hordes of free-spending tourists, are already blueprinting campaigns for the future. They wildly predict that 300,000 Americans a year will visit Japan once the peace treaty is signed.

They forget that Japan is footing the bill for the present tourists, or is meant to. The War Department recently estimated that our occupation of Japan is costing us $613,000,000 a year—cheap, compared to the wartime billions for fighting her. But this

(Continued on page 102)

At the door of Tokyo's Osaka Hotel, a government girl says good night to her officer date. Men aren't allowed in the lobby of this huge women's dormitory after 11 P.M.

Patricia Sitzman, an Army colonel's daughter, is a senior in the American School in Tokyo. During her spare time she teaches children of the elementary school

Government girls lodged in the Surugadai Hotel in Tokyo enjoy the modern swimming pool. They live comfortably, with plenty of Japanese house girls (right) as servants

BELLE OF THE BELT LINE

THERE is not a word of truth in the office gossip that I was displeased when the company sent me to Princetown. I took the assignment, as it was obviously meant to be taken, as a recognition of my past services, and an opportunity for even wider usefulness to the Piedmont Power and Transit Company. Mr. B. J. Ollinson, the president, said as much to me when he gave me my orders. He said, "Tokenberg, there's a real job to be done in Princetown. I think you've got things very well under control here in Greenville, and—ah—of course there would be no point in sending you back to Columbia or Spartanburg. But we need a little sprucing up in Princetown. And you're the man for the job, Tokenberg. Definitely."

Which is scarcely the way the president of a concern like Piedmont Power would speak to an employee who is being "squeezed out," or "kicked upstairs," or "slipped a slow Mickey," to quote only three of the cant phrases that were whispered not very far behind my back when I left Greenville to take up my new duties.

Not, of course, that any such jealous muttering disturbed me in the least. I knew that I had the firm, I might even say militant, backing of Mr. Ollinson, to say nothing of the backing of my own conscience and sense of duty to the company. It has never at any point been easy for me to adapt myself to the position of roving Traffic Inspector for Piedmont Transit. A whole lifetime of adjustment to purely clerical duties, to fixed routines and sedentary occupations, lay behind me when I first received, if I may so describe it, the "call." I was more than satisfied with my career as an accountant in the company's home office in Greenville, and I had been able to institute more than one valuable and timesaving reform in office procedure, but all that was changed by the fact that I rode the company busses to work.

Traveling so regularly back and forth, it was inevitable that I should become aware of a whole multitude of minor abuses on the part of the company's operational employees. In time, the catalogue of these abuses grew too long to be overlooked by even the most tolerant observers, and I felt obliged to take action. First, I made it my business to become thoroughly conversant with the Rules of Procedure which the company has drawn up to govern the operation of its busses and their drivers. Second, I made a careful, highly circumstantial report of infractions of the said rules, infractions observed by me over a period of weeks. Third, I presented my report to Mr. Ollinson himself. I long ago learned the complete futility of presenting such material to the minor official or officials directly responsible. Mr. Ollinson was deeply impressed. He was even more impressed when I made my fourth and culminating point.

"Mr. Ollinson," I said, "I appreciate the shock it must be to you to realize that such conditions exist. However, the situation is not nearly so dark as might be supposed from a hasty perusal of this report. Bad as it is, there is actually a simple remedy."

"Go on, Tokenberg," Mr. Ollinson said. "What do you suggest?"

"The company," I said, "keeps check on its bus operators through a system of roving traffic inspectors. One inspector to each city in which the company operates. It has always been the practice to recruit these inspectors from the ranks of the drivers themselves. There, if I may say so, is the fatal flaw in the system. With the best will in the world, Mr. Ollinson, these men cannot possibly be objective in discharging their duties. They are all former drivers—they inevitably carry with them the driver's viewpoint, instead of the viewpoint of the company or the traveling public. What the company desperately needs, Mr. Ollinson, is a staff of inspectors who have never been drivers, and so can be trusted to be completely impartial in dealing with all infractions. I offer myself as such an inspector, Mr. Ollinson. I shall regret leaving my accounting work, and there is even a slight reduction of salary involved, but I am not swayed by that. The situation calls for serious remedies."

If I may use such an expression, Mr. Ollinson was a man shown a great light. Never riding the busses himself, he was naturally unaware of the manner in which all too many of the company's employees flouted the company's rules: of the dangerous speeding indulged in by the younger drivers, and the crabbed and even coarse behavior of the older ones toward the company's patrons. But once shown the conditions, he acted with firmness and dispatch. I was appointed Supervising Traffic Inspector, and

BY PHILIP CLARK

Sadie should have had a tank. She was the wildest driver on the bus line—and a social institution

I operated first in Spartanburg, then in Columbia, and finally in Greenville. In all modesty, but with simple pride, I feel that I greatly improved operations in all three cities. Naturally, there was some resistance, even hostility, from minor officials, but that was to be expected. I felt it was the final tribute now to be sent to Princetown, the largest and brightest gem in the company's crown of public service. As it turned out, Princetown needed my ministrations most desperately of all.

I WENT to work quietly and unobtrusively, as I always do. I got myself a modest single room in the residential area equidistant between two different bus lines to give me the greatest routine coverage to and from work, and then I reported to Mr. R. F. Gurney, the Princetown Traffic Supervisor. I made it my invariable custom to go to work first in a new town as a sort of "undercover" agent for the company, by ostensibly undertaking a minor audit of some of the operational bookkeeping. Mr. Gurney did not like this approach at all, but I had Mr. Ollinson's written instructions to back me up. I dug immediately into the Princetown unit's Record of Complaints, and almost as immediately I had the evidence I sought. I took it to Mr. Gurney. He was, as I quite anticipated, not at all co-operative. He is a large man, and decidedly coarse-spoken. He said, "———it, the public always gripes."

I said, "I quite realize that, Mr. Gurney. However, it is Mr. Ollinson's contention, and also mine, that there is a practical permissible limit within which public dissatisfaction with our service can and must be held. I have gone over these figures very carefully, Mr. Gurney, and I find that the monthly average of Complaint Received per Passenger Carried here in Princetown is 1.9 per thousand, which I regret to say is eleven points above the state-wide average, and hopelessly above the permissible maximum. Do you have any way of accounting for this condition?"

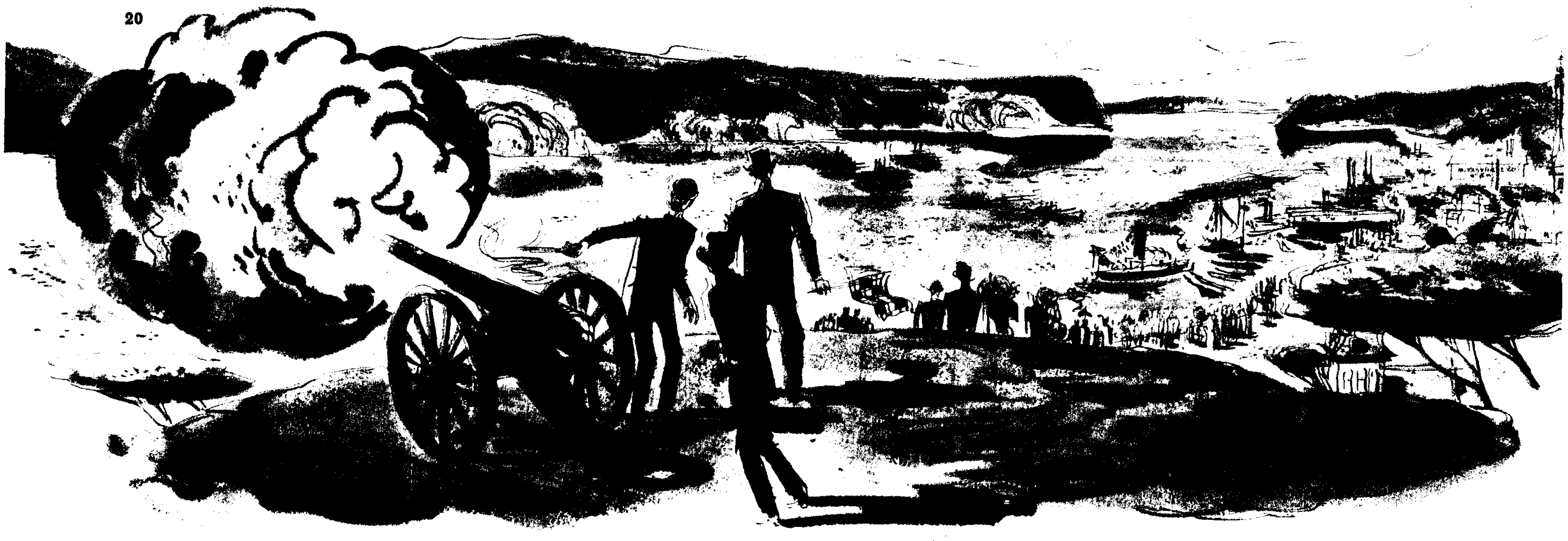
Mr. Gurney turned away from me and glared down at the busses moving in and out of the garage. His face was very red. He said, "Maybe it's the altitude. Princetown's right down on the coast. Maybe the air pressure just makes people crabbier. Maybe it's the literacy rate. Twice as many people down here can read and write as those damn' lintheads upstate. More writers, more gripes. Ain't that logical, dammit?"

I said, "Bad language won't rectify this situation, Mr. Gurney, and I am afraid it will have to be rectified. Fortunately, a careful statistical study points directly at the trouble." I showed him the analysis I had made. "All the bus routes here show a quite reasonable rate of complaint. A little above the state average, but nothing a little tightening of supervision won't take care of. But *one single route,* Mr. Gurney, has a complaint average of *4.7!* One route alone! The Belt Line Route, Mr. Gurney. How do you account for that?"

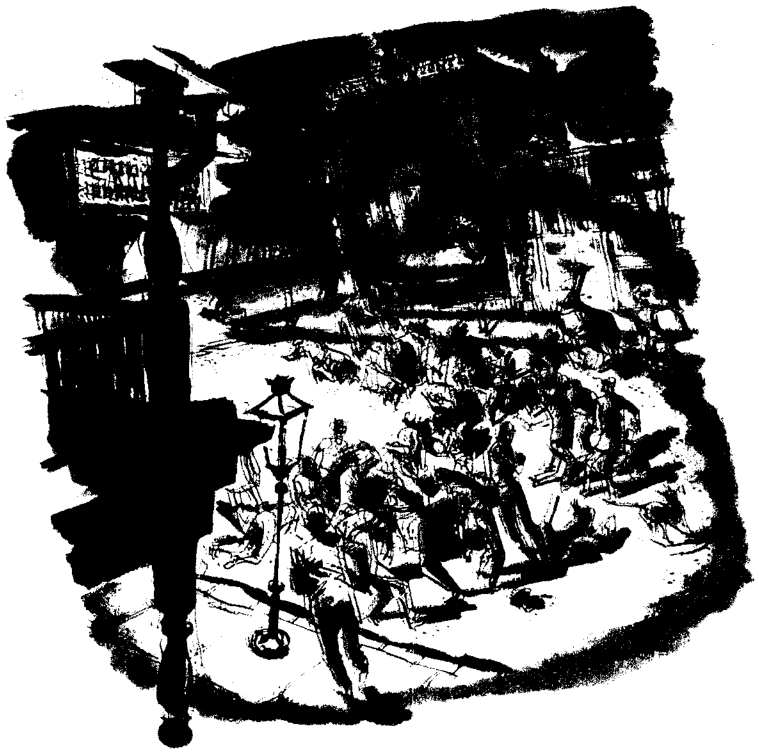
Mr. Gurney stopped glaring out of the window and glared at me. He said, "How should I know, for Pete's sake? Maybe it's

(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The signal for the start was given by a cannon atop Kaal Rock. The Biglins forged ahead



Twenty to a hundred men battled in the streets, slashing with knives and slugging one another

THOSE ROWDY REGATTAS

BY LEONARD MAAR

It's rowing time on the Hudson again but gone are the days when hoodlums and strong-arm men battled in the streets with knives and brass knuckles, and wise townsmen hid behind locked doors. That was Poughkeepsie during the regatta of 1865

LATE in the afternoon of June 21st the brawny young men and little fellows—coxswains—from our major rowing universities and the United States Naval Academy, each clad in the traditional rowing costume of shoes, socks, trunks, a coat of tan and a weird-looking haircut, will take their places in their long, narrow boats on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie. At the crack of a gun they will row like crazy. Each crew will try to beat the others to the finish line and, at the same time, attempt to lower the course record.

Thousands of spectators will watch from both banks of the river. Other thousands will look down from the vehicular bridge over the Hudson. The brilliant colors of the competing colleges will fly from the steel lacework of the railroad bridge. Planes will pass overhead, some perilously low and stunting to attract attention. A fleet of steamboats, private yachts, cruisers, Coast Guard cutters and other craft will be anchored along the course. Bottles will be opened and emptied. Children and irresponsible adults will fall overboard and be rescued.

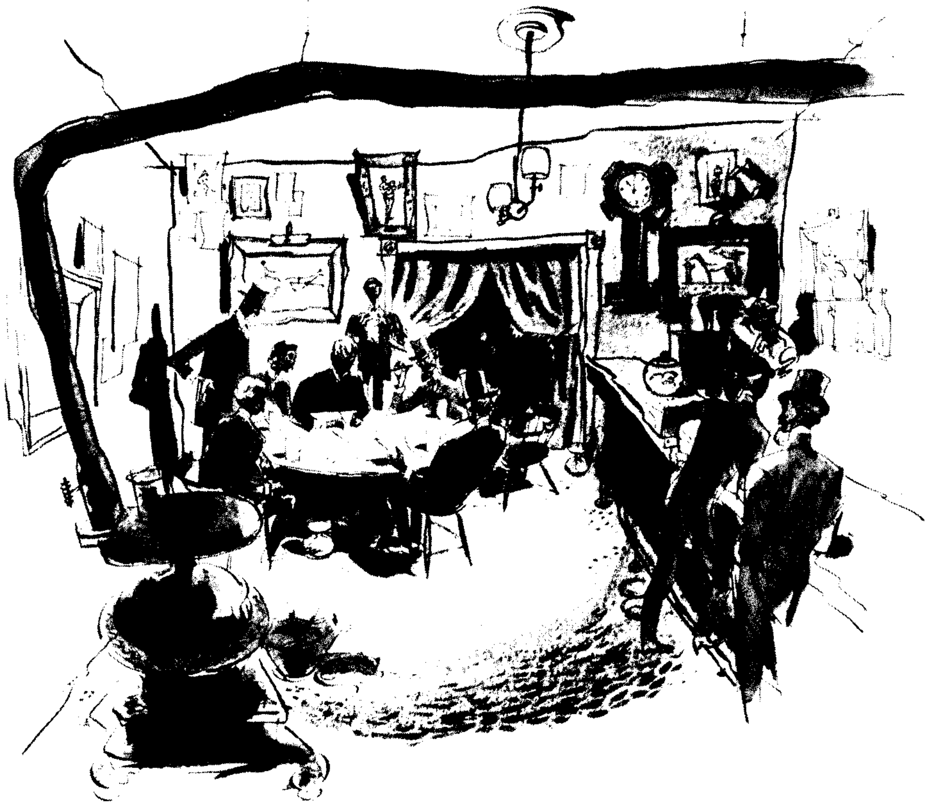
Smart alecks in speedboats will go swishing up and down the river, annoying everybody and interfering with the regatta officials who in turn will be racing back and forth bellowing instructions. A yacht loaded to the gunwales with sports writers and photographers will be following the racing crews. Newsreel cameras will whir. Excited radio announcers will shriek more or less accurate descriptions of what's going on. In 20 minutes or less it will all be over, and the varsity race of the annual regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, the year's biggest event in rowing, will belong to the ages.

The big rowing colleges have been carrying on like this at Poughkeepsie since 1895, except for some ten years when the regatta was transferred to other courses or called off on account of wars. This year's race will be the first since 1941. It has all been very pleasant and sporting, and the citizens of Poughkeepsie have been glad to welcome the boys and make them feel at home.

But the good burghers want no more of the sort of regattas that were held on the Hudson some 80-odd years ago, when professional rowing, now almost a lost sport, was in its heyday. Scarcely a man is now alive in Poughkeepsie who actually remembers what went on in those days, but tales of the exciting times have come down through the years, gathering vivid detail and a shining air of verisimilitude, as they came. Most of the old-timers' yarns deal with the great regatta of 1865, when a horde of ruffians from New York virtually took Poughkeepsie apart.

The 1865 event was one of the most extraordinary athletic contests ever held in the United States. It appears in the encyclopedia as a regatta; actually, it was a match race between two famous four-oared crews, the Young Strangers of Poughkeepsie and the Biglins of New York. The Young Strangers, captained by Willie Stevens, first came into prominence in the late 1850s. The members of the crew worked in the local cooperage plant, making barrels for breweries and boxes for shipping fruit.

The Biglins, comprising three brothers of that name and Dennis O'Leary, were developed about the same time at Newburgh, 16 miles down the Hudson from Poughkeepsie, and for many years the latter's principal rival as a rowing center. The



Collyer and Fields met in a saloon and signed up for "the race of the century"

The frightened merchants boarded up their stores

two crews met for the first time at Poughkeepsie in 1860, the Young Strangers winning by two lengths. A few weeks later they raced again in the Empire City Regatta off Staten Island, in New York Harbor, and this time the Biglins won, rowing the fastest five miles ever clocked on tidewater. Their time, 30 minutes, 44¾ seconds, is still the record for four-oared crews.

By the end of the Civil War the Young Strangers and the Biglins were by far the best-known four-oared crews in the country. At the end of the war the Biglins moved to New York, while the Young Strangers remained in Poughkeepsie and still held down their jobs in the cooperage, although during the summer they spent most of their time on the water.

In those days professional oarsmen, the real big shots in sport, were sponsored by wealthy men who paid all training expenses, bought the boats and other equipment, arranged matches and purses, and bet on them; the boys were handled pretty much as race horses are today. The Biglins, soon after moving to New York, came under the sponsorship of Samuel Collyer. The Young Strangers also had a New York backer, Floyd Fields.

In the early summer of 1865, Collyer and Fields exchanged challenges, and after a great splurge of publicity in the newspapers and The Police Gazette, met in a New York saloon and signed articles for "the race of the century." The stakes were a purse of $6,000, and the somewhat mythical American championship.

The date of the race was fixed as July 18, 1865, and the distance was set at five miles, two and one-half miles to an anchored stake boat and then back to the starting point. (This method of racing, with a turn, was in vogue for many years; nowadays all big races are straightaway.) The course chosen was the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, whereat a great cry of protest went up from many of Poughkeepsie's citizens, who remembered the tumult that had accompanied the race in 1863 between Josh Ward of Cornwall on the Hudson, the national sculling champion, and Jim Hammill, a Pittsburgh glass blower.

More than 20,000 spectators had swarmed into Poughkeepsie for the Ward-Hammill race, and before the last one departed the little town had been well-nigh wrecked. As Poughkeepsie had no police except an elderly constable or two, detectives had been imported from New York to preserve order; they did little, however, except circulate through the crowds, crying, "Watch your pocketbooks, gentlemen!" But little attention was paid to their warnings, and hundreds of thefts occurred, for pickpockets and sneak thieves always attended such events in droves.

Gil Ward, brother of the champion, was robbed of a wallet containing $3,500, which he had intended betting against Hammill. However, he was really no worse off, for the glass blower won the race. In this contest Hammill rowed a boat 14½ inches wide and 30 feet long, the narrowest and longest boat ever seen on *(Continued on page 120)*

They arrived clad in the costume which helped to make the dance hall such a gay and abandoned place

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

THE SIMPLE CASE

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

Cavanaugh discovered that for him, anyway, there was no such thing as a routine case

I GOT to our office late one morning and found Sam Brennan reading a magazine article. He was chuckling to himself.

"If it makes you laugh," I said, "it'll kill me."

Then I read the title and grinned. The article was about a private detective who saw one of those hard-boiled detective movies, and laughed himself sick at the celluloid ops.

"This guy," Sam said, "has been in business twenty-seven years and says he never carries a gun, never wades through blood, and his blond secretary never holds the bourbon bottle ready for refueling when he twitches his nose."

"What is the guy? Divorces, jewel guarding, firm shortages, bill skippers?"

"You know something, Mike," Sam said, "this guy is like a lot of the boys in our business. They can find a till robber and get wonderful hall-bedroom pictures for a divorce case, and catch some guy who paid ten bucks on a radio and then took off for Key West. But they never ram up against anything different. Know what I mean?"

"You mean this guy never ran into a fistful of knuckles or got shot at?"

"That's what it says here."

"So he thinks those nasty things just don't happen."

"That's my point. I wonder if this guy reads the papers. You know, those little unimportant stories about people shooting each other and running off with thousand-dollar trinkets. Maybe he thinks people say, 'Why should we do anything about getting our money back or finding a murderer?' This private op says those things don't happen." Sam laughed loudly. "I wonder what he'd do if somebody dropped a tough case in his lap. Would he say it was a mirage?"

In our agency we don't believe in the movies either, but we have offices, and a blond secretary who won't frighten people when they call on us. And we do our share of little cases. But things do happen, contrary to anything this Eastern detective might say in a hundred articles. The difference in our agency and his is: We get a case now and then that isn't exactly rose water and cheesecake. We also co-operate with the police. Like this guy admits, we know that solving a tough case is ninety-nine parts dirty, stinking grubbing and one part of that stuff they call brilliant deduction in those English detective stories where every op has an Oxford degree and figures the whole deal out in his head. But still I have been shot at, beaten up and smacked. I can shoot and I don't consider my revolver a hunk of iron, like this guy called it in the article.

"Yes," I said to Sam. "He'd probably say it couldn't happen. Anything new this morning?"

"One call. A man named Bradford at the Wellston Hotel, whose wife went shopping yesterday afternoon and didn't come back. He wants help. Want to run over and see him?" . . .

Bradford had a three-room suite on the tenth floor of the Wellston Hotel. I went straight up and knocked, and he opened the door about two inches and waited. I said, "Mr. Bradford, I'm Cavanaugh."

"Oh." He pulled the door wide. "Come in, Cavanaugh. Come in."

I went into his living room and he invited me to have a drink and I refused politely. With the amenities satisfied, we sat in wide leather chairs while I looked him over. He was forty or a year over, a thin guy with brown hair parted down the middle and a taciturn face. His breath was strong, and I knew he'd been hitting the bottle and the aspirin pretty heavy.

I said, "You didn't give us much information on the phone, Mr. Bradford. What is this about your wife?"

"She went shopping yesterday afternoon. She hasn't returned. She's gone away with another man."

He certainly didn't waste words. I said, "Do you know this other guy?"

"Yes. His name is Carl Reese, or so he said when we met him in Mexico City last month. We flew up together four days ago and checked in from the plane. He left yesterday morning supposedly to go to New Orleans. I think he checked out and waited for my wife to meet him."

"How do you figure that?"

"How do you figure anything like that?" he snapped. "The usual symptoms, Cavanaugh. Believe me, I know."

BRADFORD got up and started wearing the rug threadbare. "I want you to find my wife, and find Reese, and then call me."

"This is a missing-person case," I said. "The police can handle it for you."

He looked worried. "I can't do that. If it got out, back home, I'd be the laughingstock. No, I want this done quietly."

"I see. Do you want us to get pictures with witnesses?"

"No," he said quickly. "I didn't mean that, Cavanaugh. I don't want a divorce. My wife is a beautiful woman and slightly irresponsible, but I don't think she knows what she's doing in this case. I want you to find them and call me, and I'll get there fast and talk to her. I think it's the sensible thing to do. What do you think?"

"That's your business, Mr. Bradford," I said. "Whatever you want, we'll do our best to help you. Now, describe your wife—clothes, hair, all that. Have you a picture of her?"

"No picture," he said. Then Bradford described his wife and Reese carefully, almost methodically.

"How was your wife dressed?"

"A brown *tailleur* suit." Bradford frowned over the details. "Oh, yes, she sneaked one of our small airplane luggage bags out with her when she left. It's brown with metal corners. Is that enough?"

"Thanks," I said. "I think that's enough for us. Now, where is your home, Mr. Bradford, or will you be staying here while we do this work?"

"We're from New York. But I'll be here until you find her, Cavanaugh."

"We do our best," I said. "Now, about our rates."

"Whatever it is, Cavanaugh. You name it."

"This is work for our operatives, but we're pretty busy right now, so I'll start it for you. We charge twenty-five a day, plus expenses. We'd like two-hundred retainer in advance."

"That's reasonable, Cavanaugh. If you locate her within a week, I'll give you a thousand-dollar bonus." . . .

Trailing anyone is a process of elimination. In this case, with a pretty woman, she'd be remembered. She hadn't tried anything original, I thought, getting out of town. The starter on the front lobby remembered her distinctly. He made a phone call and five minutes later I was talking with the taxi driver. Then I knew she wasn't so dumb.

"She told me to drive her down Main," he said. "We cleared the busy streets and she made me stop, paid me, and got out on the corner by the statue. She had a bag. I made the circle and coming around, I saw her flag a Black-and-White taxi and go north."

"Catch the number?"

"No," he said. "I'm sorry, Cavanaugh."

I drove to the Black-and-White garage and talked with their dispatcher. He checked back on their taxis and narrowed it down to the ten drivers covering that part of the city. He sent a car out to bring them in, and we sat around talking about the World Series and interviewing them as they trickled into the garage. I found my man on the ninth try.

"She told me to drive to the airport," he said. "I let her out in the traffic circle before the Ad building. She gave me twenty dollars and told me not to tell anyone where she went if they asked. I figured she was running out on her husband. I didn't know it was something else."

"It wasn't," I said. "Did she have a bag?"

"One of those shiny brown ones," he said. "Airplane luggage."

I gave him twenty dollars, and the dispatcher fifty to split up between them for their trouble. Then I headed for the airport. It was almost five o'clock and turning dark. I could figure part of it now. If she'd gone to the airport and met Reese, the odds were they'd taken a charter.

At the south end of the field where the charter companies have their hangars, I found in the third dispatch room, people who remembered Mrs. Bradford. They told me that Reese, who called himself Walker, had made reservations for a flight to San Antonio yesterday afternoon. The woman had signed as Mrs. Walker, and a pilot named Holliman had flown the plane to San Antonio late in the afternoon. When Holliman came in from Dallas fifteen minutes later, I cornered him.

HOLLIMAN said, "Sure. I remember her. What a gal! We landed at seven, just after sunset. They didn't act like they were in a hurry. We had coffee together in the café and I rode into town with them. We went to the Gunther and I checked in, and they went into the coffee shop. I don't know whether they stayed there or not."

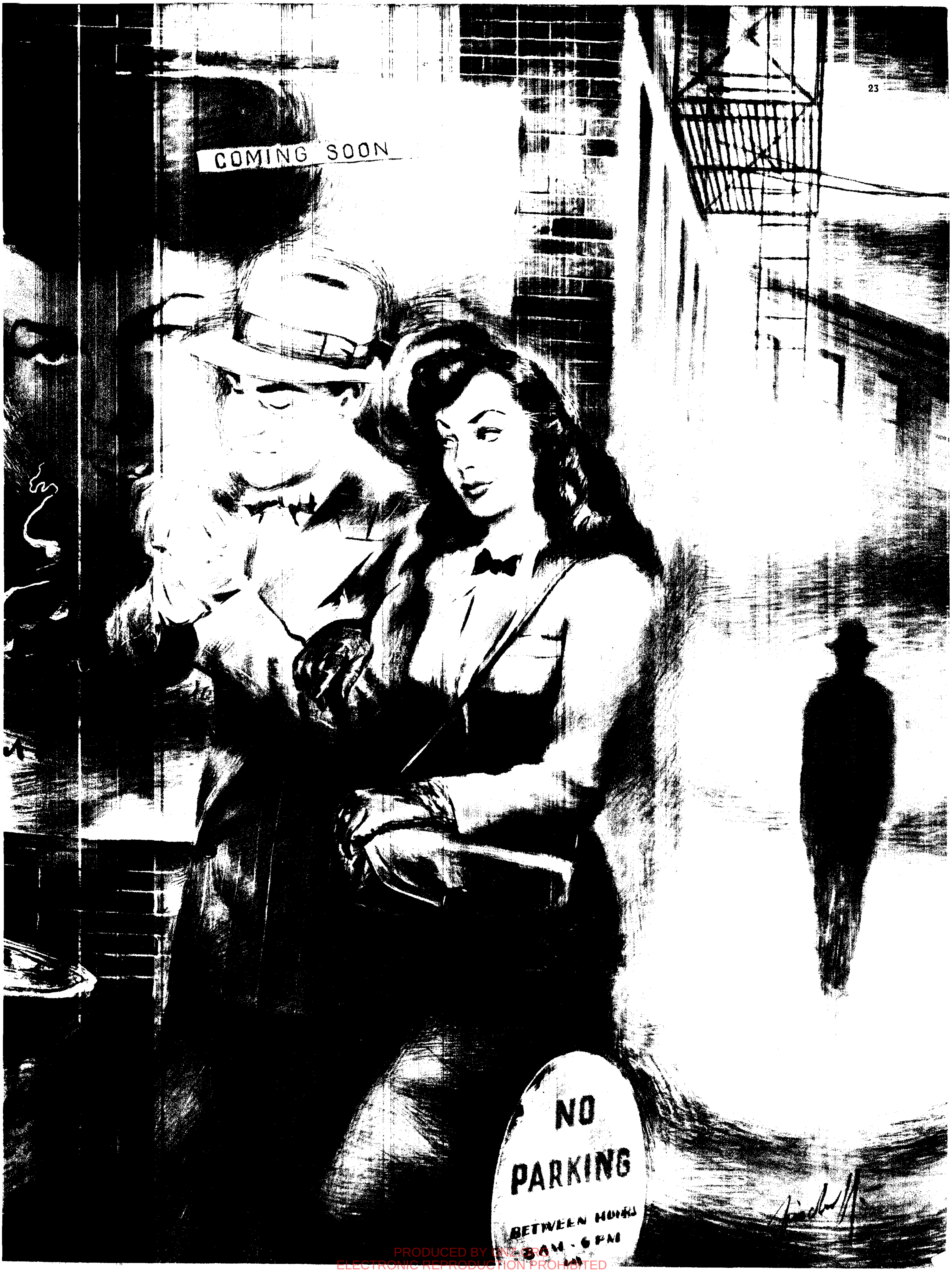
It's two hundred miles to San Antonio and I made the drive in four hours. It was raining when I found a parking place and went into the Gunther. They hadn't registered under the name of Walker, or any other name. Now it was going to be nasty. I knew what I had to do, and I was tired and sleepy, and I didn't like any part of the job.

They had gone into the coffee shop to ditch the pilot, and walked out in a few minutes and disappeared into the middle of San Antonio. It's a big area to lose yourself in. Besides they had a twenty-four-hour start on me and I couldn't take time out for sleep. So I started on the lousy, tiring rounds of all air line ticket offices, all the trains, all the busses, all the taxi companies—and drew a complete blank. I went around to all the good hotels and checked, and I drove out and checked the motels on the highways coming into town. No sale anywhere. By this time it was five in the morning and too late to sleep so I had ham and eggs in an all-night café, drank five cups of coffee, and went over to the Gunther and used their washroom to make myself feel like a human being. One other tracing possibility was left, but I had to wait until eight

(Continued on page 93)

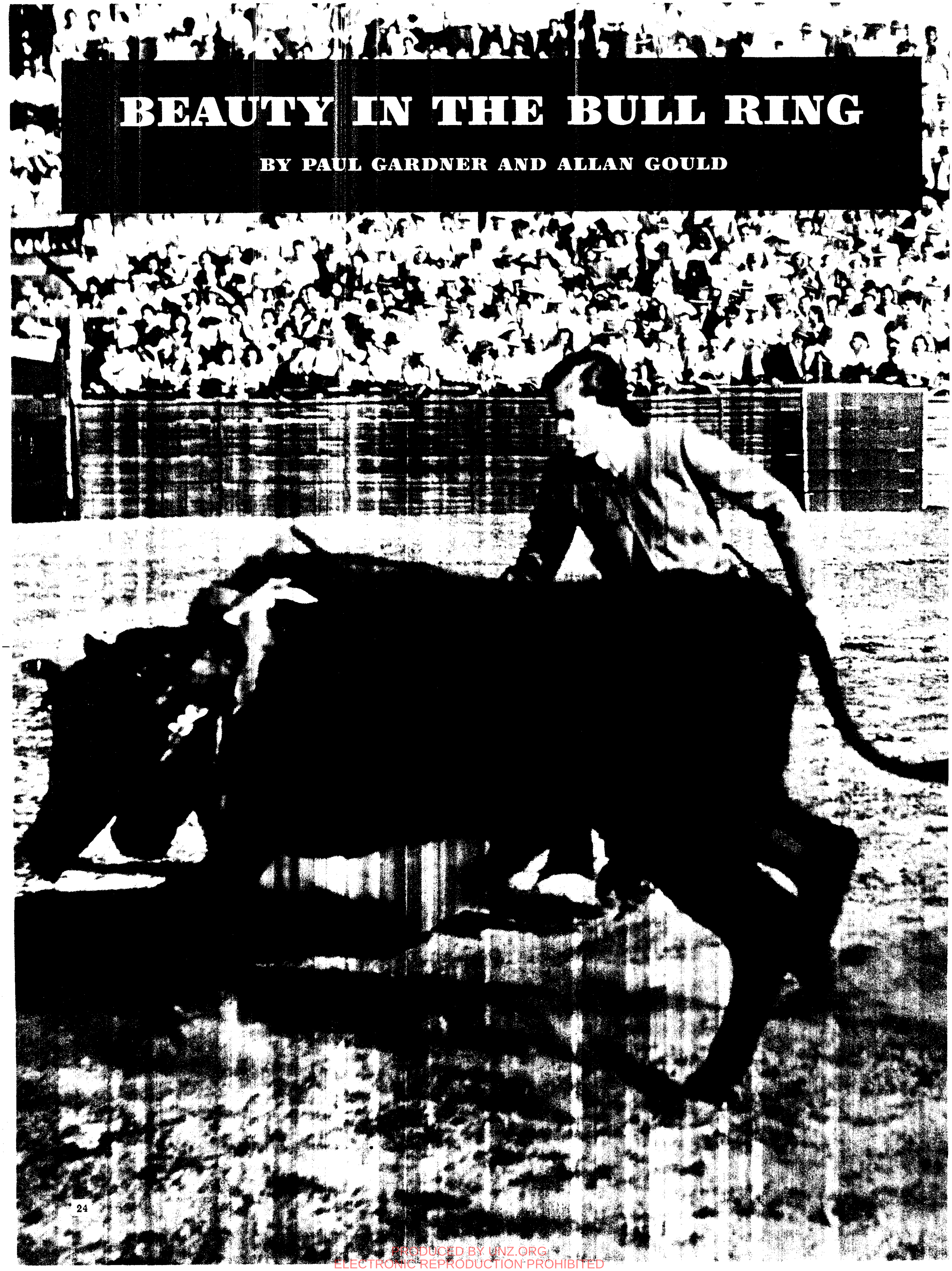
I had my orders not to lose them, so I followed them all over town, into stores and along the river

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF


COMING SOON
NO
PARKING
BETWEEN HOURS
AM - 6 PM

BEAUTY IN THE BULL RING

BY PAUL GARDNER AND ALLAN GOULD



A few of the more startling exploits of Conchita Cintrón—heroine of the Latin American bullfight fans and their first top-flight matadora

CONCHITA CINTRON, 24-year-old South American whirlwind on horseback, can now pick up as much as $14,000 for flirting with death in the afternoon. It is estimated that she received a quarter of a million dollars last year for her victories in the bull ring.

She is worth it, according to the fans, the *aficionados*. She is the only one in the world who fights both from the horse, in the Portuguese style, and on foot, the famous Spanish mode. She is grace and fury incarnate.

Conchita, the bullfighter, is magnificent, something out of Hemingway. Only 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighing 118 pounds, she displays instant reflexes, an icy calm and astonishing strength as she battles a 1,200-pound bull.

She emerges for the fight Portuguese-style, astride her horse. Her horses are unusually alert and valuable animals. Two, the Maravella and the Cat, are said to be worth $20,000 apiece. She has four horses of such excellence always in her stable, and six that are in training.

When Conchita Cintrón first enters the arena, she salutes the president of the local bullfight association, then leaves in glory after making a few desultory *pases* at the bull. While she is out, the *picadores* badger the animal and arouse him to sullen anger.

Then Conchita comes back on foot. She does not move about but she makes magic with a big cape, the red and yellow *capote,* and the bull skims past her by inches. It is a grim ballet. Soon she leaves the ring once more and the *picadores* are at the bull.

Next she returns on her horse. A tremendous duel ensues as Conchita incites the bull to charge the horse. Riding like one possessed, Conchita places first one barbed dart—or *banderilla*—then another in the shoulders of the charging bull. The crowd cheers wildly. But the climax is yet to come.

Conchita retires once more and her aides take over. Over the arena comes the sense of expectancy, of suspense. Once more the *matadora* returns to the bull ring, still dressed in Portuguese cowboy outfit. A helper runs over to remove her spurs. Conchita marches forward. She has the small red cape, known as the *muleta*—and the long sword. The audience becomes transfixed. Now the *matadora* requires nicer precision than needlework, more agility than a Pavlova, steadier nerves than a trapeze artist.

But there it is before their eyes. Conchita Cintrón cites the bull. Dramatically, unerringly she thrusts the sharp sword in over the horns. And, as if she were working from a diagram, the blade goes in deep, deep...to find the heart. There can be no second chance in this game.

As the crowd goes wild over her, following the kill, she bows in cold acknowledgment. . . .

Conchita Cintrón, in the bull ring, is a dynamo, a showman in the Babe Ruth tradition in America. But the instant the fight is over, she freezes up. After a bullfight she goes back to her hotel, changes to a tailored suit and descends regally to the lobby. There she sits and instantly it takes on the aspect of Grand Central Station.

You have to be there to realize her immense popularity. To reach the bull ring she has to fight her way through hundreds and thousands of people. Often, a car has to be driven straight through to enable her to escape her fans. The wonder is that she can retain such impassivity through it all.

For, as the *aficionados* of all ages shower congratulations on Conchita, she sits like a queen demanding and receiving homage. A rival who had put on a poor performance following a masterpiece by Conchita once said grimly of the lady bullfighter that she held champagne in her arms to ice it. Maybe you need that sort of disposition to be a lady bullfighter.

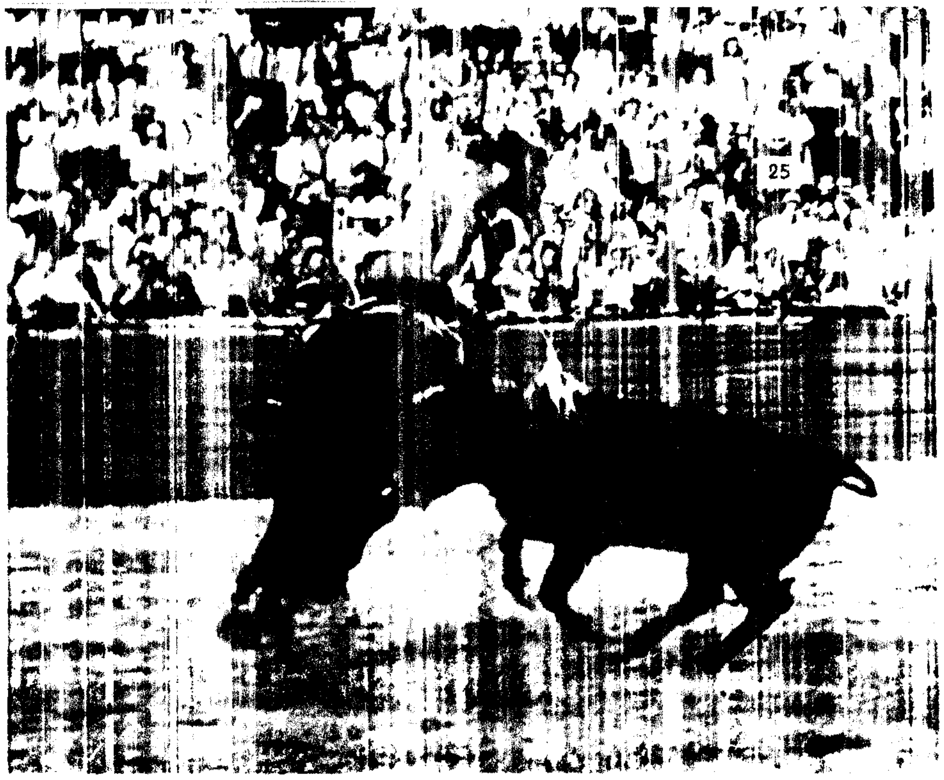
But she once criticized her manager, Ruy da Camera, for going hunting. She insisted it was cruel.

"That is unfair," she said, "but in bullfighting, it is different. It is an even battle."

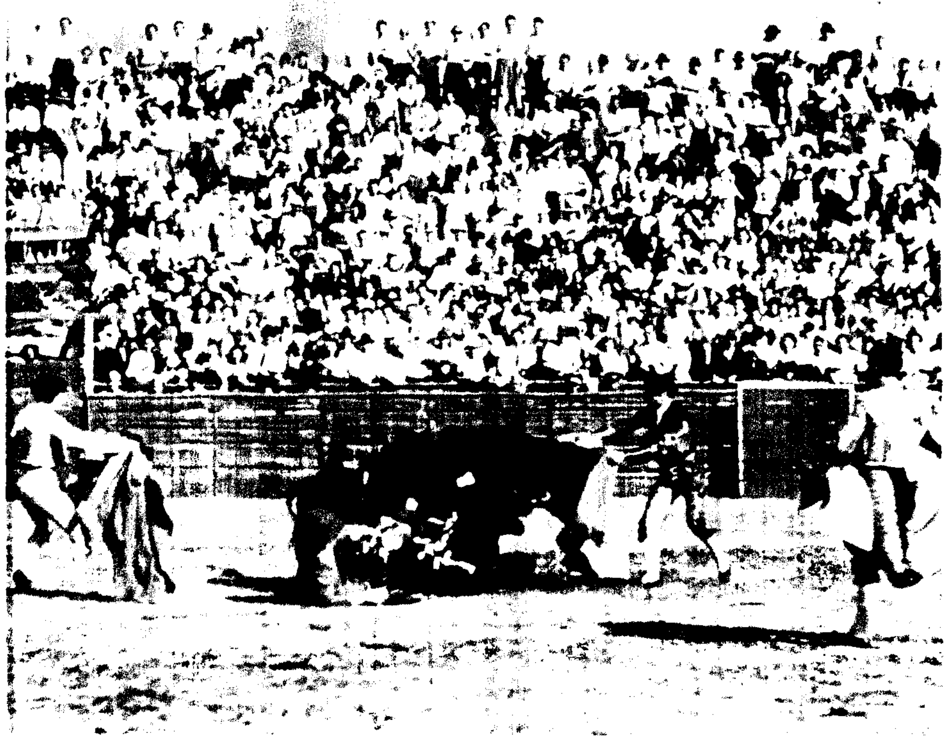
A movie made of her life five years ago, with Conchita as the star and Pepe de Ortiz as the male lead, is still shown in Spanish-speaking countries. As she speaks excellent English, she has had offers from Hollywood but is uninterested. Her life revolves about bullfighting; although, as an unmarried celebrity, she is besieged by male admirers, many of whom serenade her long-distance by telephone.

Conchita has little interest in feminine things. She boasts one particular hair-do, which she has worn almost since she was a small girl. It falls straight back, has a soft wave on the side, and is tied in a knot at the base of her neck. Her wardrobe is far from extensive. She seldom wears an evening gown or frilly attire—prefers plain, severe dress. She has an odd bracelet of little gold bulls' ears, *(Continued on page 111)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



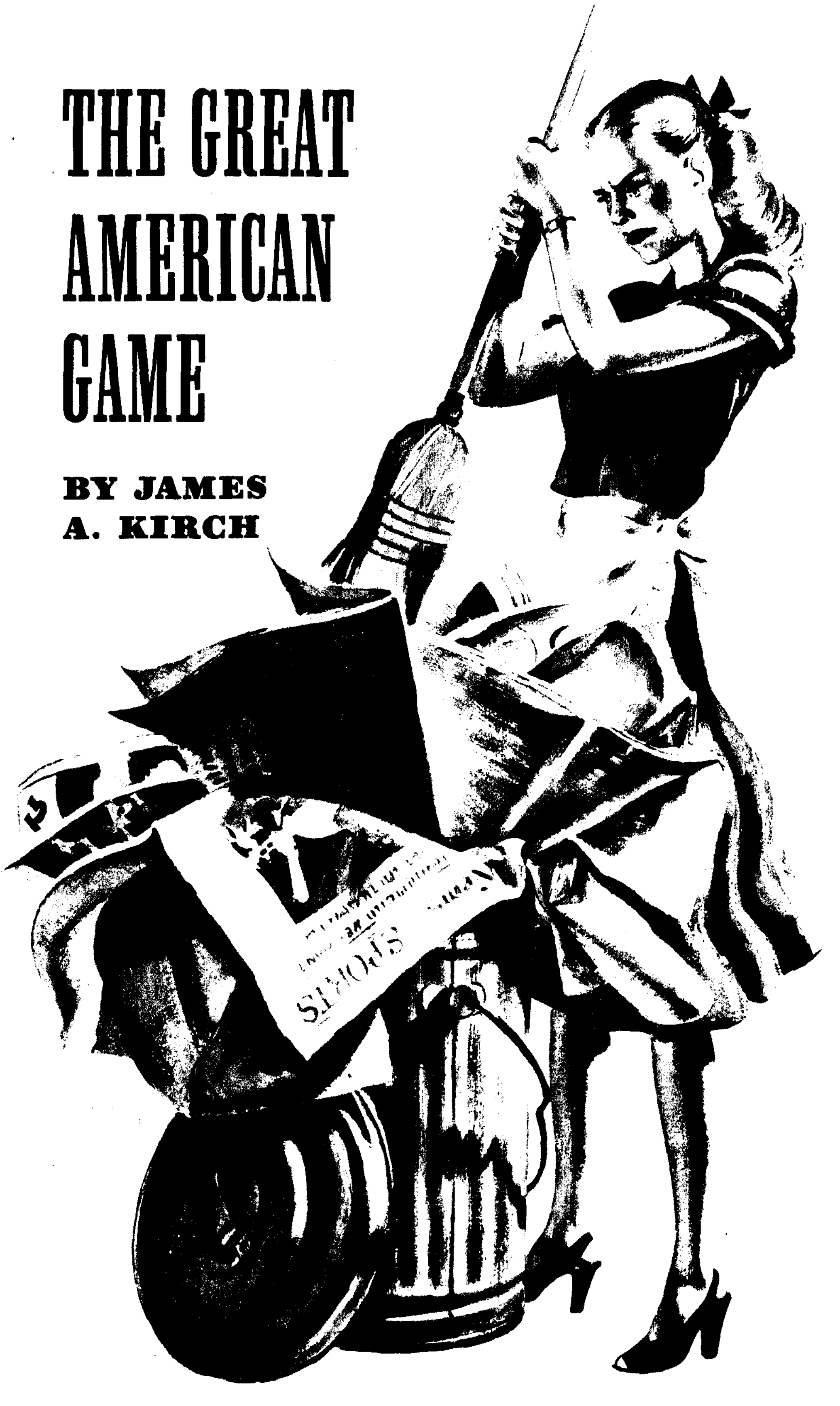
As Conchita and her horse tempt the bull, it makes a sudden lunge, throwing the horse off balance and leaving Conchita temporarily at a disadvantage



The horse and rider fall and appear at the mercy of the bull. But assistants rush out with their capes to distract him. The bull charges again, and the riderless horse runs away. A picador attracts the bull's attention and Conchita remounts. She resumes the fight and in two minutes kills the bull

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

BY JAMES A. KIRCH



"Any man who likes baseball must be a moron!" declared Carol

FLETCH said, *"Women!"* It was the way he said it that gave it importance. He made three circles on the bar with his glass and then set the glass down. "Perfidious," he announced. "Impossible."

Eddie the bartender picked up the glass and refilled it. "Unpredictable," he admitted. He poured a short one for himself. "You lasted longer than most," he consoled. "You been married two months. You were overdue for a squabble."

Fletch flinched at the word. "This," he said, with dignity, "is no 'squabble.'" He rapped his glass on the bar. "This," he said, "is the end." He said it with just the right touch of regret.

Eddie said, "I remember Phil Blair. A young fellow like you. Married a kid from Savannah." He finished his beer and rinsed the glass under the counter. "She moved furniture," he said, darkly. "He'd come home dead tired from work and she'd make him shift furniture. Wore him out."

"Carol likes the furniture," Fletch said. He gave her that much.

"Give her time," Eddie warned.

"Time," Fletch repeated. "Time has run out on us." He finished his beer and scowled at the glass until Eddie refilled it. "A man can stand just so much," said Fletch.

"Like Johnny Wyatt," Eddie agreed. He poured himself another short one at the memory. "His wife listened to soap operas. When Johnny got home, she repeated the plots to him." Eddie shuddered. "In detail," he explained.

"Carol," Fletch admitted, "hates soap operas." He looked at the clock behind the bar. The chromium hands pointed to skoal and *salud*. "Ten-fifteen," he said. "Ned's late." Ned was his brother. "He promised to meet me."

"Smart," Eddie said. "A third party looks at a difference objective like."

"This," Fletch said, "is no 'difference.'" He swiveled the beer in his glass. "This is basic."

Eddie went down the bar to build a drink for a flat-chested blonde. When he came back, his eyes were thoughtful. "Look," he said, "if you're figuring on tying one on—"

Fletch drew himself up. "Drink is for weaklings," he said. He finished his beer. "My brother," he confided, "is a bachelor. He has an apartment with a studio couch."

"Home to Mother," Eddie said.

Fletch deepened his scowl. "What do you know about troubles?"

"I been married eight years," Eddie reminded him. "A man should be the boss in his house. A man's home is his fortress."

"Castle," Fletch corrected.

"Yeah," Eddie said. "What I mean is, he's the headman."

Fletch's eyes narrowed. "For eight years you've been that?"

EDDIE wiped a nonexistent spot off the glistening bar. He leaned down to polish the untarnished beer spouts. "To an extent," he said.

"You pick your own clothes?" Fletch insisted. "You buy your own ties?"

"Pearl," Eddie admitted, "likes me in stripes. Stripes and polka-dot ties. She says a guy like me needs color." He looked up at Fletch. "It adds class," he said.

"Carol likes tweeds," Fletch said. "Tweeds and herringbones. She says I'm the—" He struggled with the word, then accepted it. "The he-man type."

Eddie studied him critically. "Not bad," he said. "That outfit's okay."

"The tie maybe clashes a little," Fletch explained. "I picked it up in a hurry." He frowned as he recalled his sudden departure. "Women should stick to the things they know something about." He shoved his beer glass toward Eddie. He waited, wrapped in his thoughts until Eddie had refilled it. "Baseball," he said. "What do women know about baseball?"

"Pearl . . ." Eddie began.

Fletch cut him off. "We are speaking of Carol," he said. "Pearl may be one in a million. We are speaking of Carol and baseball."

"She *plays* it?" Eddie asked.

"She hates it," Fletch explained. "She says any man who likes it must be a moron. A moron!" He washed the taste of the word away with his beer. "I was fourth in my class."

"Women flare up," Eddie offered. "They fly off the handle."

"No," Fletch said. "This was deliberate." He let his mind dwell on it. "Yesterday was Sunday," he explained. "We went to the beach."

"Kind of cool," Eddie suggested.

"Bracing," Fletch said. He got back to his point. "I missed the Sunday sports page, with the standings of the players. We got home too late to read them. I figured I'd catch up today." He paused dramatically. He waited a moment too long. Eddie knew life.

"Gone," Eddie guessed. "Thrown out."

"All of them," Fletch said. He tightened his fingers on the beer glass, remembering.

"Careless," Eddie said.

Fletch nodded. "That's what I said," he agreed. "'Careless,' I told her. She said she hadn't given it a thought, that it had never occurred to her. I explained that if she had been thinking of *me*, it *would* have."

"That's when she blew up?" Eddie suggested.

"She said," Fletch said, slowly, "that I seemed to think more of baseball than of her. Which I explained was a stupid remark."

"Stupid?" Eddie repeated. "You said, *stupid*?"

"She lost her head," Fletch went on. "She knew she was wrong, so she shouted at me. Said *I* was the stupid one. That any man who read box scores every day must be a moron."

"And you walked out on her."

Fletch nodded. "There were eighty-nine in my class," he said, irrelevantly.

The blond girl at the end rattled her glass with the stirring rod. Eddie went down to fix her a repeat. He took his time with it, his thin forehead creased in thought. "Look," he said, when he got back to Fletch. "You shouldn't have run out on her."

"I walked," Fletch said, stiffly. He looked down at his tie. "I might have hurried a little," he amended.

"Yeah," Eddie said. "That's what I mean. You rushed it too much." He leaned his elbows on the bar. "Listen," he said, "Is Truman a moron? Was Roosevelt a dope?" He hesitated. "How is she on Roosevelt?" he asked, cautiously.

"She's a Democrat," Fletch said.

"See?" Eddie said. "It's a cinch. If two Presidents can be nuts about the game, how can she call you a moron? Listen—you know why Hoover didn't get re-elected?"

"The depression," Fletch said. "Everybody knows that."

Eddie waved his hand. "Depression nothing," he said. "He walked out on a game. A pennant game. With the score tied in the ninth."

"In the *ninth*?" Fletch gasped.

"In Chicago," Eddie said. "Or maybe Detroit. It don't matter. The thing is, the crowd gave him a razz you could hear in Washington." He ran the edge of his hand along his neck. "Cut his own throat. See what I mean?" he demanded. "That's what you should've given her. Showed her baseball is big stuff."

Fletch said, "I could call her." He looked at the phone.

Eddie caught his arm. "Face to face," Eddie said. "Stand up and tell her."

"Yeah," Fletch said. "Face to face." He looked at Eddie. "I ought to do it," he said. "I just ought to go back and tell her."

"That'll be sixty cents," Eddie said. "For the beer," he explained.

"Yeah," Fletch said. "I just ought to." He dropped a crumpled bill on the bar. He grabbed his hat off the rack. He lunged toward the door.

Eddie yelled, "Hey, you got change—" and then he remembered. Fletch's brother would be in. Ned would have been put to a lot of trouble for nothing. He'd be entitled to one for the road. The lonely road. Eddie rang up the bill.

ON THE landing, Fletch stopped, rehearsing his speech. *It may interest you to know that a President . . .* He inserted his key in the lock. *If baseball is good enough for . . .* He opened the door.

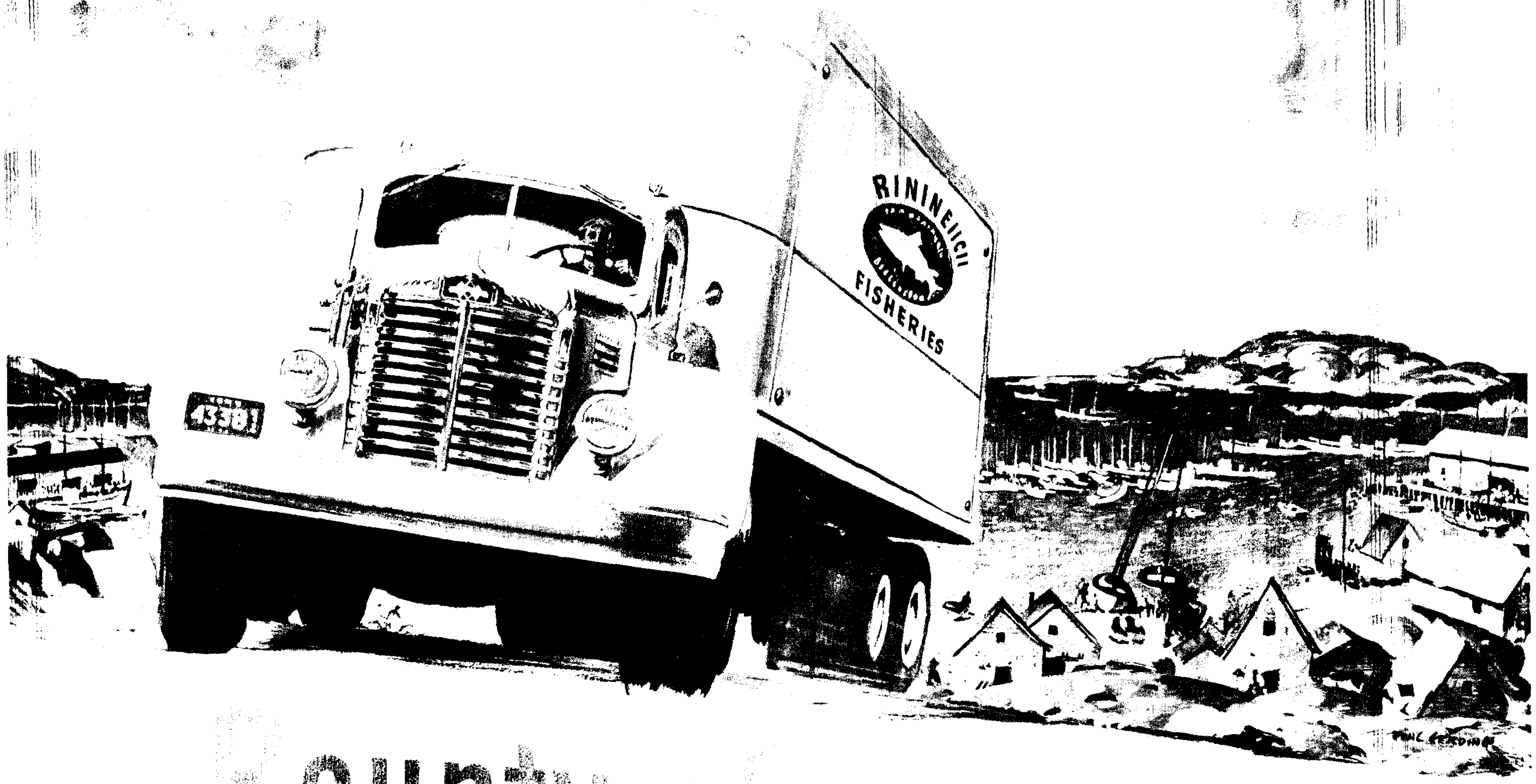
She was standing in the corner, looking out the window. She turned as he entered, her soft eyes holding his. "Fletch," she said.

"Yeah," he said. There was an unopened bottle of beer and two glasses on the table by the couch. A bowl filled with pretzels stood near them.

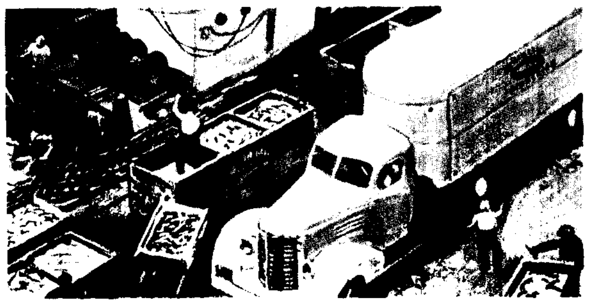
"Beer," Fletch said. He crossed the room swiftly. He knew now what had been lacking at Eddie's.

"Pretzels," he said, just before he caught her in his arms. "Pretzels and beer."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]



Bounty of the Sea



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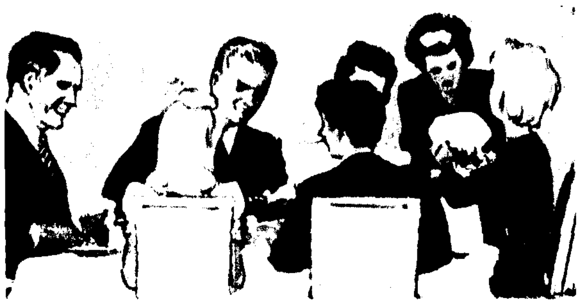

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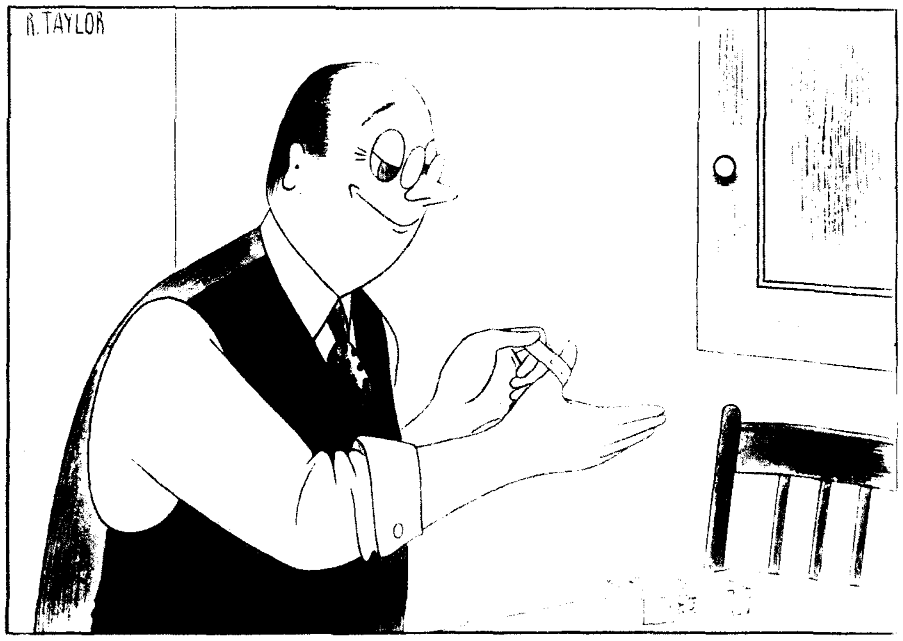

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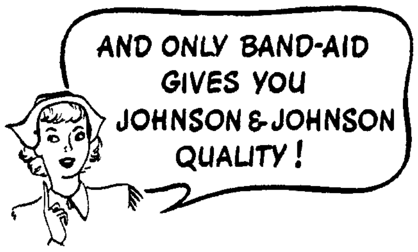
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THE ICEBERGS BEAR DOWN

Continued from page 13

nuzzling up to Little America and they were in a hurry.

Cruzen wasn't satisfied with progress either. Pulling on endless cigarettes and countless cups of coffee, he pored over weather reports, checked and rechecked ice conditions. Finally lacing a yellow Mae West life jacket over his flying suit, he went off in the helicopter himself for a better look. Some three miles ahead he spotted a break in the pack. We headed for that and by Wednesday midnight, a little more than 60 miles and 24 hours from our Scott Island starting point, we were lying to inside.

The utter absence of darkness at any time threw us all into a kind of daydreamy confusion. Nobody turned in for any regular sleep. If a man wasn't up to his hips in work he was staring at the fantastic wonderland. Now the floes in light and shadow would loom up like Manhattan's sky line or become a cornfield's frosted stubble.

On Thursday morning, the barometer was falling. Cruzen sniffed the sky and swore. From the icebreaker's stern a green balloon floated lazily upward to test the wind. Meticulously the admiral examined the lines and structure of the pool we lay in—three square miles of water, crowded with ice chunks and rimmed with solid floe, behind which reared the heads of huge bergs. Imperceptibly but undeniably, the borders of the pool were slowly closing in, forced by the pressure of the bergs beyond. We couldn't stay there long in safety.

Something was haywire. This was supposed to be the antarctic summer. The floe ice should have been rotten, showing it was breaking up. Instead it was firm and sharp—freshly frozen.

Not Built for Polar Waters

Cruzen summoned all five skippers to a conference. Already there had been damage. Cohn of the Yancey, Hourihan of the Merrick, and Moore of the Olympus were worried (and with good reason) about their ships whose thin steel skins had never been built to sail such waters. Yesterday's buffeting had dimpled Mt. Olympus' bow and badly bent two of her propeller blades. Through warped plates she was taking 100 gallons of water a minute. This was nothing her pumps couldn't handle, but the flotilla crews, green to polar conditions, where pressing ice can quickly produce "weeping rivets" in any craft, began to fidget and Captain Moore was obliged to issue a bulletin stating "everything is under control."

It was suggested they play it safe—retreat to Scott Island and return singly behind the Northwind's lead. Only young Icenhower was anxious to push ahead. Like all submariners, he believed tomorrow's seas would be dominated from below and he was burning to prove the Sennet could "go anywhere and do anything." Captain Charles W. Thomas, whose Northwind was the only specially constructed vessel in the lot, naturally didn't count; he'd have struck out overland for Glacier National Park if that had been the objective.

The admiral dismissed them, then made his decision. One of his assignments was to test the maneuverability of unprotected ships through pack ice as if they were on a military mission. Thursday at 11 P.M., Cruzen signaled the force to stand by. We were going to push on through the floe, weeping rivets be damned.

Thirty minutes after we'd got under way, Merrick called over the TBS, "I am stuck."

"Blast it," Cruzen cried, "why can't those so-an'-so's get used to this stuff! They've been in it 48 hours." He turned to Thomas on the bridge. "Go get her, Tommy."

Northwind heeled around, passed Yancey and crossed the Merrick's bow. We cut most of the ice away, but she failed to budge. We backed off, sliced in front of her again, this time through to clear water and the Merrick shook free.

On our way back up the column, Mt. Olympus called: "I can no longer turn over my screws without fear of damage. Heavy ice on my stern."

"Oh, Mother of God," Cruzen moaned, "we'll be here all year!" He picked up the TBS. "Captain," he said when he got Moore, "can't you really turn over your screws? . . . Well, try it slowly. Wait a minute. Have you got a competent ice observer on your stern? What's his rank? A seaman? Dammit, put somebody back there who won't have the jitters." He called Thomas. "Let's get her," he said wearily.

This sort of thing went on hour after hour. Thomas thrived on it. A small man too, he loved the ice as Cruzen despised it. Thomas had spent long months on Greenland's ice patrol (where, incidentally, he had essayed the capture

Aboard the submarine Sennet members of the crew wear grins after being guided to safety. For hours their ship and their lives were in danger

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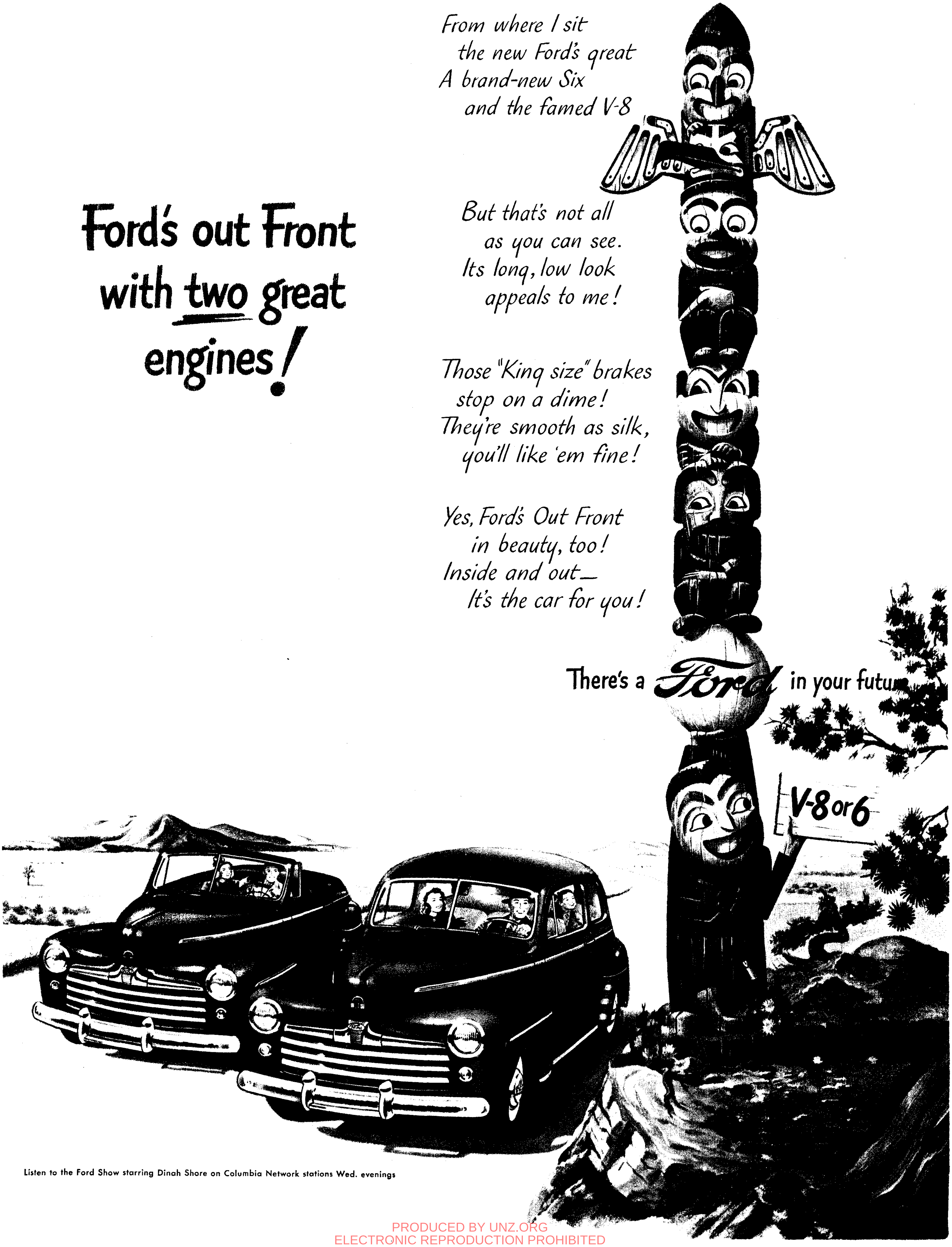
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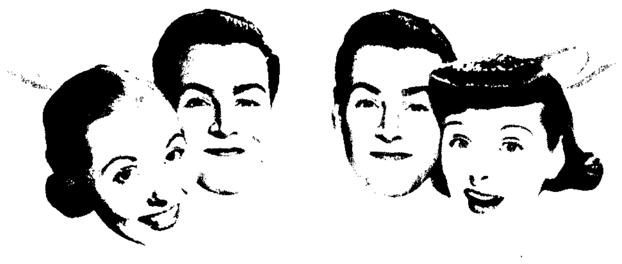

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of a secret Nazi weather station, including nearly 50 men and a supply ship, during the war).

No matter the weather, Thomas invariably dressed in blue uniform and starched white collar but he had a warmth that melted his primness. His crew loved him. Once he put a notice in the ship's paper as follows:

"Any man on watch who gets cold can come to the medical officer's office and get a drink IF HE SO NEEDS IT. If the medical officer is not on hand, he will open the top right-hand drawer of the central cabinet, take out the bottle therein and take ONLY WHAT HE HONESTLY FEELS HE NEEDS. Then he will sign his name on the pad."

We Encounter a Strange Bird

Throughout the gathering tension, we were constantly stumbling onto fascinating gems of natural science. Once the Northwind nearly collided with a huge fantastic-looking bird. Its wings, with a spread approaching 10 feet, were webbed like a bat's and it had the bald, ugly head of a buzzard. It was called a giant fulmar. It struggled to rise from the ice. Before it can take off, we learned, a fulmar must unload its food, either fore or aft. This one discharged ballast at both ends. No sooner had it become air-borne than it was facing a crisis more terrifying than the first—the helicopter had just lifted on another rekky flight and was windmilling down upon it. The fulmar wheeled in the nick of time and flapped away to hide behind a berg.

As the day of Friday, January 3d, wore on, the going got tougher. Bergs on the horizon splattered "pips" on the Northwind's radar screen. Some of the tabletop bergs were two to three miles long. The helicopter repeatedly searched the pack for openings. Cruzen headed most of these hops himself.

The Sennet got caught in the ice three times between Thursday midnight and 5 P.M. on Friday (our third day out). During these 17 hours the force made only seven miles.

Icy Joe Icenhower, irrepressible the day before, was dejected and mortified. I'll never forget how the Sennet looked that first time we cut back to get her. We nearly missed her. She had been caught between two huge cakes converging on each other, and ice chunks were tumbling slowly over her topsides like white lava. Most of her crew of 83 were on deck armed with poles and boat hooks trying to poke the ice away from her two screws.

Thomas sized up the situation. He would have to cleave the ice around the sub like a can opener but if he cut too close he might ram a sharp piece clean through her. The sub's epidermis had already been gouged in several places and her air chambers and fuel tanks were threatened. Thomas made a careful pass at one of the slabs. The Sennet's screws churned up ice as she struggled to get out. Both her prop guards had been bent. "I can't make it," Joe reported dismally.

Northwind finally pried her free. Half a mile farther on she was caught again. The wind was sharper now and the ice seemed to be moving in all directions. Cruzen decided there was no percentage in this. The whole force was threatened. "I am going to tow Sennet back out to clear water," he signaled the other three ships. "Follow us to the pool and stand by for me there."

This was like a brood of chicks losing their mother hen. How far was clear water? How long would Northwind be gone? Conditions in the pool, already so bad last night that Cruzen thought it no longer safe there, would be worse now with the wind up again. Without Northwind they would be well-nigh helpless.

Icenhower himself caught the lead rope and hauled the light steel cable aboard for the tow. By 6 P.M. on Friday, January 3d, we had reversed our course and were tugging the sub north. As the Mt. Olympus, the Yancey and the Merrick hesitantly re-entered the pool, a kid on Northwind's decks gazed back at them. "I can imagine how those devils feel," he said.

Three times the sub's tow cable broke. Northwind had to crawl over solid pack ice to carve a channel and the tension on the line was enormous. You couldn't see a cupful of water anywhere overside. It was like hauling a sled through a gravel pit. The silence was shattered now. An officer aboard the Northwind, seeing the tow cable groaning dangerously, waved his arms wildly at half a dozen sub crewmen huddled on her bow. "Get back, get back!" he shouted.

Just in time. The line parted and whistled through the air like a bull whip right where the sub sailors had been. "Almost had a bloody deck," somebody said. "That line would cut a man in two." A Northwind deck hand who had been heaving on the cable a moment before stared at his hands. They were oozing blood where the steel strands had ripped the skin.

An icy wind lashed the decks and numbed men's fingers as they tried to make a second, larger cable fast. No sooner were we under way again than Northwind hit a great cake head on and stopped dead. The Sennet ground into our stern with a roar, cutting the cable and sending the sub crew sprawling.

"General quarters," Thomas yelled from the bridge. Over the squawk box the bell bonged the alarm. Thomas raced to the fantail to survey the damage. The sub's bow had been torn open above the water line and her nose bent but, unbelievably, that was all.

While we were still entangled, I jumped aboard the Sennet. It was a jumbled corridor of dejection. The proudest arm of the fleet was, so to speak, in a sling. The crew's pride was shattered. Yesterday they were cocky, ready to be the heroes of the expedition. Now they might never see Little America.

Shortly after midnight on the vague white morning of Saturday, January 4th (things kept happening in an unending stream of daylight; we lost track of time and never got used to the absence of darkness), the Sennet was resecured and Northwind ground ahead again—now at a jerky two knots, now up to eight.

The Admiral Is Forced to Rest

Cruzen sensed the urgency of the situation, the problem of the submarine versus the fate of the three ships behin ; but now he needed a little rest to clear his head. Since New Year's Eve, nearly 96 hours ago, he and Thomas had only snatched alternate cat naps on a leather couch. At 3 A.M. the admiral permitted himself to retire to his bunk.

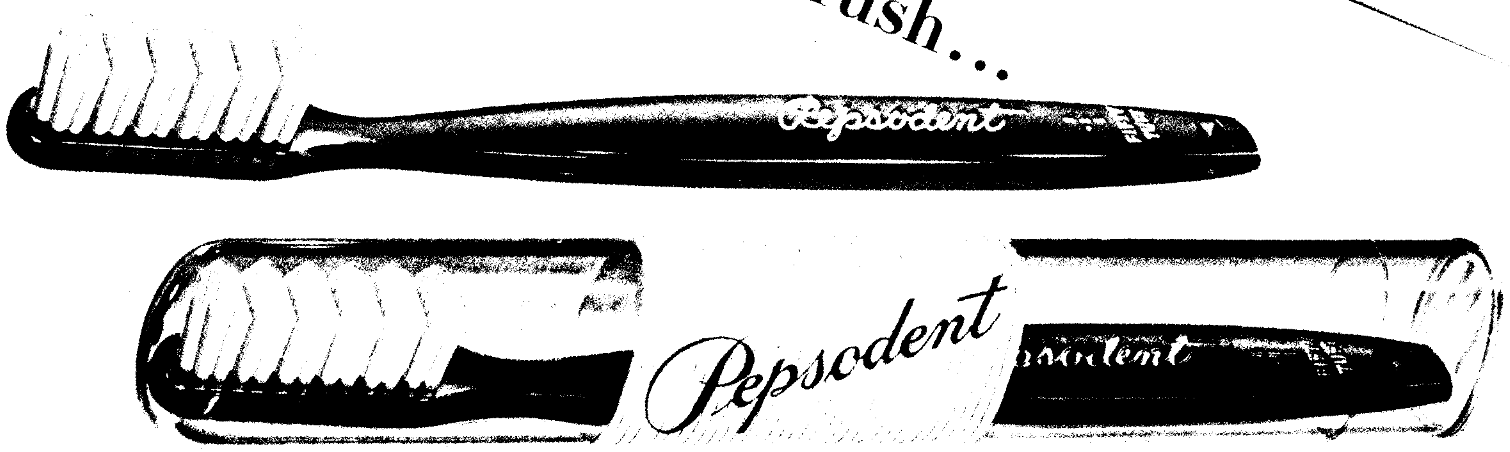
About this time, a messenger brought Captain Thomas a radiogram, addressed to Cruzen. It was from Washington; the admiral's son, Nathaniel, had been killed on a duck hunt. "I can't let him see this now," Thomas whispered to another officer.

As the admiral slept, the position of the Yancey, Merrick and Mt. Olympus was, to put it mildly, deteriorating. The area of surface water continued to shrink as the borders crept relentlessly forward to force all three ships out of line into a triangle and trap every one of them in the ice. Icebergs virtually surrounded them and in the middle of the triangle a particularly big berg roved carelessly. The crews named it "Yankee Stadium."

Captain Quackenbush was watching apprehensively from the Olympus' bridge when a junior officer burst up from the radar room. "Captain," he said, "this is fantastic. We're charting the movements of the bergs on the screen and one of them has made nearly 300 yards toward the Merrick in 15 minutes."

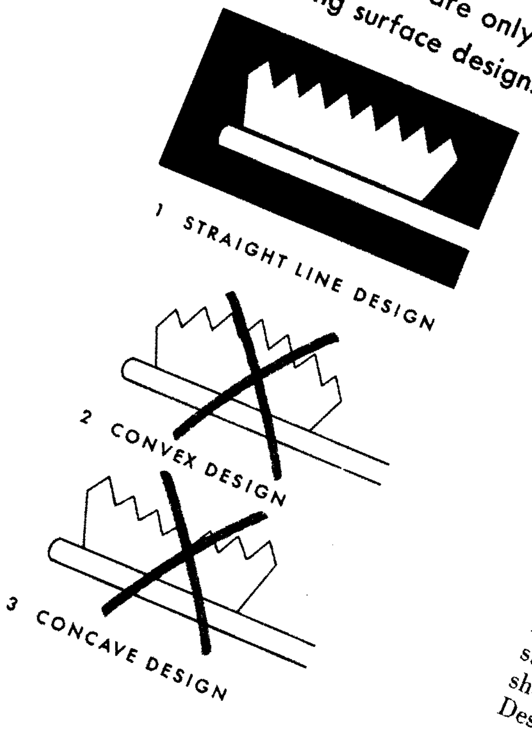
At 8:50 A.M., Saturday, Quackenbush

Next time you buy a tooth brush...



Choose the design most dentists recommend

Look at all the tooth brushes sold today...there are only 3 basic brushing surface designs



Just this one design cleans teeth best, say dentists 2 to 1

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

You get this Straight Line Design in every Pepsodent Tooth Brush

Most peoples' teeth are *not* set in curved rows. They lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows that Pepsodent Straight Line Design fits *more* teeth *better* than convex or concave designs...Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Pepsodent tooth brush

A Product of Lever Brothers Company

Squirt*

Quenches Quicker

Squirt is a sweet-tart of a drink. Try it just once...and you'll be a Squirt fan for life. For Squirt offers such thrilling good taste...such rare, sparkling goodness.

Squirt is the not-too-sweet grapefruit treat. It's the famous drink made from winter-grown grapefruit that quenches quicker...the finest refresher you've ever known!

Miss Joyce Leverton of Detroit, Michigan, says: "Squirt quenches thirst longer, too. I discovered that the first time I tried it."

...Switch to Squirt* 5¢

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radioed Cruzen that the situation was "becoming dangerous." The message roused the admiral out of bed. His face was still haggard and lined. "Request details immediately," he ordered the radio room and went to the bridge.

Twenty minutes later Quackenbush answered:

"YANCEY PUSHED 500 YARDS EASTWARD. BERG 900 YARDS OFF PORT BEAM. MERRICK'S POSITION DANGEROUS. CLEAR AREA ASTERN OF MT. OLYMPUS FILLING IN FAST. LARGE BERG TO NORTHEAST. MOVING DIRECTLY TOWARD SHIP. WEATHER OVERCAST. VISIBILITY LIMITED."

Seven minutes after that, Quackenbush sent his third message:

"YANCEY REPORTS NEAREST BERG CLOSED BY 100 YARDS IN LAST FIVE MINUTES. STRONGLY RECOMMEND NORTHWIND RETURN RENDER ASSISTANCE IMMEDIATELY."

Northwind was now scarcely 20 miles from the edge of the pack and free water for the Sennet. It was some 40 miles back to the pool. Cruzen hated to abandon the sub so near and yet so far from safety, but it was a cold military question of the lives of men on three ships against those on one submarine.

In the Grip of White Darkness

What made things look worse all around was the weather report. Overcast in the antarctic means the horizon simply disappears, the sky and the earth merge. Ships and icebergs alike look as if they are floating in air, if you can see them at all. Chances are you can't; everything dissolves in a milky murk. "White darkness," they call it. Radar becomes virtually useless. The extra lookouts, posted on deck with direct telephones to the bridge, stare off into space until tears blind their eyes.

Thomas decided he could withhold the admiral's radiogram no longer. "I'm afraid it's bad news, sir," he said. "There is some whisky in the sick bay."

"I take my bad news straight," Cruzen replied and read the message about his son. He left the bridge and went to his cabin. In ten minutes he was back. "Sometimes a man feels kind of helpless," he said, and that was all. Then he replied to Quackenbush:

"AM RETURNING. MAKE ALL PREPARATIONS FOR EMERGENCIES. ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL 1400 (2 P.M.) KEEP ME ADVISED."

It was 9:55 A.M. Immediately the Northwind and Sennet were ordered to halt. "Disregard my movements," Cruzen told Icenhower over the TBS. "I am returning to other ships. They're in precarious position. Keep in open water as long as possible."

So now it was the sub's turn to lose the mother hen. "You won't be able to keep in open water long"—that was what Icy Joe could read plainly between the lines as he answered simply, "Aye, aye, sir."

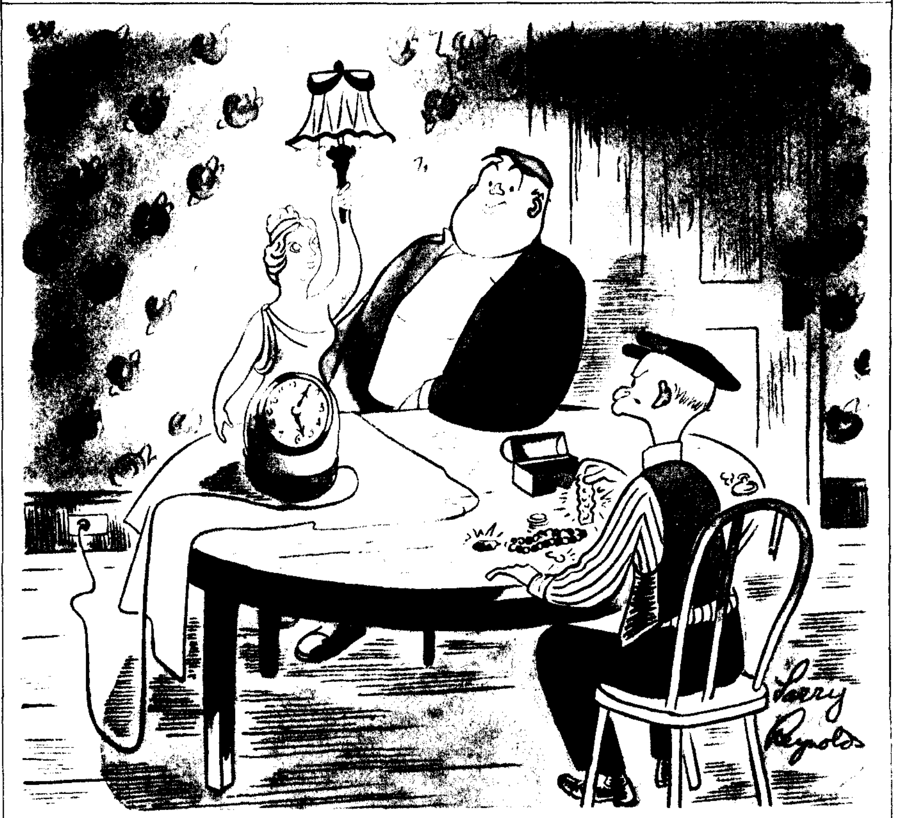
The news brought the sub's crew scrambling to the deck, some only half dressed, their arms hugging chests wrapped in winter underwear. What hopes they still might have clung to of getting into the Bay of Whales were gone. It was hard enough to swallow yesterday's bitter humiliation of having to leave the force—in tow at that. They'd lost their chance to show up the others. Without the Northwind they might lose their submarine to boot, to say nothing of their lives. It was about 10 degrees above zero in the air and in that dark water a man would do well to stay alive 10 minutes.

At 9:58 Quackenbush radioed again:

"RADICAL CHANGE IN . . . SITUATION CAUSING ALL THREE SHIPS TO CLOSE ON ICEBERGS. MERRICK CLOSED TO 700 YARDS. YANCEY 780 AND 1260. [That meant another berg threatened her directly.] MT. OLYMPUS 1400 YARDS. ENGINES TURNING OVER WITH NO APPARENT MOVEMENT. MERRICK AND YANCEY UNABLE MOVE. SITUATION BECOMING EXTREMELY CRITICAL FAST."

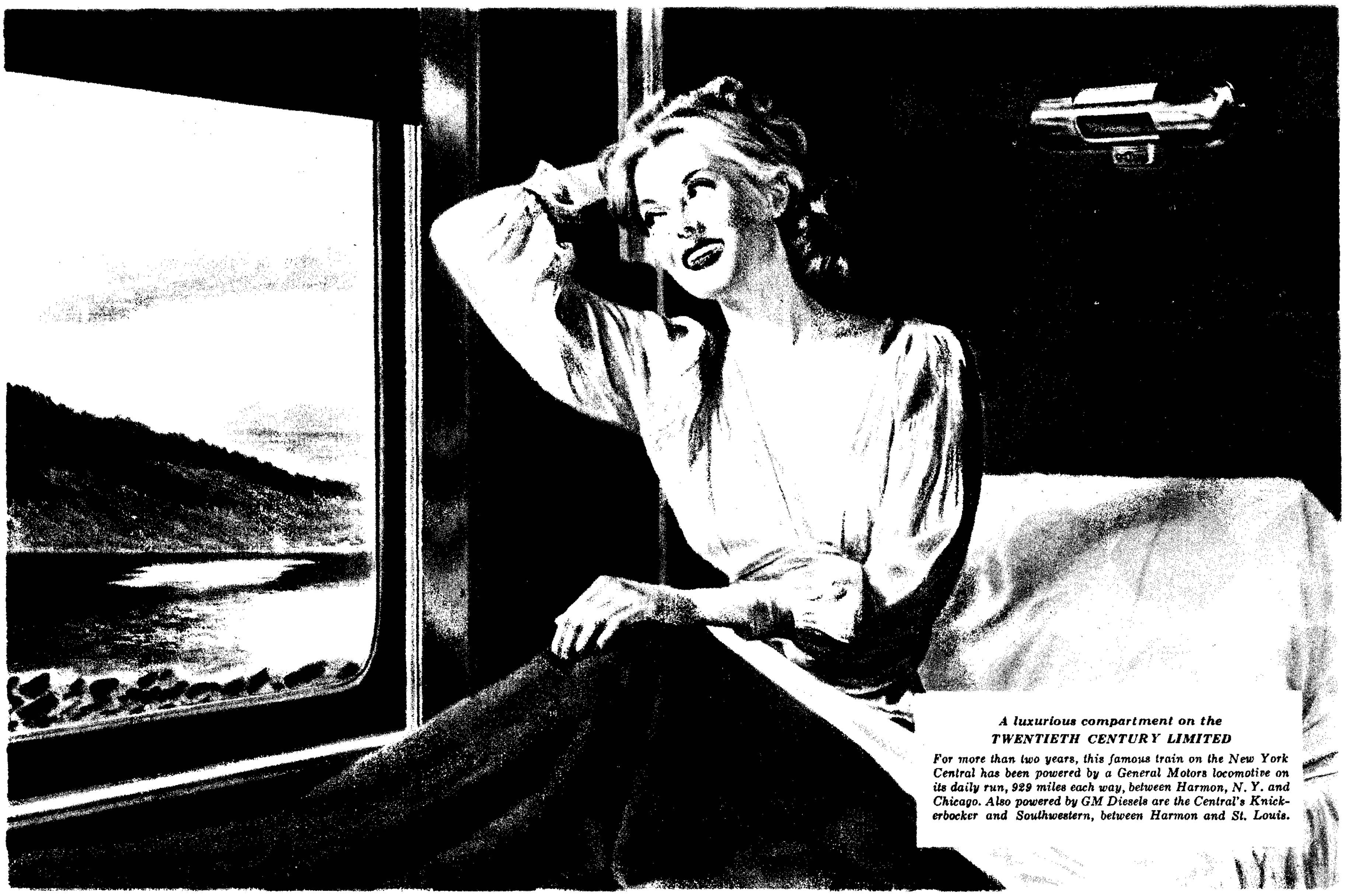
Quackenbush meanwhile was pressing emergency measures as directed. He dispatched Dr. Paul Siple, Captain Vernon Boyd of the Marines and Biologist Jack Perkins, all polar veterans, onto the floe with a sledge to see if the ice was strong enough to hold the crews if it became necessary for anybody to abandon ship. They skied a mile and a half, set trail flags, returned and reported the ice, at

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Hereafter, let me check over your loot before we make our getaway"

COLLIER'S



A luxurious compartment on the
TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED

For more than two years, this famous train on the New York Central has been powered by a General Motors locomotive on its daily run, 929 miles each way, between Harmon, N. Y. and Chicago. Also powered by GM Diesels are the Central's Knickerbocker and Southwestern, between Harmon and St. Louis.

"There's something really good about this morning!"

She feels as rested and relaxed this morning as she would had she slept in her own bed at home.

There are two reasons:

Modern trains follow modern locomotives. Since General Motors Diesel locomotives were introduced thirteen years ago, modernization of passenger equipment has made dramatic strides. But the locomotive itself deserves part of the credit. The flow of power in a GM Diesel locomotive is so smooth that you ride through the night without jerks at starting and stopping. You glide to a stop—start so smoothly that you would need to watch the landscape to know when your train starts to roll.

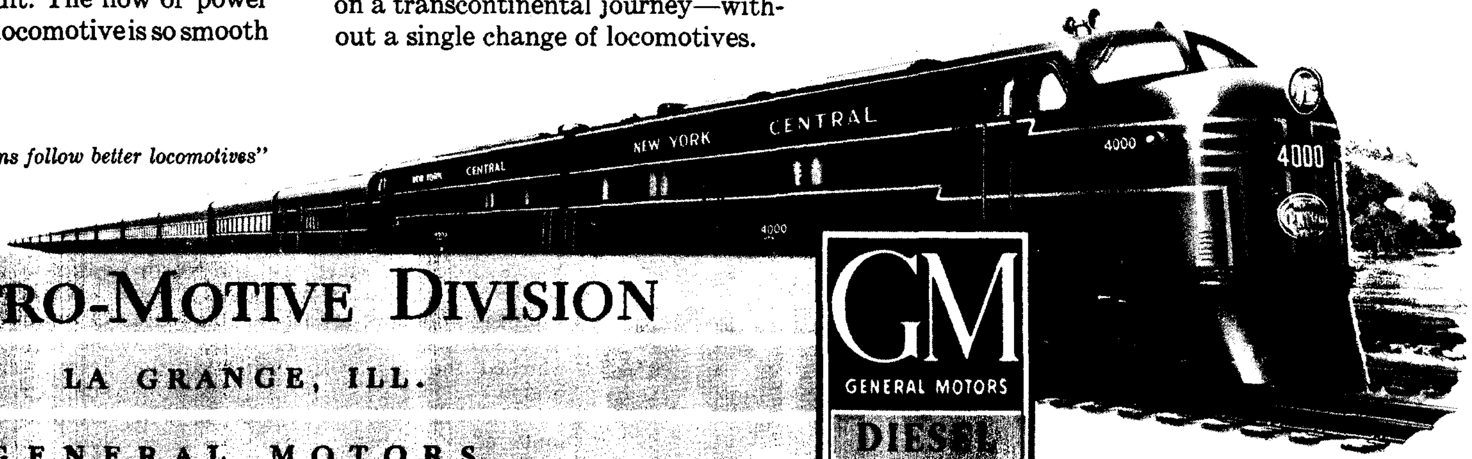
That is one of the many reasons why experienced travelers choose the trains with GM power up ahead.

And you can ride through the night—on a transcontinental journey—without a single change of locomotives.

And the savings in operating costs have enabled the railroads to provide extra comforts for passengers.

Fact is, the entire economy of the nation benefits as the railroads approach closer and closer to complete dieselization—the traveling public, shippers, investors and the railroads themselves.

"Better trains follow better locomotives"



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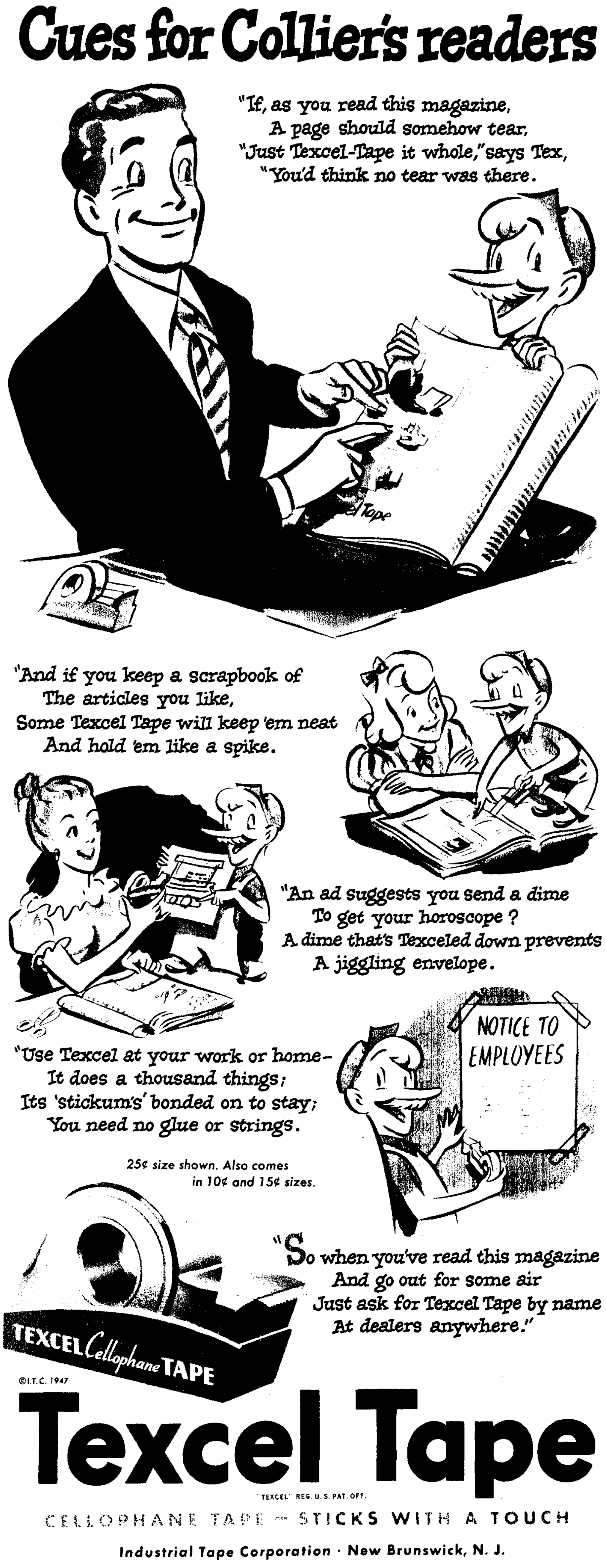
Cues for Collier's readers

"If, as you read this magazine,
A page should somehow tear,
"Just Texcel-Tape it whole," says Tex,
"You'd think no tear was there.

"And if you keep a scrapbook of
The articles you like,
Some Texcel Tape will keep 'em neat
And hold 'em like a spike.

"An ad suggests you send a dime
To get your horoscope ?
A dime that's Texceled down prevents
A jiggling envelope.

"Use Texcel at your work or home–
It does a thousand things;
Its 'stickum's' bonded on to stay;
You need no glue or strings.

25¢ size shown. Also comes
in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"So when you've read this magazine
And go out for some air
Just ask for Texcel Tape by name
At dealers anywhere."

TEXCEL Cellophane TAPE

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Texcel Tape

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CELLOPHANE TAPE – STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

least in certain areas, was safe. The Mt. Olympus, less menaced than the other two, made ready to crowd the Yancey and Merrick crews aboard, just in case. A medical-aid shore party was organized and an underwater demolition team was alerted to blast the ships out of the ice as a last resort.

Hourihan was determined to free the Merrick by his own devices if possible. First he tried lifting and dropping the anchor like a plunger in an effort to shake loose the ship's nose from the pack. Nothing happened. Then he fired off his five-inch guns, hoping to open a fissure in the ice. This also failed.

Now Yancey spoke up direct to Northwind:

"IF ANY WAY POSSIBLE TO HASTEN YOUR RETURN PLEASE DO SO. MY SITUATION GRAVE."

What could Northwind do—fly? Cruzen swore, then appealed to Thomas: "Are you squeezing her, Tommy?"

"I'm goosing her to death."

"We'll make it," an officer observed, "if we don't come apart ourselves." Northwind was doing 10 knots. Her six Diesels were humming like turbines at Bonneville Dam. A million cats seemed to be clawing the hull as we lumbered through the ice. You had to raise your voice to talk. We were pushing so hard that ice began piling up on the bow. Deck hands fell to and shoveled it off.

In the pool, the "Yankee Stadium" suddenly took off at a frightening speed past Mt. Olympus and bore down on the Yancey and the Merrick. From the command ship it looked as if the Merrick were hit.

For a moment disaster was there and then the berg sailed between the ships and on out of the area. The expedition had its first small break.

A Task for the Helicopter

Cruzen kept to schedule. By 2 P.M. we reached the pool from the northwest. The Yancey appeared in most danger. The nearest berg had moved to within 200 yards of her and was still closing. We headed for the freighter. It would do little good, however, simply to pry the ships loose. Cruzen had to have a spot to take them. He called Commander Smenton. "Find me a safe place to park," he said. In a few minutes Smenton was sailing off in the helicopter.

After a couple of grinding passes, the Yancey was shaken free and the Northwind began running interference for her past the oncoming berg. The Merrick signaled urgently for help. "Three bergs drifting toward port beam," she called over the TBS. The only thing to do was to escort the Yancey to a stretch of open water a few hundred yards ahead, pray she would be safe there temporarily and dash for the Merrick. But the ice was so congested that the Yancey had to be taken in tow. We crawled. It reminded you of a dream where you tried to run and couldn't move.

Suddenly an alarm sounded on the Northwind. "Fire in the tow area," the squawk box crackled. Smoke and flames were shooting out of the winch, aft, which carried the tow cable. The terrific strain of the Yancey on the line had overheated the cable brake, igniting oil in the winch. The fire was quickly smothered but the cable was cast off.

At last, with the icebreaker moving ahead in spirals to cut a wider swath, Yancey made the water strip and Northwind struck out for the Merrick. Cruzen still had to find a snug harbor somewhere in this frozen mess. He chafed and watched the sky as he patrolled the bridge.

"Where the hell's that egg beater?" he muttered.

The Merrick was pinned between the edge of the ice pack and a massive cake which rose 20 feet out of the water and then leveled off, flat as a football field. It was too high to mount. The icebreaker shoved her nose squarely into the cake. "Full ahead," Thomas ordered the wheelhouse.

The ship trembled and shook as her screws whipped the water into a bubbly foam. It was like trying to push a piano across a waxed floor in dancing pumps. But slowly, inch by inch, the cake began to move . . .

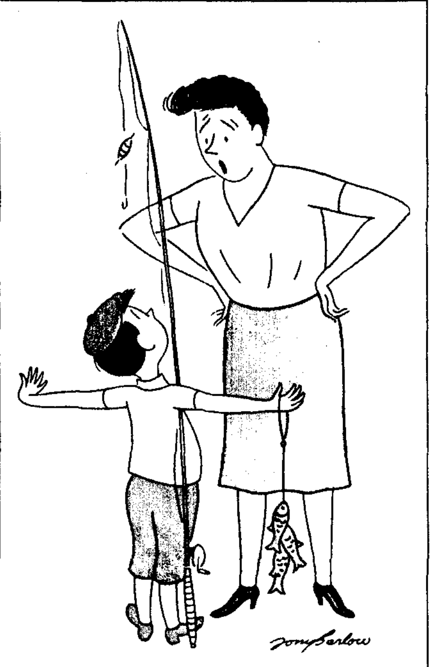
Presently, the Merrick seemed to be in the clear but nothing happened. Cruzen was sore. "Are you turning over your screws?" he shouted over the TBS.

"Yes, sir," the Merrick replied, "I cannot move."

"I don't believe him," the admiral said to himself. "So help me, I don't believe him." Then to the captain, "Well Tommy, please make another pass at her."

Thomas sliced around the Merrick, once brushing so close you could spit through her portholes. "Hell, Tommy," Cruzen yelled, "are you going into her wardroom for coffee?" . . .

This maneuvering did it though. In a few more minutes the Merrick was moving. Now, as if it had been waiting for the psychological moment, the helicopter called in. "Substantial break in pack sighted two miles east of you," Smenton reported.



"Junior, how many million times have I told you not to exaggerate!"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

"Thank the Lord for small favors," Cruzen said and called to the Merrick, "Follow me." The weather itself seemed preparing to concede victory; the overcast began to clear and the sun came out. It took scarcely half an hour to usher the Merrick into the new pool. It was big and its edges were not threatening. The three ships could lie here in safety long enough for the admiral to return to the sub and get her clean out of the pack. Then the Northwind could lead the Yancey and the Merrick and Mt. Olympus on to the Bay of Whales, traveling carefully from pool to pool. These four grueling days had seasoned everybody in the task force and the going would be easier from now on. It would still be slow and dangerous, but it would be easier.

It was a trifling job to extricate the Mt. Olympus. The icebreaker led her and the Yancey quickly to the haven. "Advise Icenhower I am proceeding back to the sub," Cruzen said after making sure that the three ships were secure. He turned to go below, paused and looked back at the skipper with a parting wisecrack: "The ice business was brisk today, eh, Tommy?"

THE END

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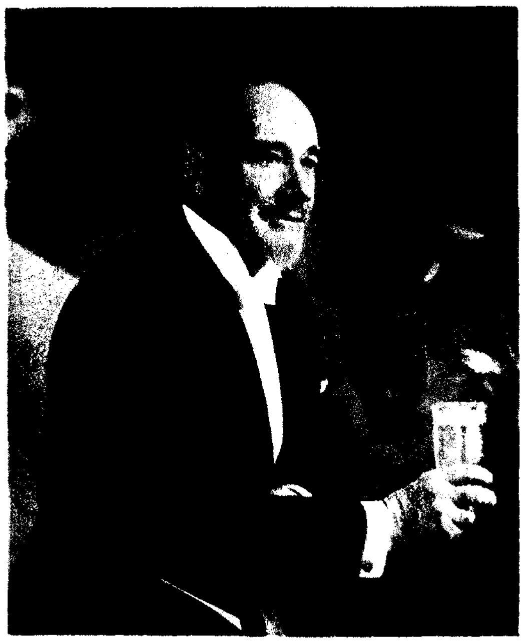

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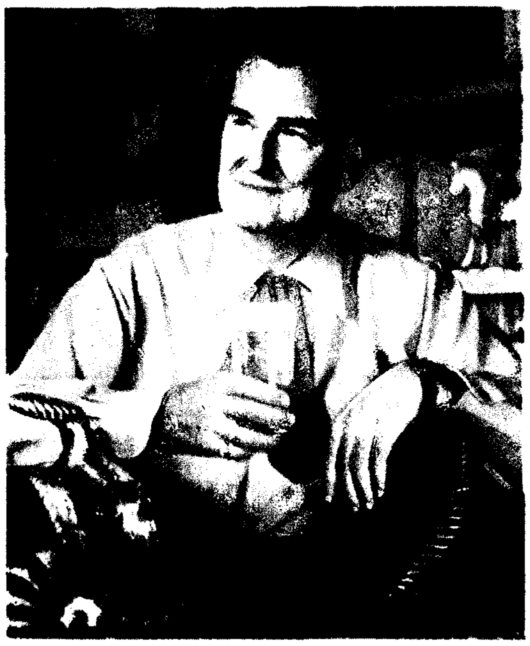

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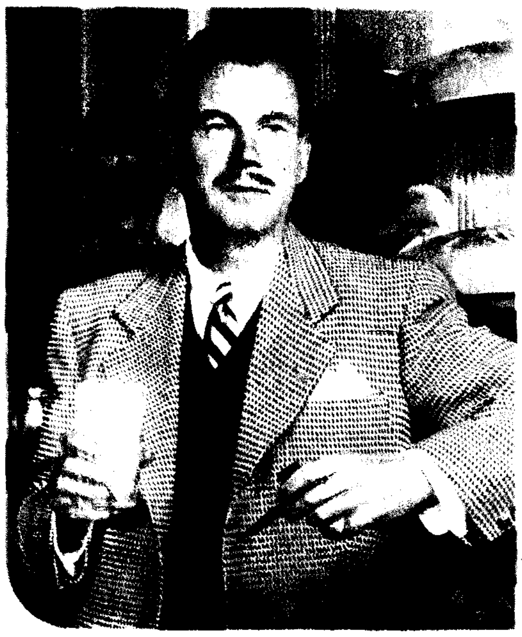

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It is only natural that Lord Calvert is the whiskey preferred by so many of America's most distinguished men. For this "custom" blended whiskey... so *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... is produced expressly for those who appreciate the finest.

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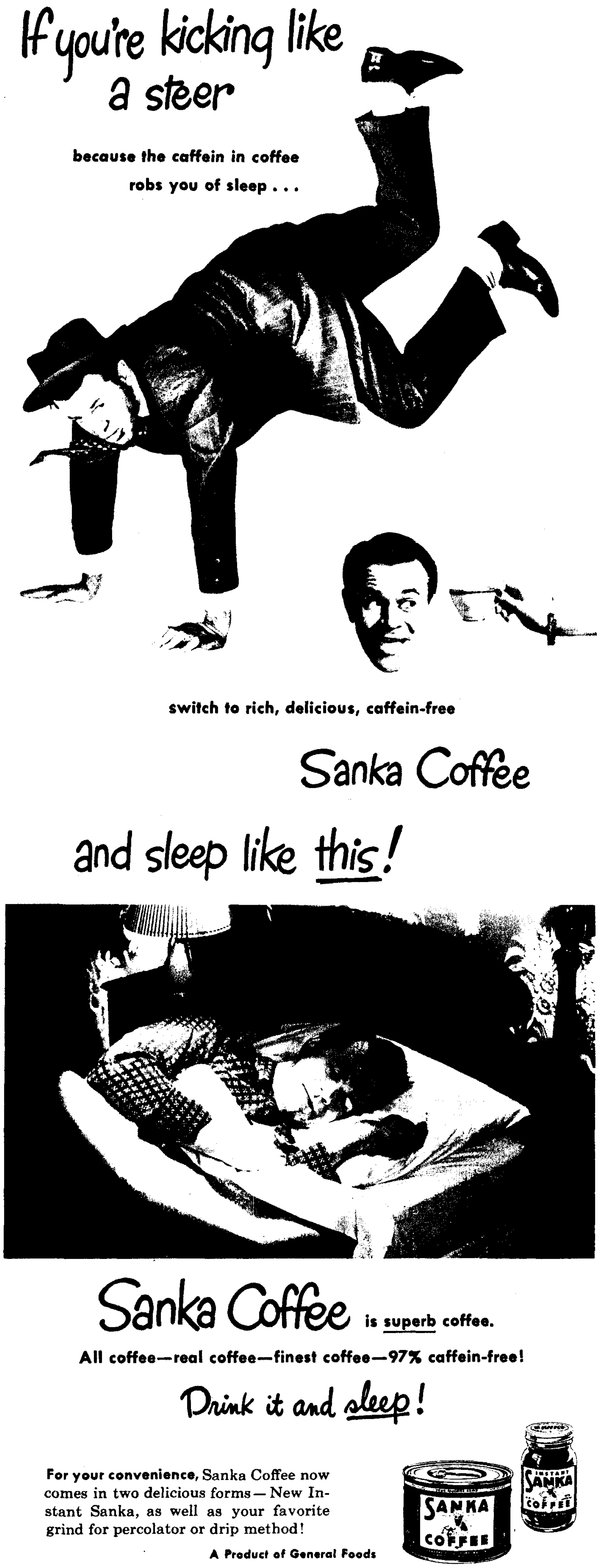

If you're kicking like a steer

because the caffein in coffee robs you of sleep . . .

switch to rich, delicious, caffein-free

Sanka Coffee

and sleep like this!

Sanka Coffee is superb coffee.

All coffee—real coffee—finest coffee—97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as your favorite grind for percolator or drip method!

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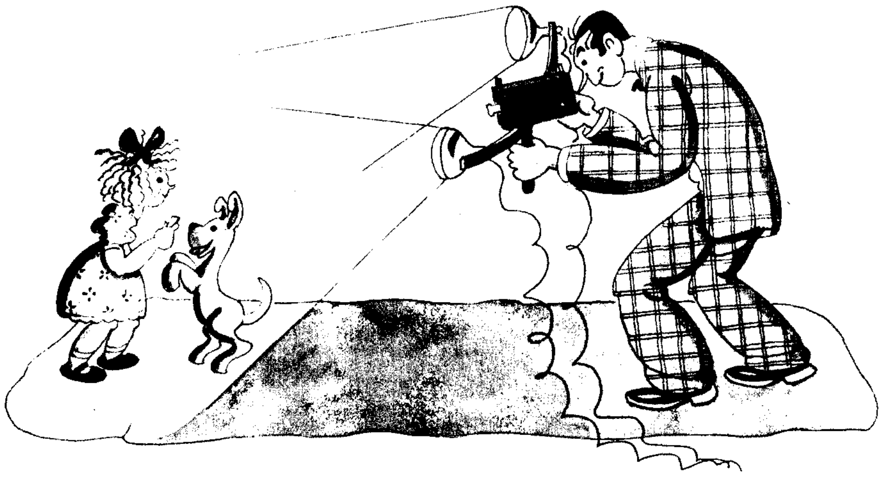

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Photo Lights That Are Really Portable

The indoor photographer or movie maker, constantly bothered with cumbersome floodlights and tangled wires, gets a good break at last with a small metal gadget that fastens to his camera and produces all the lighting he needs without clamping reflectors to the furniture or having some patient soul hold them for him. A bent aluminum bar is shaped to fit the bottom of the camera and carries at the top of its upright section a crossarm with two inside-reflector lamps. A plastic handle at the bottom holds camera and lights in rigid alignment, or the whole assembly can be screwed to a tripod. A handy switch controls the lamps, which are always aimed in the same direction as the lens. The whole thing weighs less than a pound and a half.

The Earring That Wasn't Lost

Many a lovely and expensive earring lies useless in a drawer because its mate fell off and got lost. That won't happen with a new type of ornament that can't come loose, no matter how you move or what you brush against it. Instead of the usual screw clamp the holding device is a short length of flexible wire and a "wing" of thin metal. The first time you wear these earrings you fix them accurately to the shape of your ears, placing the wing inside and the wire behind the lobe, then bending the combination till the ornament is secure. Properly adjusted, they can't be felt at all, and can't come off till you take them off.

Weld Those Broken Plastics

Many a broken plastic toy and household gadget that went into the ash can with tears can now be mended in a few minutes with a new liquid that welds the edges together stronger than new. Simply pour the liquid into a dish, dip the broken edges into it for a few seconds and push them together. The "weld" hardens quickly and sets solid in a few hours—for keeps. The liquid can be used again and again; it is a solvent that will work equally well on all common plastics except the thermosetting type. With it you can mend everything from toys, fountain pens and eyeglass frames to cameras and even false-teeth plates.

Plastic Powder to Help Stomach Ulcers

Researchers at the University of Rochester, working with a pharmaceutical laboratory, have discovered a new aid in curing stomach ulcers: a synthetic resin now used in chemical plants as an "ion exchanger," or vehicle for promoting a chemical reaction. Ulcers are caused by excessive acid in the gastric juices. The standard treatment includes neutralizing powders such as aluminum hydroxide, unfortunately constipating. In the new treatment finely powdered resin is substituted for the metallic material, and is able to neutralize the acid faster with no side effects. The resin is said to be harmless.

Baby Can't Capsize in His Bath

When baby graduates to the big bathtub, his mother is up against the problem of keeping the slippery little eel upright with one hand and bathing him as best she can with the other. This inefficient method is to be improved upon now with an arrangement that holds the child firmly in a sitting position, while giving his arms and legs full freedom. The trick is done with a curved back rest, held to the baby with a light cloth bellyband, and fastened to the bottom of the tub by three suction cups on spring legs. The band locks at the back and the device can be attached to any smooth surface, making an anchor that a youngster can't drag.

Tractors Won't Be Dangerous

Hundreds of agricultural workers are killed or injured every year by tractors that start up accidentally with the driver out of his seat. A simple ignition-control system has been invented to protect the operator in spite of himself. It consists of three interlocking electric switches, one on the gear lever, one on the power take-off shaft and the most important one on the springs of the driver's seat. At least one switch must be closed before the engine will run. Moreover, if the operator's weight is off the seat, that switch opens and he can't start the engine unless the gears are in neutral. If he is bounced out while the tractor is moving, the motor stops instantly.

Now . . .

Keys made of aluminum alloy. These featherweights are 30 per cent stronger than brass keys, but weigh only one third as much. Look better, wear better and slip into the lock much easier.

Soon . . .

If you are a businessman, you can send teletype messages to your office while flying. New featherweight teletypewriters, connected to regular land circuits by radio, will be carried on many planes. ★★★

$9.20 worth of Air Power

It's just a piece of paper . . . an airline ticket from New York to Boston. It entitles one passenger to time-saving, convenient flight between these two cities.

But it is something more . . .

It is $9.20 worth of air power. For it is sustaining its share of our nation's great air transport fleet, one of the strongest arms of national defense.

If the government had to establish and maintain at public expense the equivalent of this nation's air transport system, the tax bill would be enormous.

But the air travelers of the nation, in the good old U. S. way, are helping do the job themselves . . . and all the while getting value received for every dollar . . . in transportation unequalled anywhere in the world.

AIRLINE TICK

You get there quickly, comfortably and economically when you go by *scheduled* Airline. Fares as well as express and freight tariffs are now lower than before the war. Air Mail is only 5¢. So, travel, mail and ship—by air! Call the nearest Airlines office or your travel agent for reservations. This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's *scheduled* Airlines and leading aviation manufacturers.

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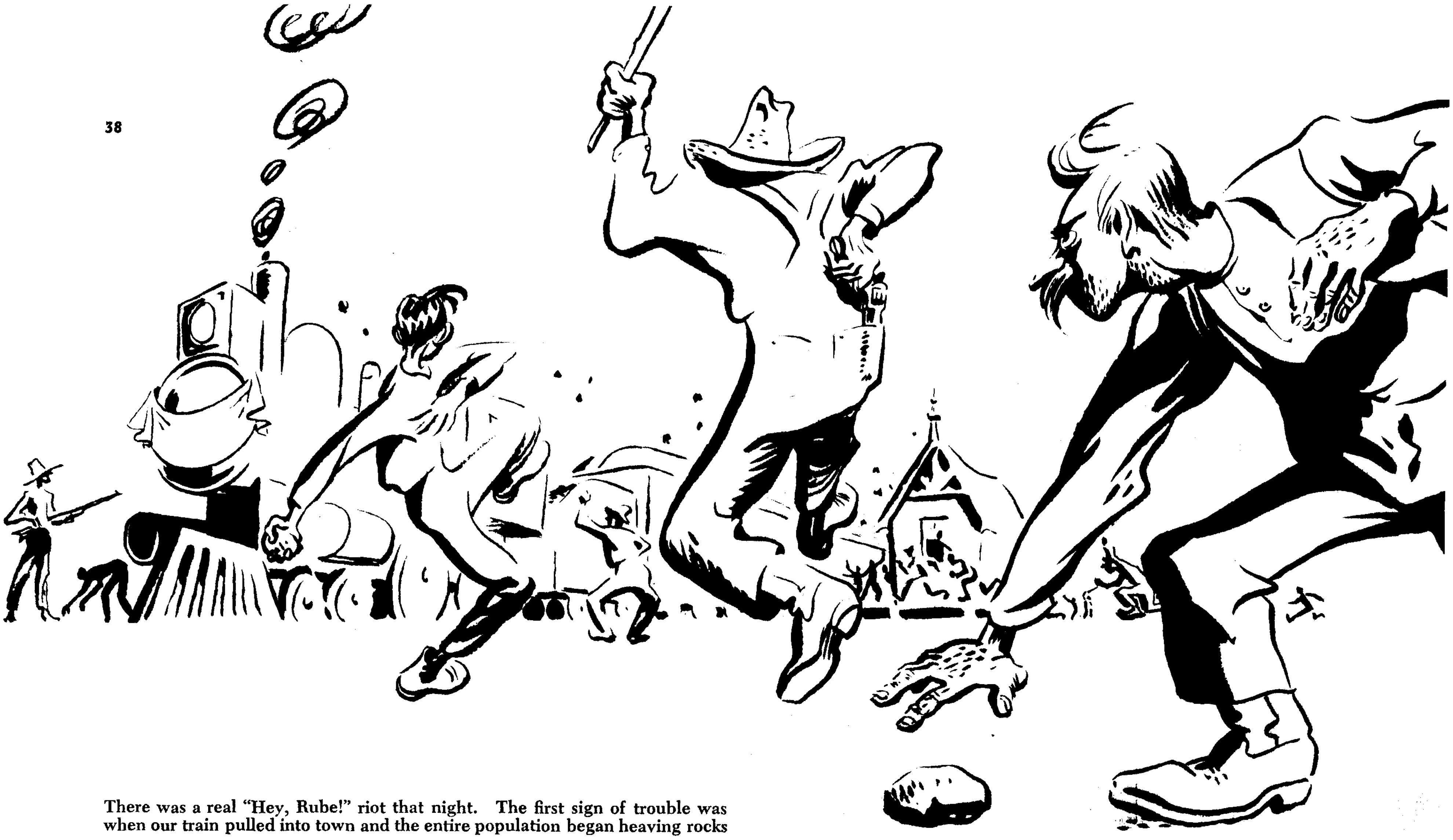
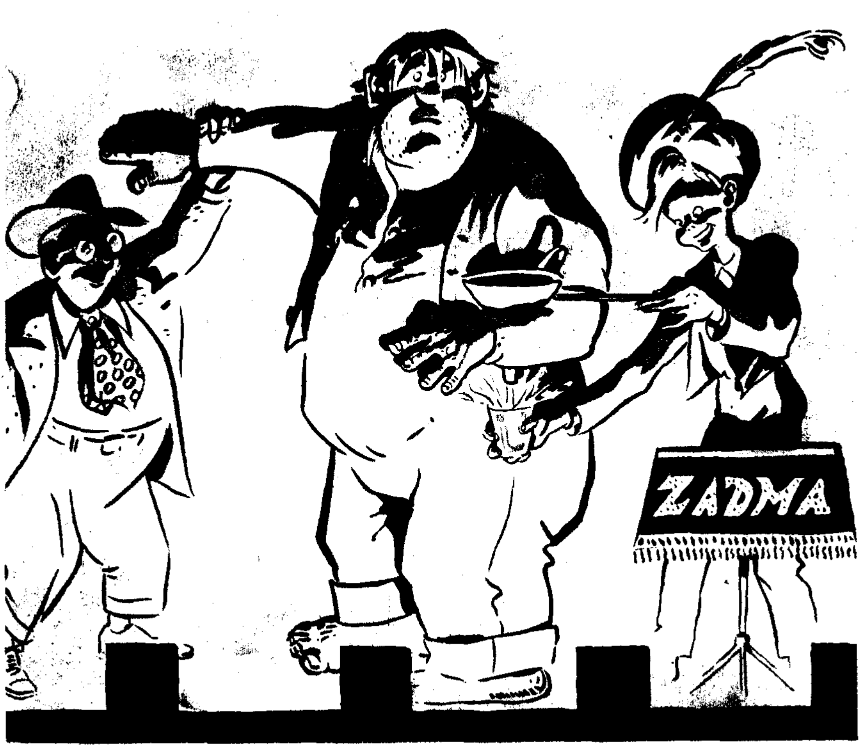


There was a real "Hey, Rube!" riot that night. The first sign of trouble was when our train pulled into town and the entire population began heaving rocks

MAGIC IN THE MOUNTAINS

BY THE GREAT ZADMA AS TOLD TO JULE MANNIX

The great carnival magician is back again to report that you can fool some of the people all the time, unless you happen to be dealing with a hillbilly



I claimed I could change water to whisky if one of the yokels would drink it. The sucker would say I'd failed; then I'd put a trick funnel under his elbow, Alex would pump his other arm and water would flow. But one guy queered it

WHEN our carnival pulled into town, the population turned out to a man and started throwing rocks through the train windows. Old Man Krinko, who ran the side show, said this was a bad sign. It turned out he was right. That night a bunch of Tarheels from the turpentine stills in the hills came to town, and there was an old-fashioned, "Hey, Rube!" riot which is something no carnival man ought to miss.

I sure didn't miss it, because I had started it.

I'd been working as a magician in the side-show "blowoff." This is a partitioned-off space at one end of the tent with pictures in front of it showing Beautiful Oriental Dancing Girls wearing nothing but a happy expression. It cost an extra quarter to get into the blowoff, and once inside the customers found me giving a fifteen-minute magic show. As Alex, our talker, always said, no one told them they were going to see dancing girls. If they wanted to jump to conclusions, that was their own fault.

I was a pretty good magician, but I sometimes found it hard to hold the audience's attention. The Tarheels were particularly tough, because as soon as they found there weren't going to be any girls, they rushed the platform. I managed to floor one of them with my table, and then the rest of the carnival arrived with stakes. When the sawdust had settled, the tent was gone, magic equipment was spread over most of the lot, and Alex had a sprained ankle. The Tarheels had thrown him off the platform, but fortunately he landed on a couple of fat women and they broke his fall.

Our show was too wrecked to open and too broke to move. Old Krinko rose to the occasion. Within an hour he had taken all the money and a train north, leaving the rest of us as broke as the show. All I had was my knowledge of magic and fifteen cents . . . counting a lead slug.

I was beginning to feel worried about the future when Alex limped in with a terrific idea.

"The people here are a little too conservative for the type of entertainment you have to offer," he explained to me. "Magic would appeal more to the primitive hillbillies in the mountains around here . . . the more primitive the better. Why, a lot of those people have never heard of a magician! I know where I can promote a horse and wagon."

To show you the mental state I was in, this sounded logical to me at that time. On the way into the mountains, Alex told me the first magic I'd have to perform was to get some money quick.

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BODRERO

For handsome hair come sun, wind, water...

the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

What summer does to your hair shouldn't happen! Precious scalp oils are baked out by sun, dried out by wind, washed out by water. Add it up. You get dull, brittle, misbehaving hair. That is unless you . . .

1. Start with 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Feel that stimulating *tingle!* As you work Vitalis' pure vegetable oils on your scalp, you prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair. And you give natural scalp oils extra help in shielding your hair against sun, wind, water.

2. Finish with 10 seconds to comb. Great, the way that tingle *lingers!* And you wind up with hair that gets more glances than a bronzed lifeguard. Set to stay that way, too . . . lustrous-looking, handsome, *sunworthy!* Get Vitalis today.

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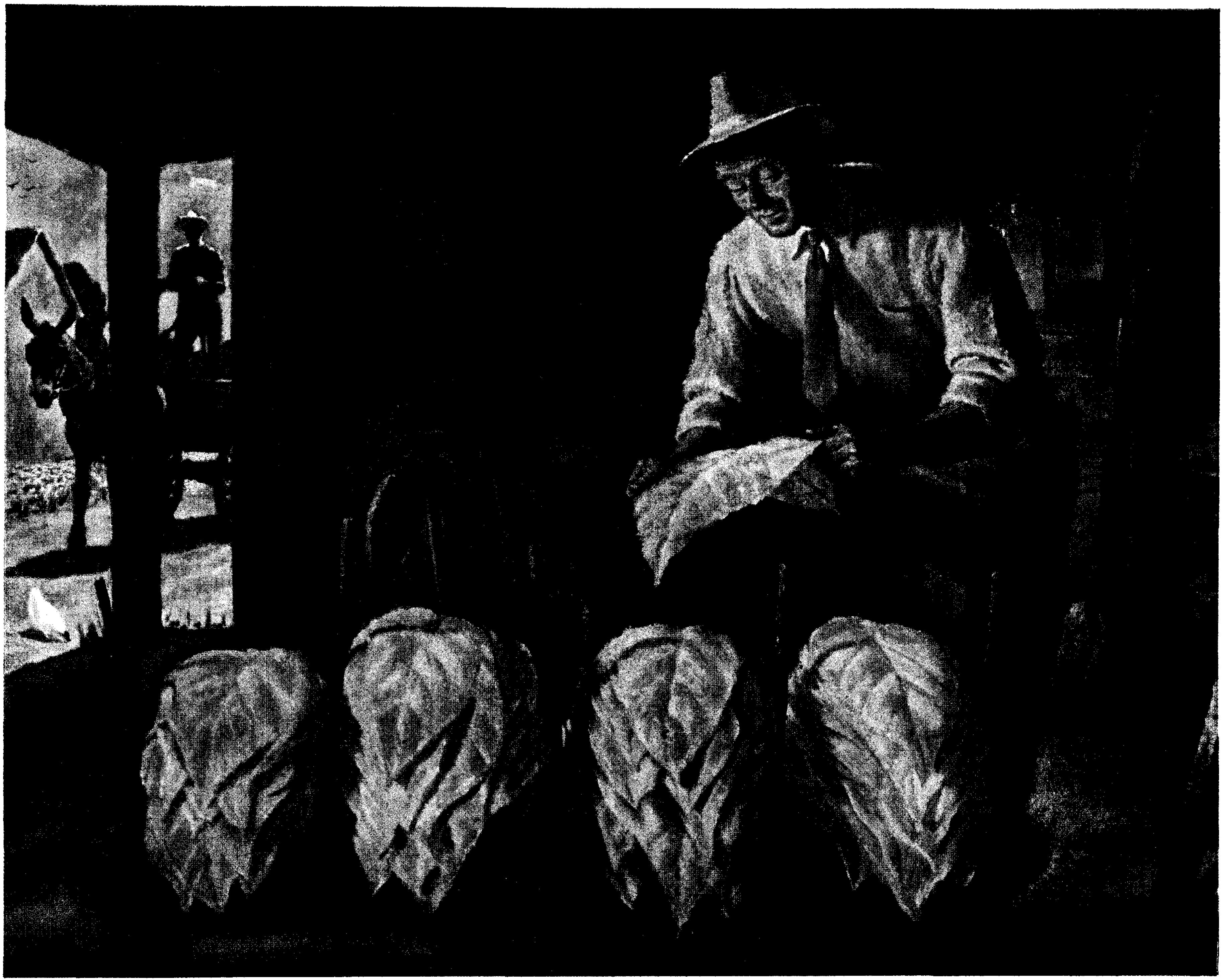

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"Grading Tobacco, Leaf by Leaf," painted by Joseph Hirsch

FINE TOBACCO
is what counts in a cigarette

"At the auctions; I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco—good, ripe, mellow tobacco."
—*A. G. Irvin, 14 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.*

"I've seen the makers of Luckies buy that ripe, mild leaf—really fine tobacco."
—*P. W. Joyner, 17 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.*

"Season after season, I've seen American buy ripe, mild tobacco—tobacco that's really fine."
—*C. L. Saunders, 28 years an independent tobacco buyer.*

CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.
20

and Lucky Strike
means FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Draw

MAGIC IN THE MOUNTAINS

Continued from page 38

"Fortunately, I know a sure-fire way I learned from a gypsy," he explained. "It's easy for a magician. You show some sucker a few amazing tricks and then ask if he'd like to make some easy money. Tell him that you can soak a dollar bill in some mysterious chemical that turns it into a ten. Borrow a dollar bill from the sucker, put some colored water on it, and wrap it up in his handkerchief, telling him the air has to be kept away from it for the chemical to work. In one week, he's to open the handkerchief and take out his ten. Of course, all he finds is a piece of paper. You've got the dollar bill."

As a general thing, I don't approve of swindling the public. But I also like to eat. So I said all right. The switch involved was simple; it's the one a magician uses when he substitutes an ordinary dollar bill for a marked one that's to turn up inside a locked box or a lemon. But I couldn't believe anyone would be dumb enough to think that if we really could change dollar bills into ten-spots, we'd be begging people to lend us the bills.

An Experiment in Swappin'

That evening we rolled into a little metropolis of four log huts. The whole population, which seemed to be mainly dogs and children, turned out to meet us. I ran through a few routines and then decided to move in for the kill. I asked if someone would lend me a dollar bill.

There was no reaction. A little more weakly I said, "Well, will anyone lend me a quarter?"

The crowd picked up at that. One old fellow turned to his wife and said, "Bet, whar's that two bits I give you month after last?"

His wife, who had a baby at her breast, said, "That got spent."

"Spent! What you spend it on?"

There was a brisk argument which an old woman interrupted to say she thought she might have a nickel left over from Christmas in her tobacco box.

"How do you get on without any money?" asked Alex.

"Prutty near everythin' is swappin' round yere," a man told him.

"Then how about swapping supper and a place to sleep for a complete hour magic show by Zadma?"

The deal was closed. The show was a big success, mainly because the older people had seen a magician only once or twice before in their lives and the kids had never even heard of such a thing. But from a magician's point of view, it was a very puzzling audience.

A conjurer takes for granted that his audience will recognize his limitations. These people couldn't understand why, if I could vanish a set of billiard balls, I couldn't make a teakettle they handed me disappear and appear again. The old lady who owned the kettle wanted to be able to tell guests about it afterward.

As we pushed deeper into the hills, I slowly began to realize that I was being regarded as a real magician. The country people realized that most of my stunts were tricks. But when I made a woman's ring appear inside a series of sealed envelopes a man had in his inside pocket, they weren't so sure. They reasoned that although most of the show was trickery, possibly I had some strange ability which I called on for special effects. A hundred years ago, many people regarded magicians as having supernatural powers. These mountainfolk were about a century behind the times.

I first realized the new powers I was supposed to have a couple of days after our opening show. The wagon broke down and three backwoods boys helped us mend it. We had some extra food so we laid out a sort of picnic lunch. For convenience, I carried our water supply in a magician's Lota: a vase-shaped bowl, honeycombed with secret compartments, and carefully constructed to hold many times more liquid than would seem possible. I filled up the coffeepot from the Lota and then poured out enough water for us all to wash our hands.

The boys didn't say anything, but one of them picked up the Lota, saw it was empty, and laid it down again, looking puzzled. Alex remarked very casually, "Zadma, pour me a drink." I released the water from one of the secret compartments and filled up his cup. Still our guests politely refused to comment. But when I started changing sticks into cigarettes and passing them around, the boys broke down.

Said one of them solemnly, "You're magic, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"We've heard tell of folks who met people like you in the mountains, but it ain't just ever happened to us before. Now my ma's got an awful misery across her back. Maybe you'd give me somethin' that would cure her?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that."

"I'll thank you kindly anyways, because I know you're good folks and you'd do it if it was permitted."

It wasn't long before our reputations began to precede us. The people in the little communities came determined to be amazed, and when something went wrong with a trick, they didn't care: they were amazed anyway. I had a comedy gag with a trick funnel that consisted in telling someone I'd change a glass of water into whisky if he'd drink it. After the victim had drunk the water, he'd naturally deny that any change had taken place, then I'd get indignant and say, "Okay. Give it back to me." Then I'd put the funnel under his bent elbow while Alex worked his other arm like a pump handle. Water would run out of the funnel while the audience howled.

The Stooge Who Crabbed the Act

One night I picked out a young fellow who had been watching and gave him the glass of water. He took a few sips and then said in an astonished voice, "Folks, this is the best whisky I've ever had!"

"Can you make it gin?" someone asked.

"Oh, sure!" I said, only eager to get the water drunk. My assistant took another mouthful, coughed, and staggered back in terrified astonishment.

"Now it is gin!" he gasped.

In the next few seconds I'd turned that water into White Mule, Mountain Dew and Smoky Top, whatever that is. After a while I got so interested I began to take a drink myself every time the hillbilly did. It still tasted like water to me, but my stooge was visibly affected. "Can't never mix my liquor!" he moaned, staggering and hiccuping. Finally after Alex and I had extracted the water with the funnel, he passed out cold and had to be carried out. We never dared to give that trick again because we knew we could never come up to that one terrific performance.

Magic requires more audience participation than any other form of entertainment, which is perhaps why it has always been so popular. A few times we got someone who tried to ruin the act. Fortunately, we had several little tricks for just such an emergency.

One was a tin whistle loaded with a mixture of soot and sneezing powder, designed so that the contents would fly back into the blower's face. If we happened to get somebody who wouldn't co-operate, I'd hand him this whistle and

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Johnnie Walker offers congratulations

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Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.

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. . . still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • *Sole Importer*

tell him when he blew it his chosen card would appear in a frame I had mounted on my table. While he was rolling around in agony, Alex would drag him off the platform and we'd select another assistant. Of course, we always made it a point to select assistants who were smaller than we were.

Sometimes we'd get a woman assistant. I didn't dare use the whistle on her, but Alex had a small card with "Your slip is showing" printed on it. If our helper started to cause trouble, Alex would sidle up to her, give an embarrassed cough, and flash the card. After that, the lady's only thought was to escape from the platform.

Fat, But Not So Good-Natured

Once we really got stuck. I had called up a fat lady who looked especially good-humored and had her select a card. Then I went through the gestures of placing it under her hand, pretending to make it vanish. Instead of helping me out, the woman lifted her hand at once and said loudly, "It ain't here!"

I tried to cover up by calling out the name of the card. I knew I had the right one because every card in the deck was the five of hearts. I was taking my bow, when the woman shouted, "He's lyin'! I had the two of spades."

If I had been a real magician, that woman would have walked out of there a white rat. I could have made a liar out of her by showing the deck I'd used, but that would have made a liar out of me too. I went on with the show and every now and then the woman would scream, "You're a fake!" Her quiet little husband kept trying to hush her up, but all he got was a bellow.

My big trick was a bottle and a glass that mysteriously changed places when they were covered with red tin tubes. I had made them pass back and forth a couple of times when the woman jumped up and grabbed the tube with the bottle inside of it. Putting her hands over the ends she said savagely, "All right, now let's see you get that bottle out o' here!"

I told the old witch what she was and she told me what I was, and the conversation got so interesting she forgot about the cylinder in her lap. Suddenly I saw her husband quietly reach out, slip the bottle out of the tin tube and drop it in his pocket.

I knew it might be a trick to catch me, but I made a few passes and lifted the other cylinder on my table, revealing a duplicate bottle. The woman stared at it and then looked in the tube she was holding. Of course it was empty. In the next few minutes, I thought she was going to rip the tin apart trying to find out what had happened to the bottle.

After the show the woman's husband came plodding over and handed me the bottle. "Figured you might be needin' this," he said calmly.

"Thanks for everything," I told him.

"She got a mite riled up," said the old fellow reflectively. "You ought to be married to her. She's a smart woman. She sees all my mistakes and tells me about them, jest like she did you. Watchin' you, I knewed jest how you was feelin', so I figured it wouldn't do no harm to have her wrong once."

We had decided to sell our horse and wagon when we hit one of the main roads and to hitchhike to the nearest carnival that needed talent. Two days later we rode into a little town on an offshoot of the main highway. There were gasoline stations, cars, and a motion-picture theater with a neon marquee. This community was too sophisticated to be fooled by my line of magic, but Alex had another idea.

"You are 'Zadma — the Kiddies' Friend,'" he told me. "And don't start arguing. I've got you booked for half a dozen children's parties here."

With my knowledge of child psychology, I knew just the trick for opening the show. It was an imitation stick of dynamite. When the fuse burned down, a spring was released that threw candy and small favors to the children. There was a novelty shop in town and the dealer promised to get me one of the sticks for fifty cents. I didn't find out until later that he would have promised delivery of a battleship if he thought he could make a profit.

The evening of the party I stopped by to get my opening trick. The dealer had the stick all right, but it didn't look much like the illustrations I'd seen. It was a long, black, sinister-looking job. I took the thing doubtfully and headed for the party.

Alex was already there and we started setting up my magical apparatus. I carefully mounted the fake stick of dynamite on the dining-room table while the kiddies eagerly gathered around. The hostess looked a little worried.

"Some of the children are very nervous," she said in a low, anxious tone. "I hope that thing doesn't make a loud pop when it goes off."

"Oh, no, nothing like that," I assured her. "There isn't any noise at all, madam. It just distributes candy and paper flowers."

The hostess had us move the table out into the middle of the floor so all the children could crowd in close and get their share of the novelties. Amidst great excitement, I touched off the fuse.

It began to splutter and throw off sparks in a very businesslike way. The hostess had the kids join hands and start dancing around the table singing "Rig-a-dig, and away we go!" As the fuse began to burn down near the stick, the kids started to look at one another a bit doubtfully. The hostess and I thought this was especially funny.

Suddenly there was the most tremendous explosion I've ever heard. I was flattened against the wall and the room was filled with clouds of black smoke. When it gradually lifted, it revealed a large patch of plaster blown out of the ceiling and the heavy dining-room table on which I'd set the stick cracked in half. The stunned children were still mechanically staggering around the wrecked table, but they all had turned coal black.

That was the last show Zadma, the Kiddies' Friend, ever gave in that town. We sold the horse and wagon.

Dissolving a Partnership

That night a mentalist called Rajah Resulli was playing in the local movie house. We took in the show. Most of the Rajah's effects antedated the Fox Sisters, whose repertory consisted in cracking their big toes for spirit knocks in 1850. Afterward, Alex and I were walking down the street when a car pulled up and the driver offered us a lift. He was obviously a prosperous businessman and was discussing the Rajah with his wife.

"Some wide-awake firm is going to hire people like that to read their clients' minds," the executive was explaining. "There's a fortune in the idea. By golly, I'd like to do it myself."

Alex leaned over and tapped him on the shoulder. "My friend, I couldn't help overhearing you. By a curious coincidence I happen to be the Rajah's representative. Let's talk business."

I asked them to drop me off at the next corner. I stood watching the car drive away. Alex was deep in explanation. He had the same look on his face I'd seen when he was telling some farm boy to blow the whistle and watch his card pop up in the handsome, nickel-plated frame. Regretfully I went into the corner drugstore and bought a Billboard, to see which was the nearest carnival that needed a magician for the blowoff.

THE END

Star of this famous Indian Rope Trick is
JACK CARSON starring in
"LOVE AND LEARN"
A Warner Bros. Production.

THIS PREMIUM OIL GIVES YOUR CAR MORE POWER!

The 1947, *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil works like magic to give your car more power. That's because *premium* Opaline contains special chemicals developed in Sinclair Research Laboratories. Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

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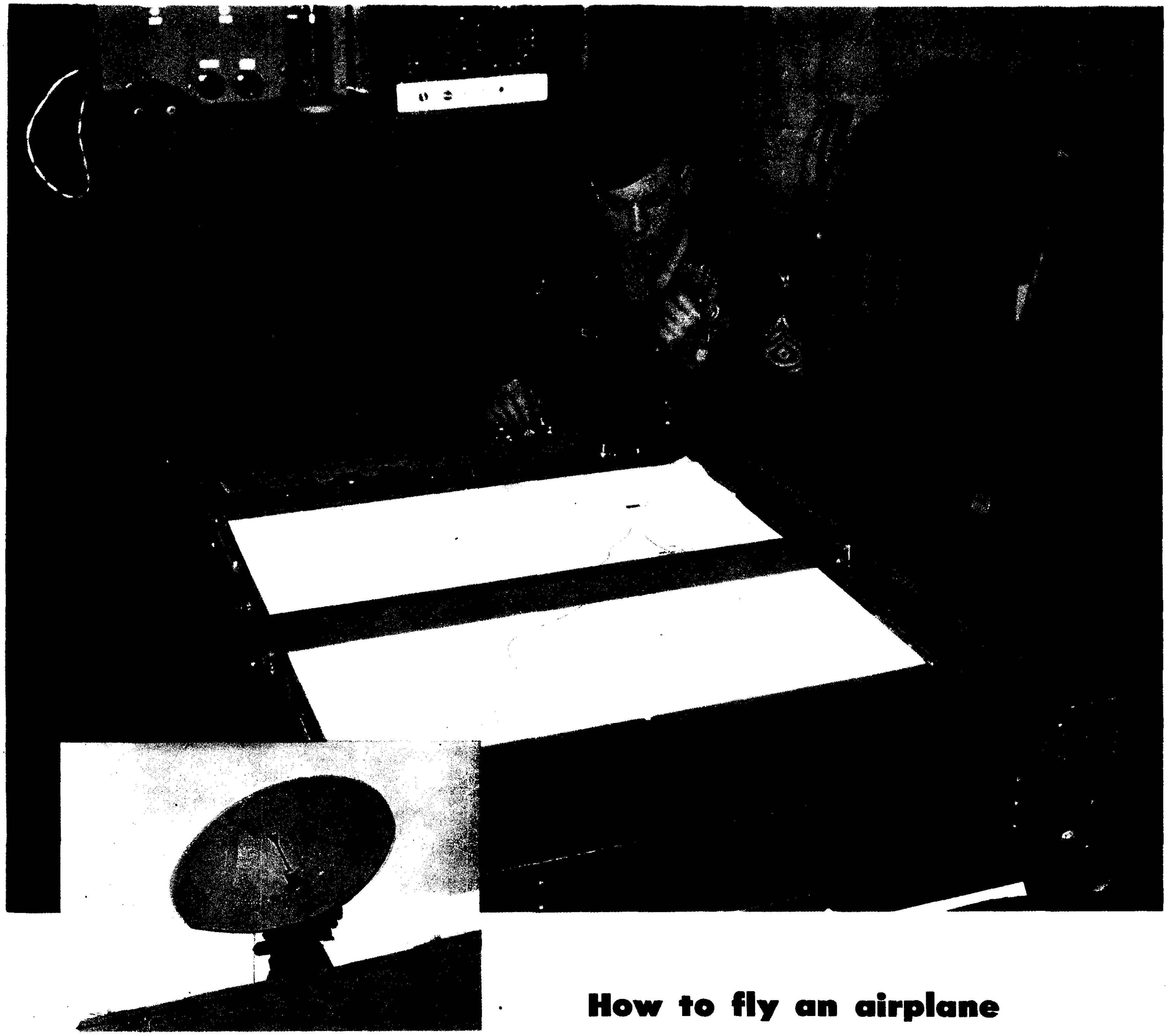

Electronic beams sent out and received by this radar antenna can launch, fly and land an airplane, and chart its course on a ground-based map.

How to fly an airplane 50 miles away

At a U. S. Army Air Field a young man is seated before a large table on which is spread an outline map of the surrounding territory. On the map an electrically controlled pen is tracing the course of an airplane some 50 miles away.

At the young man's finger-tips is a row of small buttons. "We'll make her go easy right now," he explains and presses one of the buttons three times. The pen immediately veers to the right. "Now *hard* right," he continues, and presses the same button two more times. The pen turns sharply to the right. "Now we'll straighten her out." Simply pressing another button, the plane and the pen resume a direct course.

The amazing feat of flying a huge bomber by remote control is today an accomplished fact. It is done by a system of electronic beams flashed from a great, saucer-shaped radar antenna which automatically follows and directs the airplane and operates the pen on the map.

The "earth-borne" pilot can make the airplane climb or descend, turn right or left and drop its bomb-load on any pre-selected target. It looks simple but it takes men of exceptional intelligence and ability to master the operation of such complicated scientific instruments.

This single example of accomplishing the near-impossible gives some idea of the enormous amount of research being conducted by the U. S. Army Air Forces in peacetime as well as in war.

It also serves to emphasize the remarkable opportunities which the Army offers to young men who are anxious to learn something about the great new sciences which will eventually become an important part of every-day civilian life.

Throughout the whole Regular Army there are literally thousands of research projects under way. Wouldn't you like to take part in some of them? Enlistments are open for qualified young men from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). New higher pay; also many other advantages for 3-year enlistments make this a career well worth your considering. Get full details without obligation at your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

mirrors. Primary mirrors, in any kind of reflecting telescope, will keep on being concave as long as they are meant to gather light rays in a focal point. That is what Newton was after when he ground the first parabolic mirror three centuries ago.

Only in the Cassegrainian reflector is there a convex speculum—the smaller secondary—at which the light rays reflected by the primary converge.

Let us hope it was a recurrent *lapsus calami.* Julio Mario Diaz, Caracas

According to Author Pendray, the Schmidt camera, while it is used only for photographic purposes, is often colloquially referred to as a "telescope." Most large reflecting telescopes, such as the 100-incher at Mt. Wilson, are used as cameras. The 200-incher at Mt. Palomar will be a camera. Mr. Pendray says the convex was a lapsus whichum he hopes will not matter in 100,000,000,000 light years.

DOT, DOT, DOT

Dear Sir: William Williams' cartoon (May 10th, page 33) baffled my seven-year old son, Michael, who took it literally. Michael complained of the following: (1) The artist's arm covers some of the numbers; (2) Some of the dots have no numbers and some numbers have no dots; (3) The numbers are too small.

However, he eventually finished the design, was strangely quiet and thoughtful. Since then, at intervals, he opens Collier's to the cartoon, studies it and sighs. He has not yet found out that people are paid well for such humor.

I am enclosing a photograph made while Mike was retracing his lines on the cartoon. You are breeding neurotics. . . . .

Phil Palmer, Gardena, Cal.

PHIL PALMER

HOUSEWIVES GATHER NO MOSS

Dear Editor: Thank God I ain't got no whiskers. That explains all the extra things I can do that Alfred Toombs (Why Housewives Have No Whiskers, May 10th) doesn't.

Besides my six children and nine-room house, I take in sewing, paint (oil, pastel and woodwork), have started hobbies for all the kids, write stories and poems and enter all contests. Don't even get a booby prize. My house is overrun with teenagers. I was a nurse, worked in a war plant, efficiently using lathes and milling machines. Summers we take quick runs down to Maryland to shuck corn and go huckleberrying. I always did the barbering until lately. My correspondence list is a long one.

I manage to get away from it every year for a week or two. Last year I went down to Mississippi to visit my oldest in camp, then over to Arkansas to see a sister.

So from where you sit, Mr. Toombs, I'm just among a clutter of wants and do's. My home is a conglomeration of kids 'n' games 'n' hobbies.

I've promised to finish an evening gown for this week, the house must be cleaned and that scenery I painted Sunday needs another little bit of green.

Hilda Chance, Linwood, Pa.

SQUANDERLUST

Dear Sirs: In We Could Save Too Much (Apr. 26th) your editorial writer warns that "many economists say that we must resist the temptation to save too much" . . . and that "it is possible to save too much." I'm glad—and I'm sure thousands like me are glad—for this timely advice. Right now out of my salary of $43 a week, after I finish paying rent, food, clothing, income tax and such for my wife and two—I often find myself with an odd 50-cent piece which I immediately clap in my bursting safe-deposit vaults. Henceforth I shall squander that half buck recklessly. . . . My wife and I will toss up to see which one sits with the jrs. while the other takes in a movie. . . .

Far be it I should louse up the economic system. . . .

John B. Woodlough, Kansas City, Mo.

UP A TREE

Dear Editor: In The Week's Mail, May 3d, Mr. Harry Petrilson of Hoboken, N. J., stated that snakes don't climb trees. The most commonly known snake to climb a tree is the boa constrictor. If Mr. Petrilson would look in his own back yard, he would find the New Jersey pine snake which is known for its tree-climbing ability.

Harrison Coolidge, Age 14,
Los Angeles, Cal.

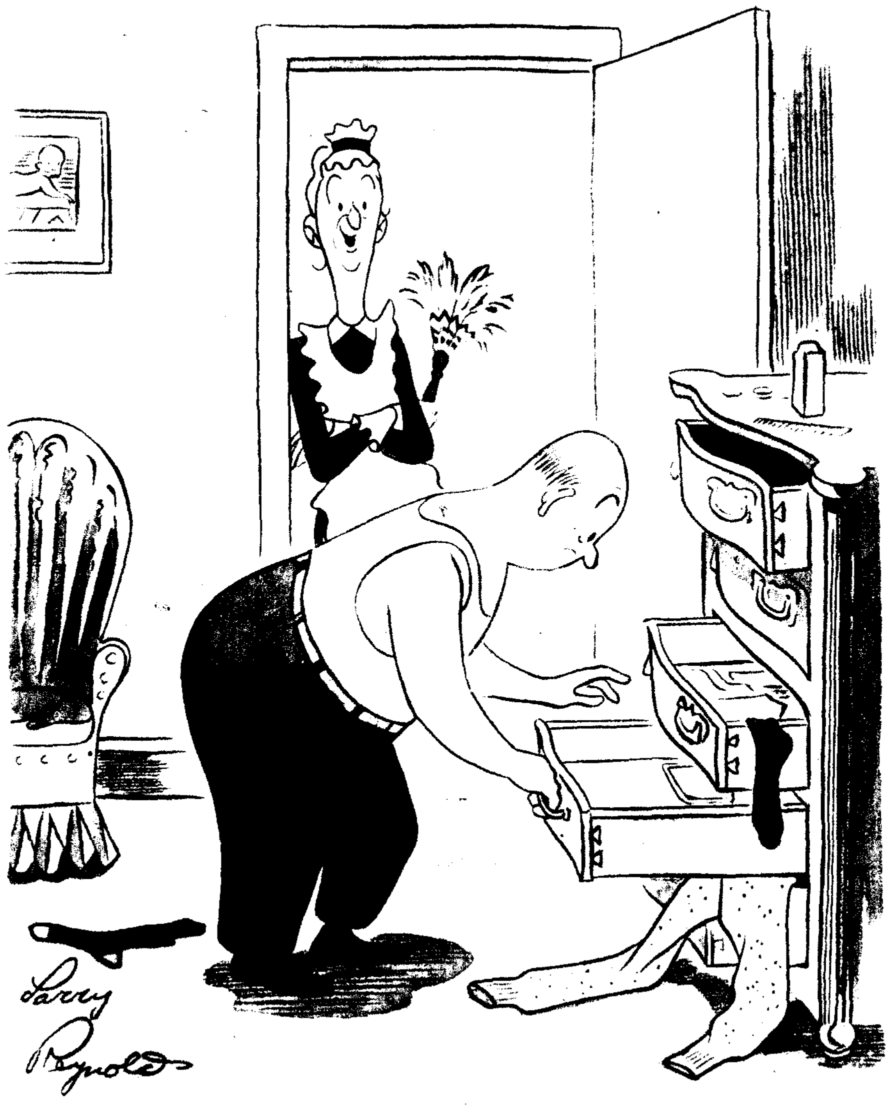
OUR FAR-FLUNG INFORMANTS

Dear Editor: In the serial story, The Rat Race (Mar. 22d), I came across the sentence: "Send him to Turkey, he has the harem temperament."

It fills me with real sorrow to be reminded once more that Americans do not have enough knowledge about Turkey. We do not have harems, which belonged to the times of the Ottoman Empire. Nor do we have sultans who had those harems, not any more. Most of our women follow Paris and Vogue fashions, and our men's clothing is no different from any of the Western countries men's. To think of Turkey as the country of harems would be like imagining the U.S.A. as the country of Red Indians.

With my best wishes to Collier's which I love to read every week, I am enclosing a snapshot of myself and my husband to give you an idea of what we are like.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Armagan Güz, Istanbul, Turkey



"ESSIE"

"I fixed it for Father's Day, Boss! Threw out all your shirts and left an Essley Ad on the Missus' bureau!"

ESSIE'S HELPFULNESS is on the rugged side—but the end justifies her means.

DAD WILL BE REWARDED with good fabrics, Sanforized,* and *hand-cut* in the traditional fine-shirt way!

OTHER ESSLEY FEATURES include topflight tailoring in that flattering Troy Manner—but the darndest flatterer of all is . . .

ESSLEY'S TRUBENIZED* COLLAR! It stays serene through the longest day, can't crumple, won't wilt—and it's *twice* pre-shrunk to *stay* true to size!

ESSLEYS GIVE DAD that in-the-money look—but, confidentially, most styles are only $2.95, $3.50 and $3.95!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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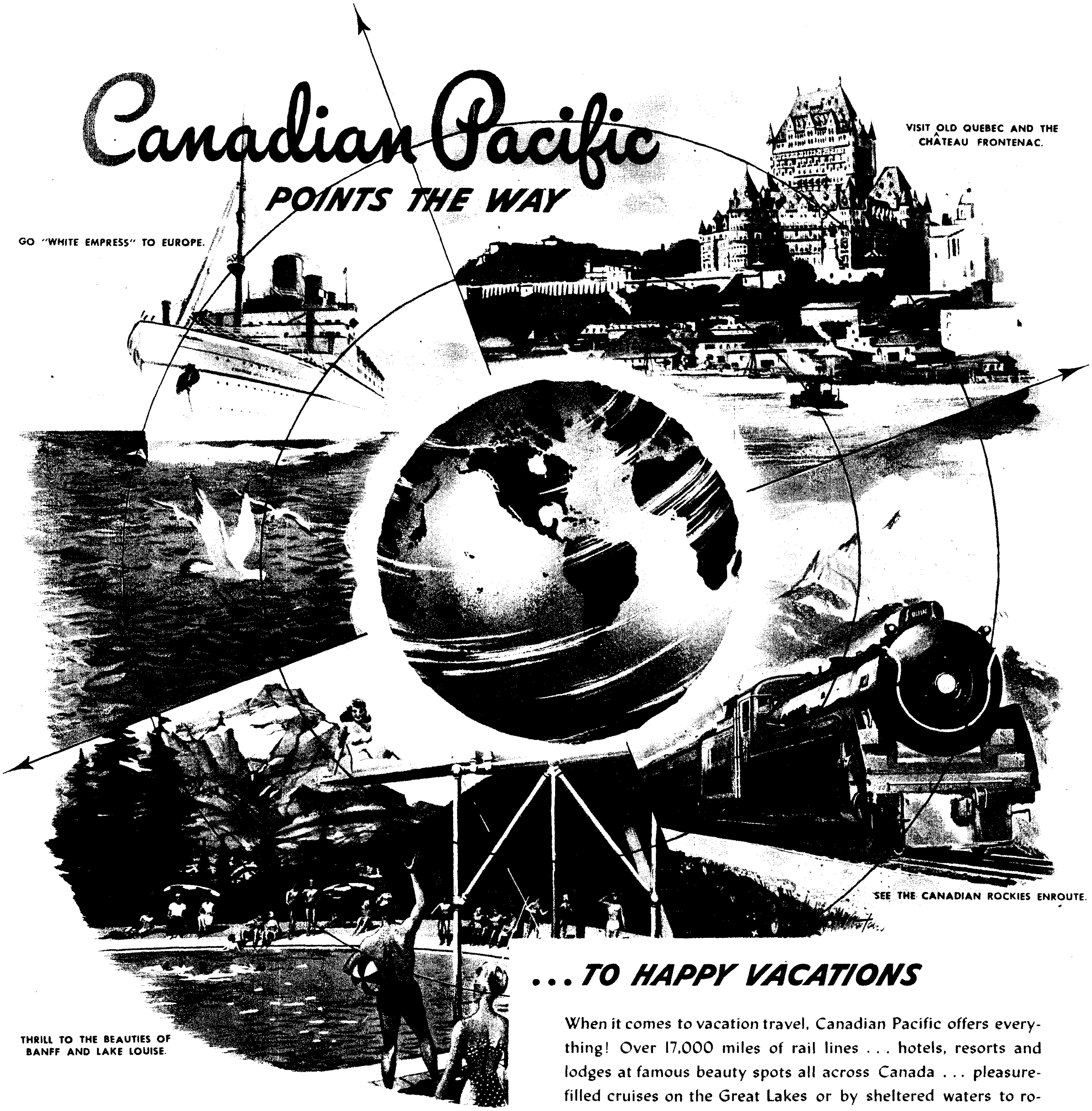
Canadian Pacific
POINTS THE WAY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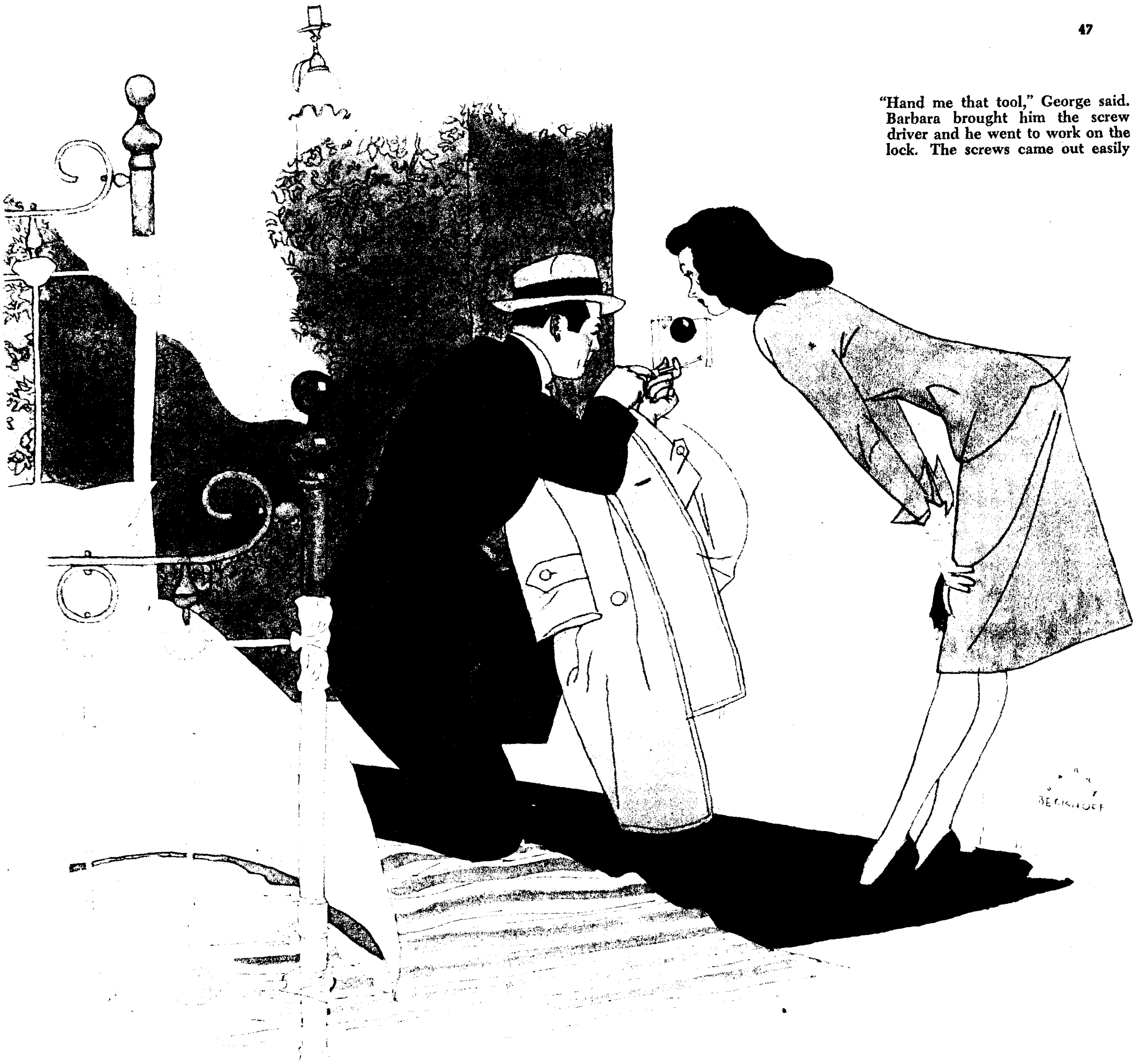

"Hand me that tool," George said. Barbara brought him the screw driver and he went to work on the lock. The screws came out easily

POLITICS IS MURDER

BY EDWIN LANHAM

FOR SYNOPSIS SEE PAGE 49

III

OF ALL the legends since the first grape was crushed, George thought the next morning, the most misleading was the one about champagne staying with you. It was only necessary to drink a pint or so of water the next morning, so the legend went, and you were off again, ready to kick a policeman in the face. George drank considerably more than a pint of water, simply to soak his dehydrated tongue, and he ate four aspirins besides, but he still felt as if a policeman had kicked *him* in the face.

He crept uptown at one o'clock, and sank into his chair at his desk. Brickell came over and talked to him for fifteen minutes about the Stover murder, then George retired to the back room of the library and sat among the files, with his eyes closed, for half an hour. At two o'clock Lieutenant Madigan called.

"Hello, George," Madigan said. "Haven't seen your redheaded girl friend around, have you?"

"No."

"We're still waiting to talk to her," Madigan said. "She didn't go home last night and she hasn't been to her office today. I thought you might have an idea where she is."

"Sorry," George said.

"She's been as busy as a kid in a jam closet," Madigan went on. "We found her fingerprints all over the place. Nice fresh ones on the drawers of Stover's desk. I want to talk to you."

"I'll be right down."

George hung up. Barbara had left the Council chamber three minutes ahead of him; she had had ample time to leave her fingerprints on the desk. And her first visit to the minority room, he was sure, was only the day before, because that afternoon she had asked him where the minority room was.

Downtown he found Lieutenant Madigan talking to two reporters, and sat down to listen. The police laboratory had done its work, Madigan told them, but had turned up negative results. The handle of the samurai sword had been wiped clean of fingerprints, he said, with a meaningful glance at George. Stover's Army record was being investigated

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A friend that your grandfather knew and trusted is still the same friend of your family today. That friend is Schlitz . . . the beer in which quality is never sacrificed for volume. In war and in peace, in good times and bad, Schlitz has held firmly to the simple belief that a man's work or his product always should be his best. That belief flavors every bottle or can of Schlitz, and makes the Schlitz label one you are proud to place before your guests.

Just the KISS of the hops

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

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for a possible clue, and his movements during the week prior to the murder were being traced. The murder had taken place sometime between one o'clock and two-ten, according to the medical examiner's report. That was all, Madigan said.

After the reporters had gone, Madigan grinned at George. "You look pretty bad. What's the matter, conscience been bothering you?"

"I'm not in shape to absorb cracks like that," George groaned.

"You ought to fight shy of blondes." Madigan winked at him.

George's eyes opened wide.

"And steer clear of clip joints," Madigan said.

George felt a deep sensation of uneasiness; then he was angry. "So you're having me followed?"

"Why should I send a hard-working dick on a tour of the gin mills, at the city's expense?" Madigan asked. "Nope. But Ed Leary had me on the phone this morning, raising hell because his little apple got her name in the paper. He mentioned that you were around her neighborhood."

"It's some neighborhood," George said, and closed his eyes.

"When you get your breath," Madigan said, "let's hear it."

George opened his eyes. "Hear what?"

"Were you just blonde-chasing last night?"

"No. I went down there because she called me. She had a bottle of champagne waiting, and a proposition."

"I don't care about your personal life," Madigan said. "What did you find out?"

GEORGE tried to grin, and regretted it. "The proposition was to do publicity work for the Club Pigalle," he said. "For two hundred a week."

Madigan grunted. "That buys a lot of publicity."

"It buys a lot of press agent," George said. "In return for it I was supposed to turn in a full report to her when I found what I was looking for. That's what she wanted to buy."

"What *are* you looking for, George?"

"That's the point. I'm not looking for anything."

Lieutenant Madigan pursed his lips. "Just how drunk were you last night? It's hard to believe she offered a deal like that."

George flushed. "I didn't dream it up."

Madigan leaned back in his chair. "I'd like to have a talk with that girl. If I didn't think it would louse up the works, I'd have her in here."

"And if it weren't for the fact that her father is a district leader, maybe," George said.

"If it weren't for a lot of things," Madigan said. "So you don't know what you're looking for?"

"No. Do you?"

"I think so," Madigan said. "I'm looking for it, too."

George tried to put his numb brain to work but gave up the effort and said, "What is it?"

"I don't mean I know what it is," Lieutenant Madigan said. "Specifically, that is. All this is off the record, George. Bear that in mind. I'm thinking that maybe you can help me. It's not an easy job. You might say I'm looking for a tree in a forest. I don't know whether it's a birch or an elm or an oak. All I know is it's a tree. You see what I mean?"

"No."

Madigan picked up a cigar from his ash tray, stripped off a tattered leaf, and began chewing the butt. "What I want you to do," he said, "is to play that girl along. Go ahead, take the two hundred a week. Move in there, George."

George shook his head. "I can't do that. The Record-Star wouldn't stand for it."

"Your paper will never know," Madigan said. "But if it ever does have to be explained to the Record-Star, I'll explain it."

"Still," George said, "if I don't know what I'm looking for, how am I going to find it?"

"Since 1932, I've been in that spot myself, kid." The lieutenant swiveled his chair around and threw the dead cigar into a wastebasket. "George, I know it's a lot to ask, but that babe is one of the few leads we've got. I'm asking you to take me on faith and do as I tell you, without asking any questions. Get in touch with that blonde and tell her you'll play ball, then let's see what happens."

"I'd like to know what this is all about," George said. "Is that all you're going to tell me?"

"That's about all I know. I'm just playing a hunch." Madigan fished in his pocket and pulled out a book of matches. "How about it—are you going to call that blonde up?"

"Maybe."

Madigan tossed the paper matchbook in front of George. "Look inside."

George looked inside the cover and

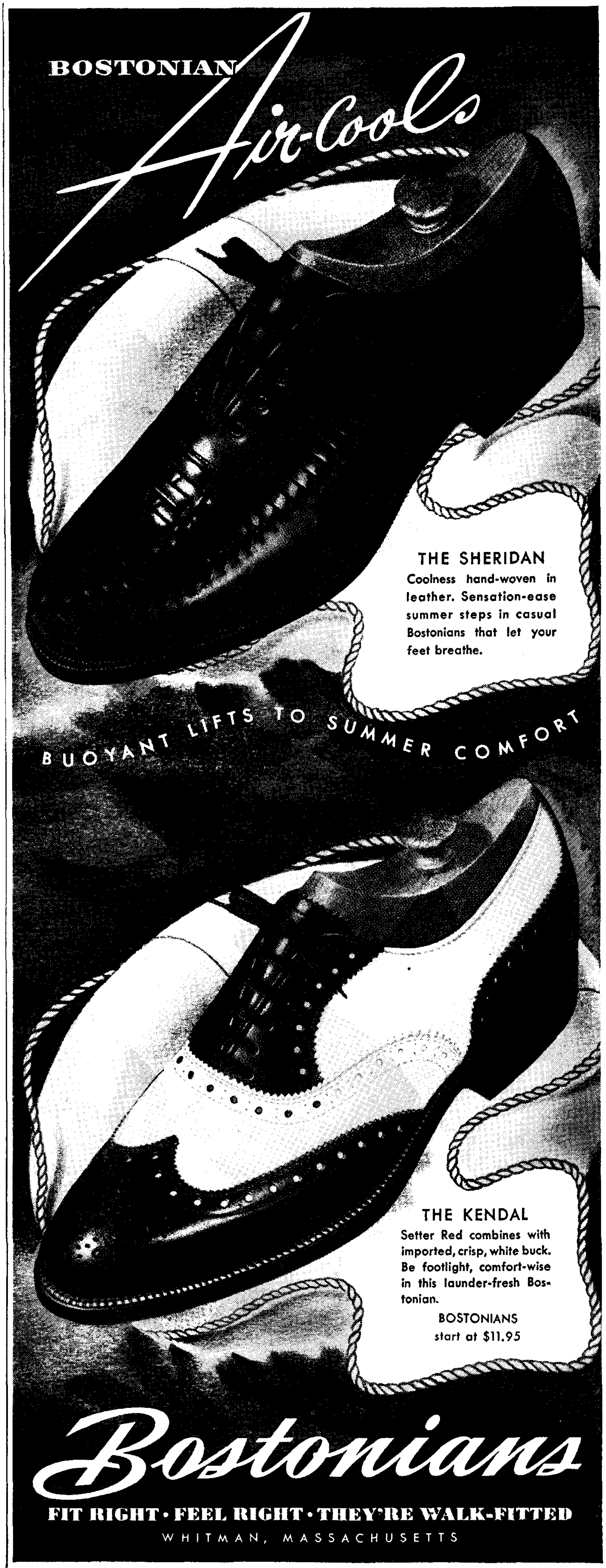
The Story:

George Wright, City Hall reporter, investigates a peculiar local law introduced by Jeff Stover, new member of the City Council, changing the name of obscure McKeever Place. The proposal has infuriated Joe Myles, acting majority leader of the Council, Dobbs Padgett, Stover's uncle and a power in the Council, and Ed Leary, district leader. George finds that McKeever Place was named for a friend of Joe Myles—Rudolph McKeever, a former custodian of City Hall, who was mysteriously murdered in 1932.

When a stuffed cat, formerly a City Hall pet, disappears from a bar known as McKeever's Place, George is sure Stover has taken it. Soon after this, George overhears Barbara Padgett, Stover's fiancée, breaking their engagement because of Stover's threats against "Humpty Dumpty," who George decides is Dobbs Padgett. From Stover, George gets a denial of the cat theft, a promise of a "big story" and an introduction to Marcia Blaine, who is the daughter of Ed Leary and is with Stover in his apartment.

The next day, in response to a note from Stover, delivered by Tracy, a reporter, George goes to Stover's office, finds him murdered. Barbara is standing over him, claims she found him dead. George pockets the bloodstained handkerchief with which she is wiping her hand. Because Barbara's alibi is weak, George tells Lieutenant Madigan and Inspector Stranahan of the police, that he saw Barbara entering Stover's office. Barbara supports this lie.

When Madigan and Stranahan realize that a key had been taken from the pile of Stover's effects, they search George, find Barbara's handkerchief and want to arrest the girl. George warns Barbara, who asks him to trust her, says she must avoid the police for a few days. That evening, George is thrown out of the night club where Marcia Blaine sings by Ed Leary, who is angry because George has mentioned Marcia in his newspaper account of the murder. But first Marcia asks George to call her the next day. As George leaves, he is convinced that the missing key will lead to the missing cat, which may in turn lead to Stover's murderer.



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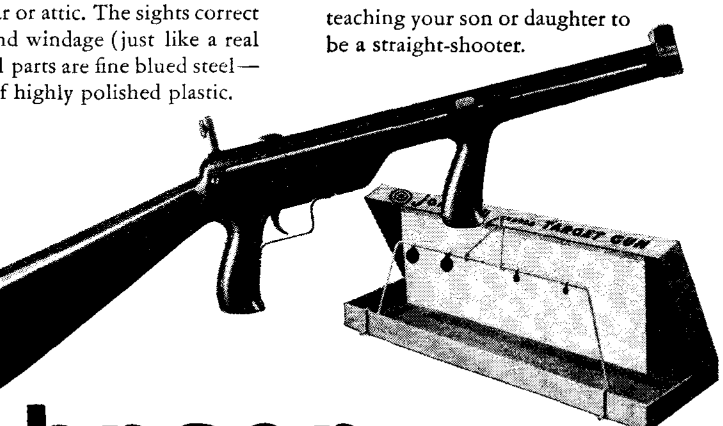

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saw a telephone number scrawled on the cardboard. Madigan said, "It's hers—an unlisted number."

Turning the matchbook over in his hands, George saw that the outside cover carried an advertisement of Andrew's Restaurant. "So you hang out at Andrew's, too," George said. "The ward heelers' night club."

"Nope. I had Joe Myles write that number down yesterday. Those are his matches."

George dropped them into his pocket. "I'm wondering what this is all about."

"It's nothing you can't figure out for yourself, George. You've got all the facts. The question is, where to start. I started with the twelfth of January, 1932. That was the day old Rudolph McKeever was found dead in the gutter. Let me tell you about that. There was snow on his face, and it had snowed before midnight. He was a mound of snow. When they dusted him off they found he was shot from close to. Powder burns on his overcoat. His pockets were turned inside out and there was nothing on him, not even identification. They didn't have a thing to go on. Nobody heard a shot, and it was hours after he was dead that the milkman found him. It looked like a stick-up, and they had to mark it off as that."

"Well," George asked, "how does that tie in with the Stover murder?"

"I don't know."

"Look, I have a headache," George said. "You brought this up. What was Stover doing in McKeever Place? Was he interested in McKeever's murder?"

"You have the facts, George," Madigan said. "Do your own figuring. As for me, I haven't got any real evidence, one way or another." He grinned. "How about it? Are you going to get in there and pitch? Make a date with Marcia Blaine. She thinks you're cute."

"I'm in no condition for your flat-footed humor—" A sharp rap at the door interrupted him.

WHEN the door was pushed open, George saw the unfriendly face of Inspector Stranahan. The heavy eyebrows were forbidding in his pasty, square-jawed face, and he said harshly, "You again!"

The inspector slammed the door behind him and strode across to Madigan's desk, saying loudly, "I told you we'd busted this case."

Madigan stood up. "What's new?"

Inspector Stranahan spun around, pointing at George. "I think *he* could of told us all along."

"Told you what?"

"Who belonged to that diamond ring." Inspector Stranahan grinned and punched Madigan's shoulder. "It's *hers,* Lieutenant, and she broke her engagement with Stover the night before she killed him. She gave him back his ring."

Madigan frowned. "Barbara Padgett, you mean?"

"You're damned right. She had a hell of a fight with Stover."

Madigan regarded George. "What do you know about that?"

"Nothing," George said. He wished Barbara had gone to Lieutenant Madigan at once with the facts. Inspector Stranahan had a single-track mind and it was highballing along the track.

"How did you find this out, Inspector?" Madigan asked.

"Miss Blaine told me."

Madigan looked thoughtful. "And how did she happen to know?"

"Stover told her himself. They were having cocktails Monday night, remember, and he was kind of down at the mouth. She asked him why, and he said he had a fight with his girl and that she had given him back his ring."

"Okay," Madigan said. "Why did she give it back?"

"She was jealous!" Stranahan shouted. "Jealous as hell! She knew Stover had been taking Marcia out and she was foaming at the mouth about it."

"Stover told Miss Blaine that?"

"We don't need anybody to tell us that." The inspector turned on George. "You better come clean, fella. You lied for the dame, didn't you? You wiped those fingerprints off the sword, didn't you?"

"No," George said.

"You saw her doing it, though."

"No."

"George," Madigan said slowly, "you'd better give some careful thought to what you tell us—and to what you're going to say in a grand jury room."

"I'll say the same," George said.

Madigan gave the inspector a meaningful glance. "Maybe I'd better talk this over with him alone."

Inspector Stranahan frowned, looked from George to the lieutenant, then nodded. "Okay, but if you don't get anywhere, let me take over, Lieutenant. *I'll* get it out of him."

Madigan sat down at his desk and waited quietly until the door closed behind Stranahan. Then Madigan's friendly, confidential voice said, "You go for that redhead, don't you, George?"

"Maybe."

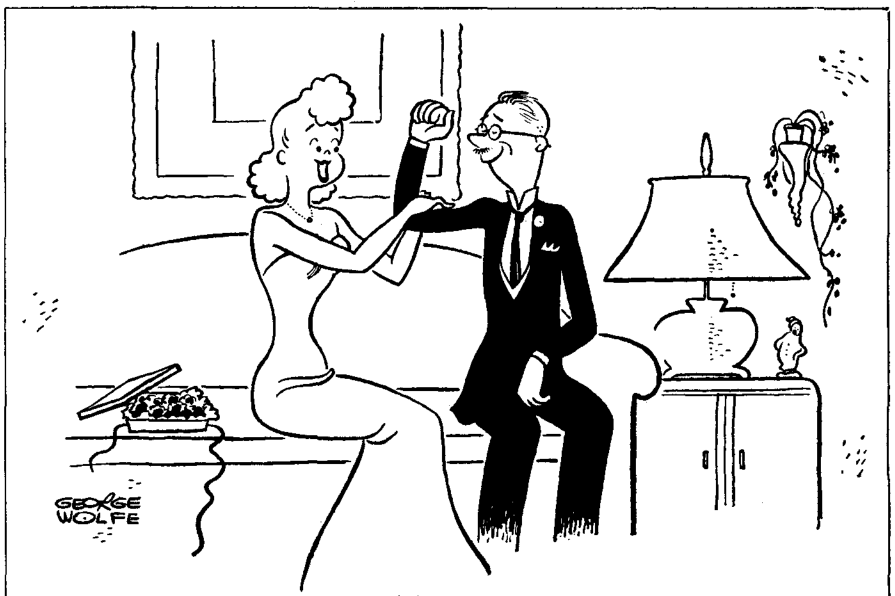
"How long have you known her?"

George thought a moment. "Eight days."

"You willing to give up about eight years for those eight days? We can slap a lot of charges on you, kiddo. Obstructing justice, perjury, accessory after the fact, concealing a fugitive—what have you."

"Slap away," George said. "You can't prove anything."

"Bit by bit, maybe we could. We can



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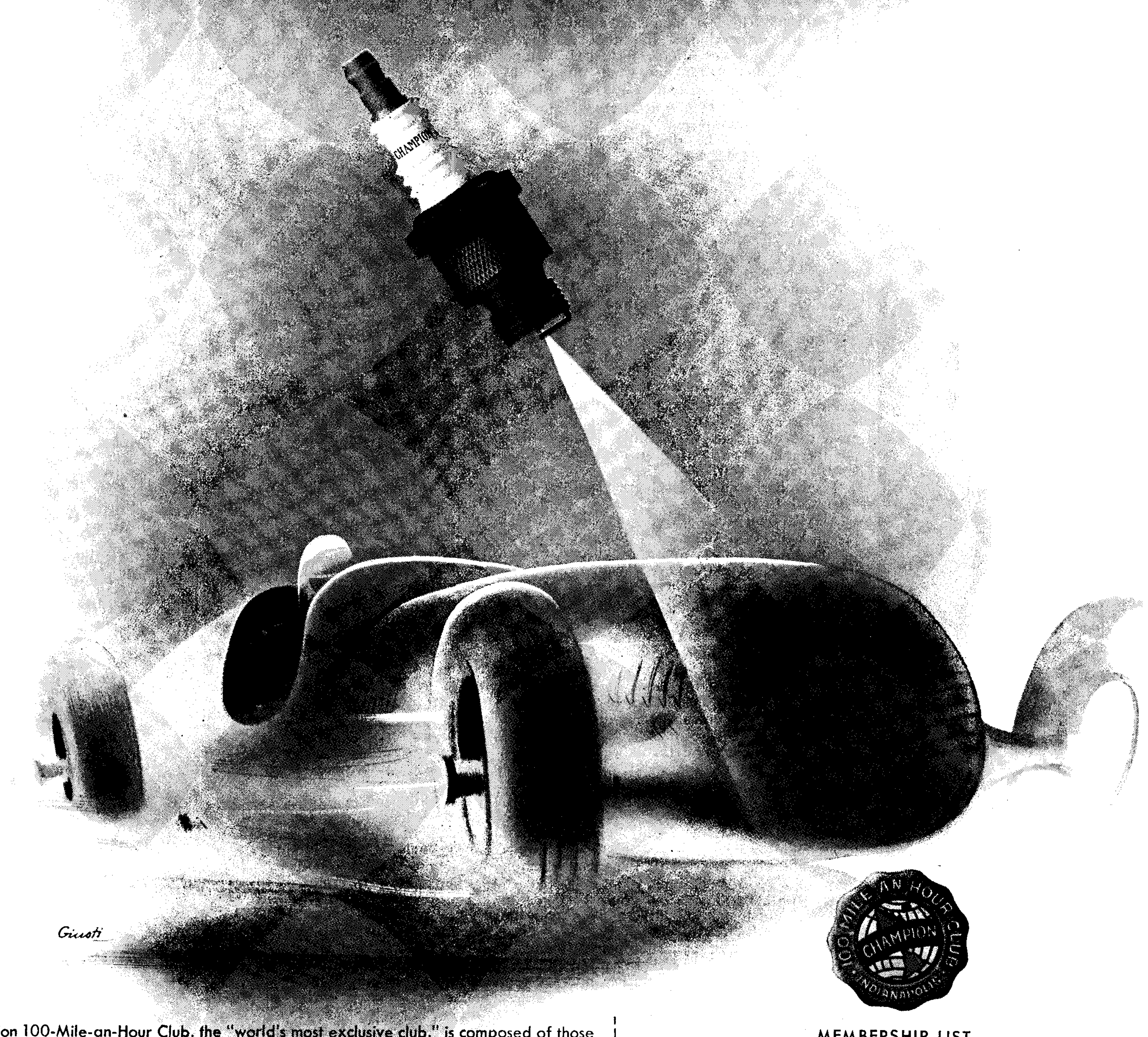

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prove that you lied about seeing her go into the minority room. She left the Council chamber three minutes before you did, George. Joe Myles saw her; and Marcus, that dumb cop, saw her coming down the stairs to the rotunda and he saw her go on to the basement stairs. One thing about Marcus, he keeps his eye on a good-looking gam and he saw which way those gams were taking her. Moreover, George, he saw you on your way down quite a bit later."

George sat forward. "Who took that key? Are you forgetting that? And how about McKeever Place?"

"I've not forgotten anything, George. You know, it won't be hard to prove that Stover gave the ring to the Padgett girl and that she broke the engagement. I can get it out of Dobbs Padgett. What do you want to be the fall guy for? Where is she?"

"I don't know where she is."

GETTING to his feet, Madigan walked to the grimy window and stood a moment with his back to George. Then, slowly, he turned. "You know what you ought to do. Go off somewhere by yourself and give this thing some thought. If you come clean now—"

"I've told you all I know, Lieutenant. I don't know where she is."

"And you still say you saw her walking into the minority room?"

"Yes."

"Did she see you, George?"

"I don't know."

"You were coming down those stairs, you say. Slow, George, or fast?"

"On the double," George said. "I wanted to know why he sent me that note."

"Stone stairs, aren't they?"

"Yes."

Madigan grinned. "Well, kiddo, you wouldn't deny that if she was coming *out* of the minority room and heard somebody making a hell of a noise coming down the stairs, she would duck back into the minority room? You couldn't deny that, could you?"

"I saw her going in," George said. "That's all I know."

"Maybe you did," Madigan said. "Yeah, I guess you did see her going in, but it wasn't the *first* time she'd been there. See, George, the D.A. can make hash of your testimony when he gets you on the stand."

"All right," George said. "But the defense lawyer will want to know who took that key. The defense lawyer will want to know why Jeff Stover introduced a local law changing the name of McKeever Place and why he dropped out of sight and hung out down there, and why a stuffed cat was stolen, and why Marcia Blaine offered me two hundred a week to help her find something, and why a powerful district leader comes into this case, and why Rudolph McKeever was killed."

"That's right," Madigan said. "I hope he gets the answers to those questions, George. I sure do." The lieutenant flipped his hand. "Well, I guess that covers it. Run along, and when you get a chance, sit down and do a little thinking. I'll be waiting for a call from you."

In silence George got to his feet and went to the door. His head still ached. Barbara had asked him to trust her, and he did trust her. But it was bad, very bad. She had been in the minority room where Jeff Stover lay dead for several minutes before George entered. What had happened in those unexplained three minutes? It was a long time to be alone in a room with a dead man.

In the city room of the Record-Star, he started to write the story, but found it difficult. He knew so much more than he could print.

It was eight o'clock when Brickell approached his desk, put one foot on a rung of George's chair and cleared his throat. Brickell did not say that the story was hardly more than adequate. What Brickell said was, "Better go back to City Hall tomorrow, George. There might be plenty of news."

"Sure," George said.

The city editor smiled. "It will give you a chance to get back to work on that opus of yours."

George was relieved at being taken off the murder story. He finished the last take of copy, made the end mark, and sat down to wait until it had been passed by the city desk. He lighted a cigarette, and, smoking it, thought that whatever his own story was, and no matter how stanchly he stuck to it, Barbara Padgett was in a spot, a terrible spot, and Inspector Stranahan would throw the book at her. There was the bloody handkerchief, the engagement ring, the quarrel, the fingerprints, and himself—a witness who placed her at the scene of the crime within minutes of Stover's death, even though he was set to lie his head off.

George reached out suddenly for the telephone directory and looked up the number of the Club Pigalle. At least he could follow through with Marcia Blaine. "Hello, Marcia," he said. "This is George Wright. I've been thinking it over."

"Thinking what over?"

"Your proposition," George said. "That two hundred a week."

There was a pause, then her soft voice said, "Lord, you were tight last night, weren't you? I mean drunk!"

"Sort of," George said. "Anyhow, I've decided to take you up on that."

"Sweetie, what *are* you talking about?"

George's eyes opened wider; his faculties were still retarded by champagne and aspirin. He said uneasily, "You don't remember a little proposition to do publicity for the Club Pigalle at two hundred dollars a week?"

"Sweetie, we have a man doing publicity for us. He only gets sixty. You were really stinko, weren't you? You'd better lay off champagne. But come around sometime, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," George said.

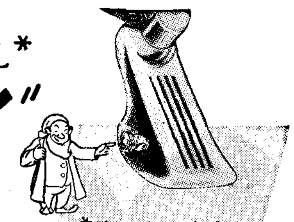
He hung up, and stared at the telephone. How different was the song she was singing now—now that Barbara Padgett was faced with arrest for the murder of Jeff Stover.

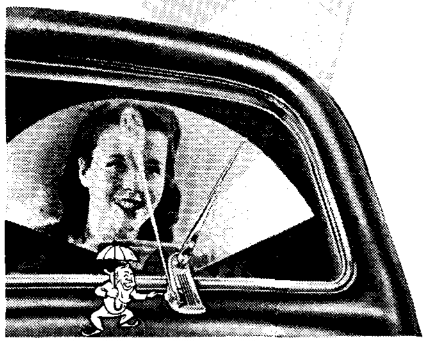
GEORGE slept restlessly that night. Before breakfast he went to the corner to buy the early editions of the afternoon newspapers. Thick black headlines told of the search for Barbara Padgett, but in spite of an eight-state alarm sent out by Inspector Stranahan she had not been found.

Over his coffee he read through the stories. The Globe reported that Dobbs Padgett had informed police that he had last seen his niece when they parted outside City Hall after being questioned following the murder. Probably it was significant that Padgett had not heard from his niece. In spite of Barbara's denials George believed that Humpty Dumpty was Dobbs Padgett, and the fact that Padgett had not heard from her bore this out. Yet he wondered why he had not himself heard from Barbara.

Gazing blankly at the subway posters on the way to City Hall, George thought that the police were busily constructing a case against her. Every hour that Barbara did not appear for questioning made it worse for her. Already Stranahan had laid the groundwork for a newspaper conviction, the sort that absolved the police of immediate criticism.

To follow this case through, and he knew that he must follow it through, George thought that he must disregard Barbara's activities altogether. If she were not guilty everything she did only confused the analysis, as well as focused police attention almost exclusively on her. George thought that he must concentrate on the other clues, such as they were. The stuffed cat certainly repre-





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sented something, or contained something. It was an obvious and, all considered, rather original hiding place. The only other clues were the missing key, which had been lifted from the minority room, under Lieutenant Madigan's nose, and the letter in Stover's typewriter, addressed to "Dear Joe" and containing only the interrupted sentence: *As soon as I hear from . . .*

Crossing City Hall Park from the Park Row station, George decided that it all came back to the local law changing the name of McKeever Place to Niebach Square. That was the beginning of it. It seemed to him that the chain of events which led to Stover's murder began in McKeever Place, where Jeff Stover had obviously stayed during the nights he did not return to his room at the Hotel Westbrook. The memory flashed then of his talk with Lew Gibson on the telephone. Lew had said that someone had called for Stover's mail at the Westbrook, bearing a written authorization from the councilman. Obviously there was someone who had known at the time that Stover was in McKeever Place under the assumed name of Thomas A. Jefferson.

Stover's secretary—the thought came suddenly—she had taken his calls when Stover was supposedly in Philadelphia. A man's secretary often knew considerable details about her employer's activities. What was that girl's name? Alicia Grant, it was. She might even know who had called for Stover's mail.

TRACY was the only reporter in Room 9. He sat at his desk looking over the luncheon list in the Record-Star to decide which organization would cater to his noontime needs that day. George went past him to his desk and telephoned Padgett & Padgett. He asked for Alicia Grant.

"Miss Grant?" the operator said. "Sorry, sir, she's not with us any more."

It was a pretty fast dismissal, George thought. He said, "Will you give me her home telephone number, please?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not allowed to give out that information."

George hung up, and looked through the Manhattan telephone directory. There was no Alicia Grant listed. He picked up his hat and called to Tracy as he left, "Tell Ray Martin I'm going out and ask him please to cover for me."

"Where are you bound, George?"

"McKeever Place," George said.

Passing through the rotunda, he saw Walter Tannenberg, one of the People's party members of the Council, talking to Joe Myles in the office of the majority leader. George went to the door and said, "Joe, what's going to happen to that McKeever Place local law?"

"Walter here is the chairman of the committee on parks and thoroughfares," Joe Myles said. "We were just discussing that point, George. Read him the committee report, Walter."

In an expressionless tone, Tannenberg read, "The introducer of this local law is no longer a member of the Council. Under the circumstances we are obliged to recommend that it be filed."

"For understatement," George said, "that's classic."

The acting majority leader shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow, McKeever Place remains McKeever Place."

"That's important to you, is it?"

Joe nodded. "I suppose I'm a sentimentalist. Rudy McKeever was my first good friend at City Hall. When I was elected to the old Board of Aldermen, I was just a kid, George. They called me the boy alderman. I used to wander down to the basement, to the custodian's room down there, and talk things over with Rudy. He taught me the ropes. He knew everything about the Hall."

George asked, "Was Sachem McKeever a pal of yours, too?"

Joe smiled. "That particular cat had already gone when I was first elected, George. It got sick once, and Rudy took him home. Oh, that was a year or two before he retired. Old Sachem got well, but McKeever never brought him back here. He rang in one of Sachem's sons, and he had plenty, and I don't think anybody knew any different but me."

"I wonder if McKeever hid his pile in that cat," George said.

Joe Myles looked surprised. "Rudy never had a dime, except his pension."

Walter Tannenberg asked, his expression inscrutable, "You think the Padgett girl killed Stover?"

"No," George said.

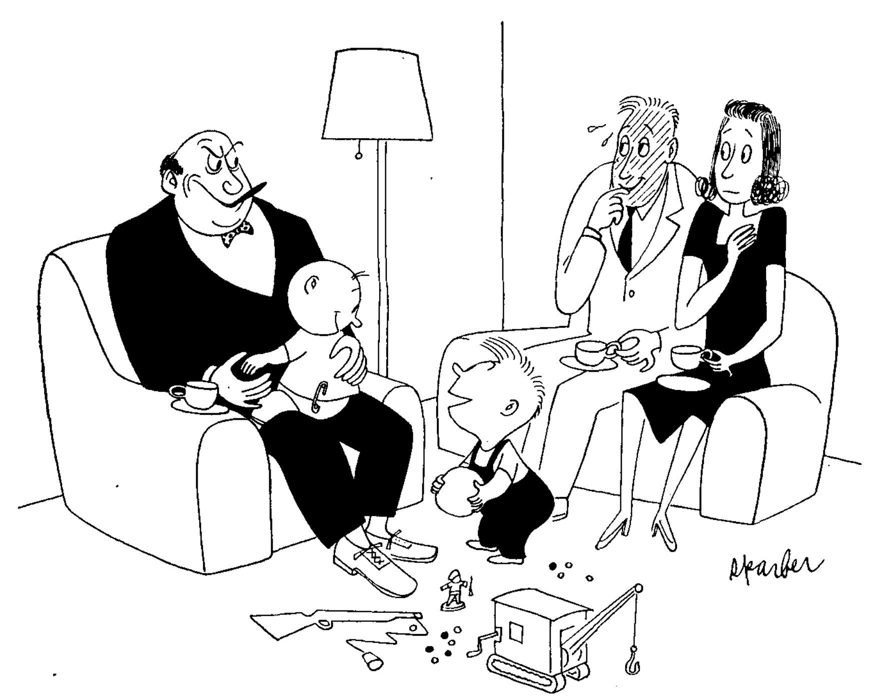
Joe Myles said, "I don't believe she did it. I think Jeff Stover made himself n enemy, back when he was in the Army. He was stabbed with a samurai sword. I got an idea that's significant. I got an idea it was some relative of the Jap who owned that sword—"

"It wasn't Stover's sword," George said. "It was Oliver Nathan's."

"That's so," Joe said.

George waved a hand and went on

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



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86 PROOF

through the rotunda to the door, found a cab on Broadway and explained to the driver how to get to McKeever Place. When the cab arrived at the triangle of concrete, beside the flagpole, George got out and went into the corner bar.

Venetian blinds gave barred light on the mahogany bar, and the long mirror reflected the pattern. The barman today was Arnie McKeever, and he gave George a hostile, sidelong glance as George said, "A beer, please."

The barman drew the glass of beer and slapped it down. George put his head back, raised the glass, looked upward a little—right into a pair of gleaming, tawny eyes.

HE FORGOT to drink the beer, because in the place of honor behind the bar, reflected by the mirror, was the yellow-eyed, worn-haired, ferocious-looking figure of Sachem McKeever, the old City Hall pet. The stuffed cat was back in place behind the bar.

George pointed. "Where did that come from?"

Arnie McKeever scowled at him. "What's it to you? Say, I seen you before someplace."

"That's right," George said. "I was in here with Tom Jefferson. You know him, don't you?"

Arnie grunted.

"I read in the paper about that cat," George said. "I thought somebody stole it."

Arnie shook his head. "It was just some drunk's idear of a gag. He took and hid that cat and the porter found him today, down cellar."

George picked up his glass of beer again. So his theory had blown up in his face. The cat had been found and the puzzle was still unanswered. Still, he thought, Jeff Stover had a reason for frequenting McKeever's Place. He glanced up and asked, "Where's Francis Joseph?"

Arnie waited a long time before replying. At last he said, "Who did you want?"

"Your kid brother," George said.

"You mean Joey?" Arnie said, and leaned one elbow on the bar. "What do you want with Joey?"

"I want to talk to him."

"He ain't here today," Arnie said shortly. "You ain't paid for that beer."

George put money on the bar, said, "You keep your pipes sweet. It's a good glass of beer. Been tending bar long?"

"Plenty long. Since 1932. I run this joint. I'm McKeever."

"I know." George paused. "Did your father open up this place?"

Arnie McKeever hesitated, scratching his chin. "What about it? Did you know my old man?"

"No, but I was wondering which came first, McKeever Place or McKeever's Place."

"No," Arnie said, "my old man didn't open this bar. Me and my brother, Leo, we opened this bar." He moved away and picked up a cleaning rag.

George asked, "Got any idea where Tom Jefferson hangs out?"

McKeever came back to George and leaned again on the bar. "You're a friend of Tom's, are you?"

"Sure I am."

"Then you ought to know where he lives."

"I forget the number."

Arnie McKeever turned his head. A thin man had entered from the street. He had a rigid way of walking, like a man in a new suit. Arnie said, "Come here a minute, Leo."

With careful steps, the thin man advanced. His face was as rigid as his walk, set in stiff, distrustful planes.

"Ever see this guy before, Leo?" Arnie asked.

Leo McKeever examined George deliberately, shook his head. "What about him?"

Arnie gave George an unfriendly glance. "He's asking questions. He's looking for Tom Jefferson and he wants to talk to Joey."

Leo stepped nearer George. "What's your name, Mac?"

"George Wright."

"Wright!" Arnie slapped his big palm on the bar. "I got it. That's your name on that story. Now I know where I seen you before. It was at City Hall. You was in the reporters' room."

"Beat it," Leo said.

"Hold up," Arnie said. "What do you want to talk to Joey about, mister?"

"I'll tell Joey that," George said.

Arnie McKeever came around the bar and was suddenly between George and the door. Leo said, "You're gonna tell *us*."

George moved away, with his back to the bar, hemmed in by the McKeever brothers.

"What's the matter with you guys?" he asked. "Why shouldn't I talk to Joey? What have you got to hide?"

Arnie stepped back a pace. "Who said we got anything to hide? What the hell you talking about?" He looked uneasily at his brother. "Leo, I think I ought to bust this guy one."

"Yeah," Leo said.

A quiet voice called, "Hey, what's the trouble?" Standing in the doorway was a slim young man, just past his teens.

Leo gave George a push. "Get the hell out of here!"

"What's going on?" the young man asked.

George saw that his mouth drooped a little and his face had a worried expression. Quickly he asked, "Are you Joey McKeever?"

Leo shoved him again. "This guy's a newspaper reporter, snooping around. We had too much in the papers already, Joey."

"They don't want me to talk to you, Joey," George said.

Arnie said, "Outside!" and shoved George to the door and out into the late-afternoon sunlight. On the sidewalk George turned and looked back. Leo was talking earnestly to Joey McKeever. It was very strange, George thought. The simple appearance of Joey McKeever at the door had saved his neck, but he could not understand why Joey had such a restraining effect on his brothers. They had been very anxious to learn why he wanted to talk to Joey, and even more anxious to prevent Joey from knowing of their anxiety.

Slowly, then, came the realization in George's mind that Joey McKeever might be the Joe to whom the unfinished letter in Jeff Stover's typewriter was addressed—that it could have been Joey who had called for Stover's mail.

JOEY McKEEVER came walking quickly out of the saloon. "You," he said, "what did you want with me?"

George said, "I was talking to Tom Jefferson about you."

Joey sucked in his breath, his face pale, and stared hard at George. He swallowed, and George could see the labored movement of his Adam's apple.

"Who are you?" Joey whispered.

"I'm a friend of Jeff Stover's."

Joey stepped back. "Look here, I don't want to have anything to do with it. I'm washed up. See?"

"I want to talk to you, Joey," George said. "Let's go somewhere."

"What's your interest, mister?"

"They're trying to railroad a friend of mine for murder," George said.

"I don't want to hear about it. I don't give a damn. What's your business is your business." He hesitated an instant. "Go around the corner. Number 268. Second floor back. And stay away from me. I don't want to talk to you." He turned and went back into the bar.

George moved to the curb and paused there. Joey's tone had been oddly confidential when he gave the number of the house around the corner. Possibly he

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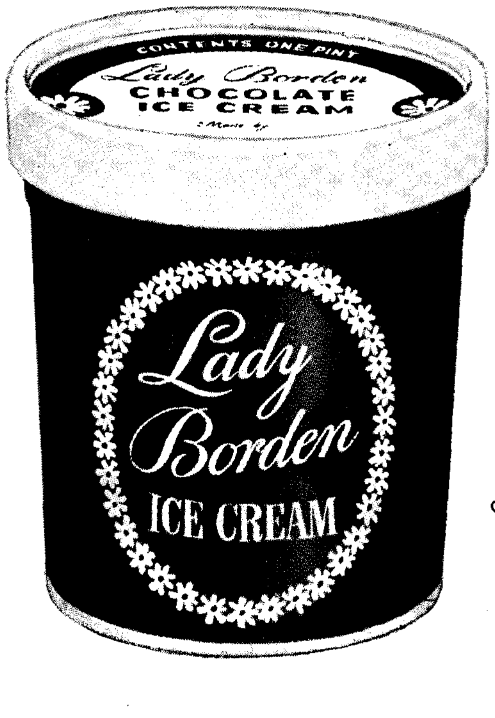

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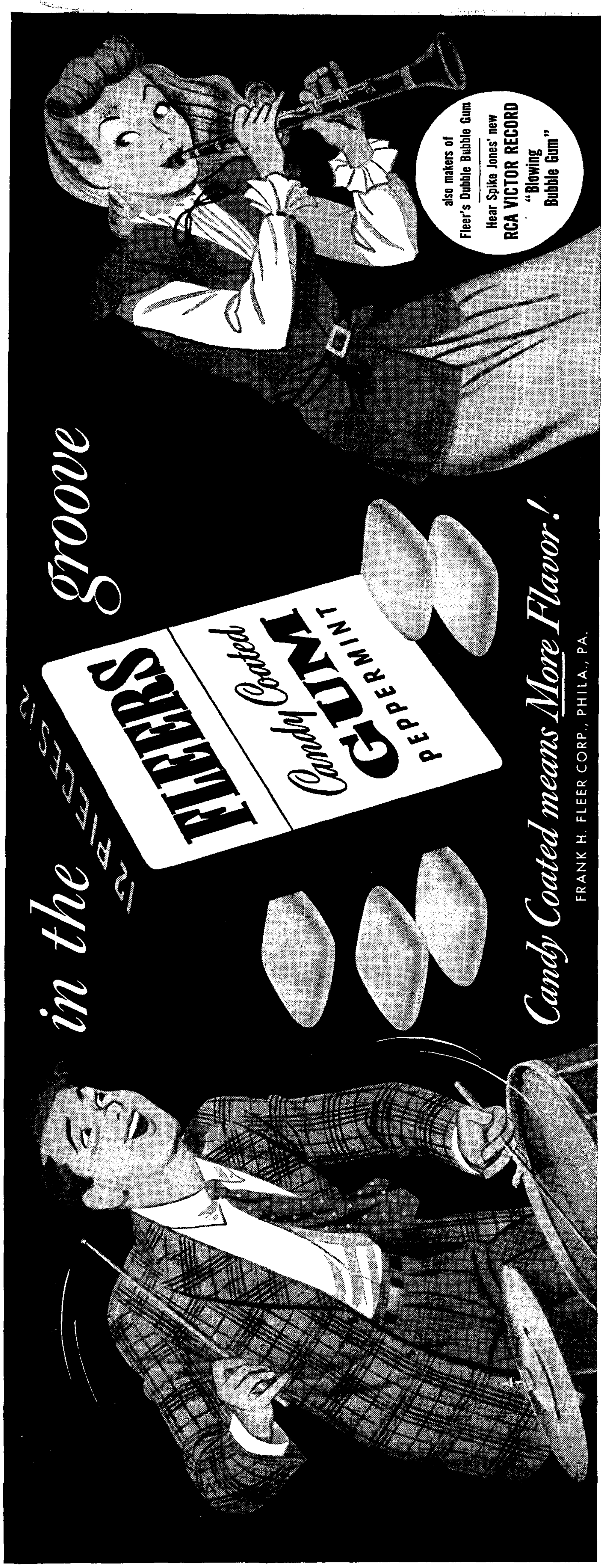


had been putting on an act for the benefit of his brothers and planned to meet George at Number 268. He felt quick excitement; Joey McKeever must know something. He walked to the corner and turned right.

A dozen doors from the corner he found the number he was looking for, a rooming house, and ran up the steps. The door was unlocked, so he let himself in, moved cautiously up the creaky stairs, and tried the door of the rear room. It was locked, but as he turned the knob he heard a low voice say, "Who is it?"

It was a voice George knew. In a bright flash of memory he saw Barbara Padgett dropping her head on the table in the minority room at City Hall, pillowing it on her arms, and he knew now why she had given way to that sudden burst of sobs. Barbara had recognized the key for what it was, the key to Jeff Stover's room in a rooming house, and she had taken it. That was the mystery of the missing key. But why, George thought, for God's sake, why?

"Open up," George whispered. "It's George."

BARBARA PADGETT opened the door. Her hair was untidy and her puffy eyes showed that she had been sleeping, perhaps crying a little. George thought that she looked exhausted. The shade was drawn in the room and the light was gray and depressing.

George moved into the room and shut the door behind him. "What the hell are you doing here, Barbara?"

"How did you find me?"

"Listen, you idiot, you can't play tag with the police. This is a murder case. Do you know the cops are looking for you all over town? There's an eight-state alarm for you!"

"Eight states?" she said. "Which states, George?"

"It's no joke." George looked around at the small bedroom, furnished with an enameled iron bed, a shabby dresser, and a small round table. He said quietly, "You lied to me. You *did* take that key."

"Oh, what if I did? Don't act like a prosecuting attorney."

"Why did you?"

"Let's don't go into that, George." She moved away from him. "Do you have a cigarette?"

He brought out his package and struck a match for her. "That's the first today. I ran out." She smiled. "It's no fun, George, taking it on the lam. You can't even go out for cigarettes."

George sat down in the chair by the window and gazed at her. She was moving again, across to the bureau to drop her ash in an ash tray, back to the table. He said, "Barbara, you'd better begin taking this seriously. The police are ready to arrest you for murder. They know you broke your engagement the night before Stover was murdered, and they think they can prove you killed him because you were burned up with jealousy."

"It's all ridiculous." She gestured toward the bed. "I read the papers. I'm not worried."

"*I'm* worried," George said.

"All right." She shrugged. "You do my worrying for me."

"The papers didn't say that the police found your fingerprints all over the desk drawers and that I found you with your hands covered with blood," George said. "The police are saving those little clinchers for your arrest." He got to his feet. "Barbara, how did you get blood on your hands?"

"You think maybe it was when I stabbed him?"

"Cut it out," George snapped.

Barbara smiled and moved over to the window. George frowned. "Why did you take that key?"

"I knew it must be Jeff's room key. I knew he was staying here near McKeever Place."

"Sure," George said. "But *why* did you take it?"

She shook her head.

"Inspector Stranahan is going to be pretty damned curious about that point, too," George said.

"He won't know."

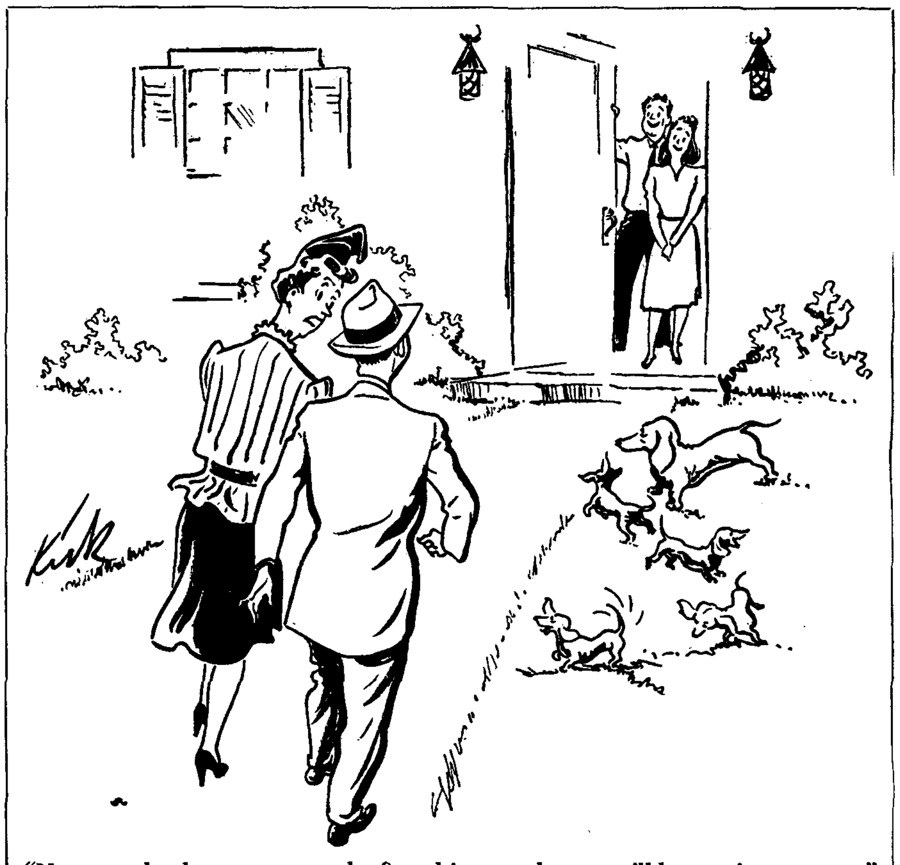
He looked at Barbara's defiant face, stepped quickly toward her and caught her shoulders. His fingers pinched the flesh hard. "I've had enough of this," he said harshly. "I'm not going to sit by and let them indict you for murder. Now you tell me what it's all about."

Her gray eyes met his steadily. "I can't tell you that, George."

"Why can't you?"

"If I were going to tell, I would have done so in the first place."

Then George let his hands fall to his



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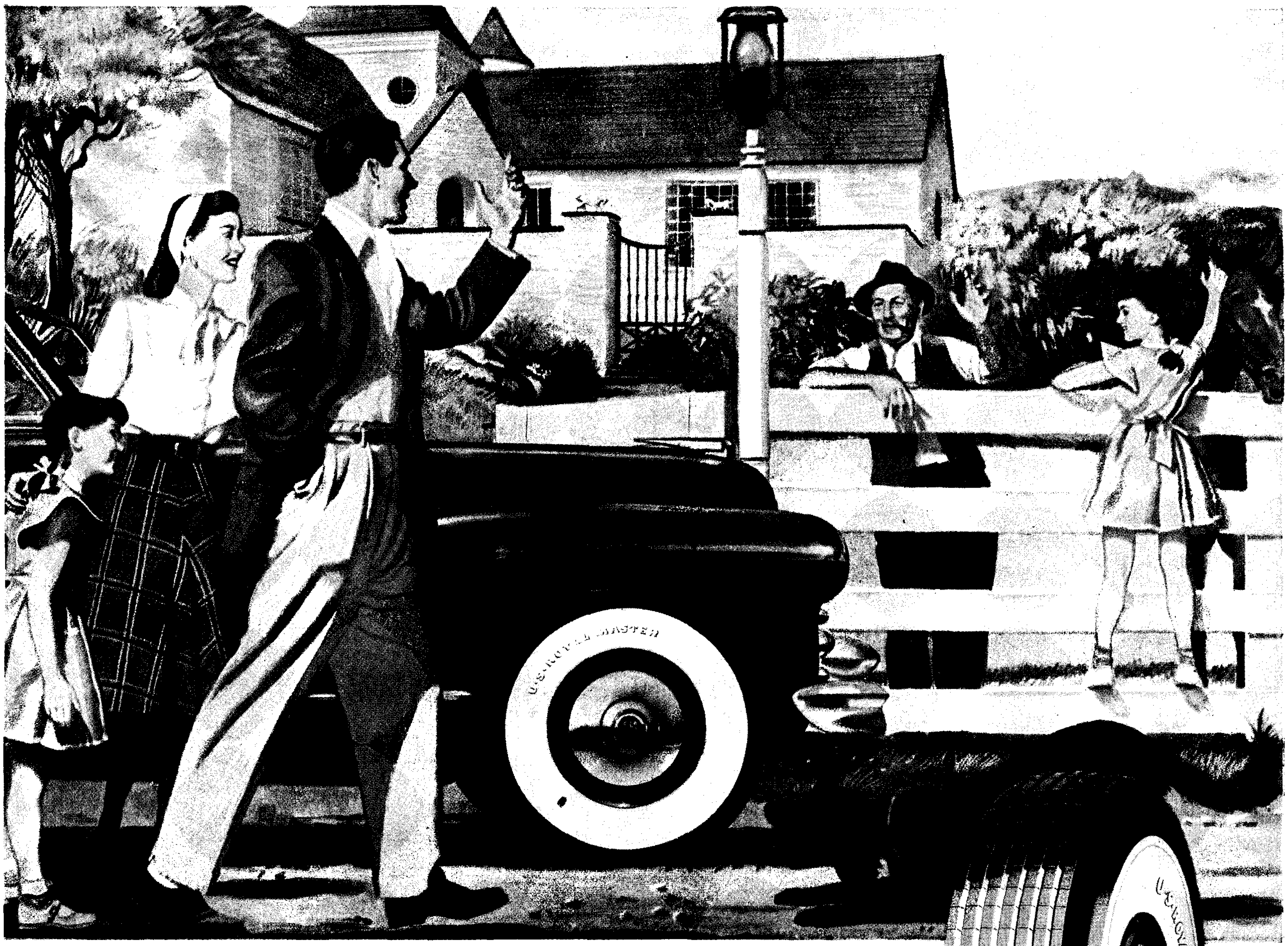
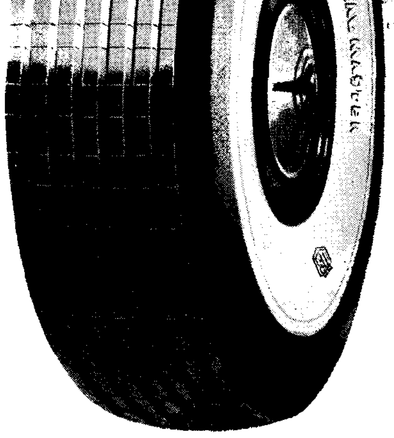

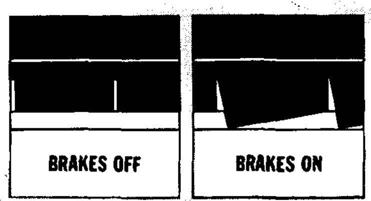

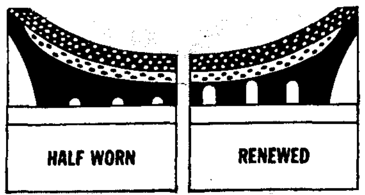

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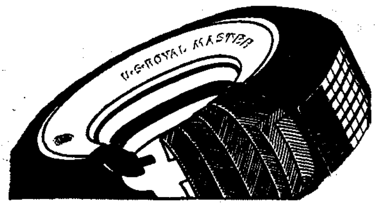

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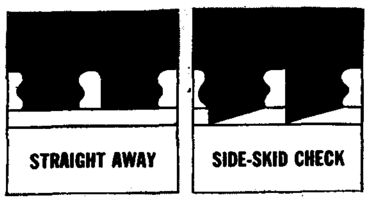

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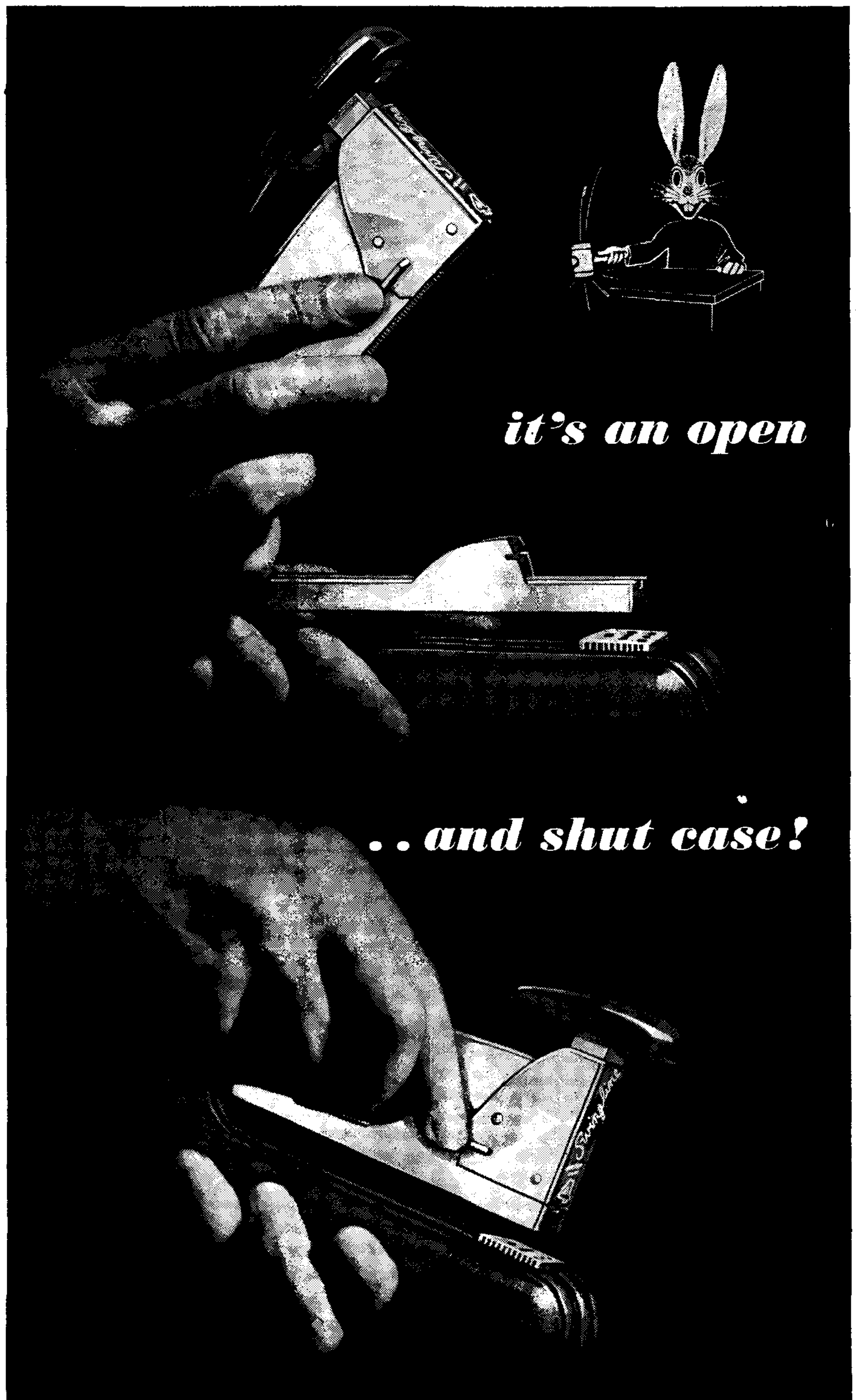

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sides. "Do you want me to believe that you *did* kill Jeff, that you walked in there and stabbed him because you were jealous, and that you were wiping the fingerprints off the handle of that sword when I came in? Is that what you want me to believe?"

She was on the move again, her back turned to him. "Is that what you believe, George?"

"That's what you're asking me to believe."

"I wasn't jealous." She stood by the dresser now, flicking her ash into the tray.

"I didn't think so," George said. "You weren't even in love with him, were you?"

Over her shoulder, she gave him a quick glance, then ground out her cigarette. "We were always fond of each other. We played together as kids, you know. We grew up together." She faced him. "No, I wasn't in love with him."

"Then why did you get engaged?"

"Oh, it was one of those things. There wasn't anyone else. I'd always been fond of Jeff, and . . ."

"And what?"

Her voice rose sharply: "Let's drop it, George!"

He said, "I ought to walk out of here and let you work this out for yourself. That seems to be the way you want it."

"All right. I didn't ask you to come here." Barbara's tone was even, and a little gesture of her hand was matter-of-fact, but she suddenly turned away.

In two strides George crossed the room and just before he reached Barbara, she turned again, and was in his arms. He held her tight, and Barbara leaned against him, her forehead against his throat. He looked down at the sheen of her coppery hair in the amber light filtering through the window shade.

"Barbara, you've got to get out of this mess," he said. "I don't know what you're hiding, but you *are* hiding something. It's dangerous."

Lifting her chin with his palm, he saw her white face and tightly closed eyes; then he bent and kissed her. He held her close and felt her fingers caressingly on his cheek. After a moment she moved, bent her head. George whispered, "Barbara, tell me all of it. Let me help."

HER answer was to raise her lips to his. Her arms were tight around his neck, chokingly tight. She clung to him hysterically until she pulled away and whispered, "It got me down, staying in this room." She moved back a step, her hands still holding his arms, and looked steadily into his eyes. "George, you're the only one I have to turn to, but you can't help. Don't forget I'm a lawyer, and a pretty good one."

George said, "Sit down, Barbara."

"May I have another cigarette?"

George said, "If you couldn't go out for cigarettes, how did you get that newspaper?"

"Joey McKeever brought it to me."

"I found you through Joey," George said. "He told me to come here. How does he fit in?"

"We're pals." She smiled as he held a light for her cigarette. "You've been wonderful all through this, George, and I love you for it—but you'd better find yourself a girl who isn't all mixed up."

"Then let's get busy and straighten you out."

"Yes, let's." She puffed her cigarette. "You're entitled to an explanation. Up to a point. Last Monday, after I left you at City Hall, in the afternoon, I mean, I went to my office, and I had a telephone call from Jeff. He asked me to meet him in the minority room right away. That's when you came in, remember, and overheard us."

"Yes," George said. "Are you going to tell me about Humpty Dumpty at last?"

She looked at the tip of her cigarette. "That's what Jeff used to call Uncle Dobbs in childhood. It's a strange thing, George. I mean Jeff's attitude toward Uncle Dobbs. My uncle did a lot for us both. Of course he tried to manage our lives, too, and Jeff didn't like that very much. Uncle Dobbs sent Jeff to college, and got him to study law, and gave him an allowance, and all that, but they were always clashing, on little things. And when Jeff came back from the war he had changed. He really seemed to hate Uncle Dobbs, and my uncle did some things that made it worse. He had Jeff elected to the Council, without even consulting him, and Jeff was furious. Still, we thought it was a phase he was going through, and it would pass, and we did everything we could to help Jeff."

"Such as getting engaged?" George asked.

SHE gave him a steady look. "In a way, yes. Jeff needed someone. That was a mistake." Barbara got to her feet, nervously moving again. "Jeff knew I . . . well, he found out I just couldn't be in love with him, and it made him unhappy. He lost interest in his work, and Uncle Dobbs didn't help any, giving him lectures almost every day. Then when I went to the minority room Monday, George, I found Jeff changed altogether. He was in a venomous mood. Sort of triumphant. He said he had some evidence that would make a lot of trouble for Uncle Dobbs, and I think he wanted to use it to hurt me, too, through Uncle Dobbs."

"What sort of evidence?"

Her eyes avoided his. "He didn't say. He showed me a letter, and he said that letter had led him to the evidence. He said he was going to make trouble for Uncle Dobbs, plenty of trouble, and I tried to stop him. He just wasn't normal about it. That's when I gave him back his ring—that's all of it."

"No, it's not," George said. "What was in that letter?"

She hesitated an instant. "I don't remember, George. Honestly, it was meaningless to me, but Jeff said it had led to something else. I've told you all I know."

"Why did you take that key?" George asked "How did you get blood on your hands?"

Her face was white. "I had to put my hand in his pocket, George, to see if it was there."

"If what was there?"

"The evidence he talked about, whatever it is. And I took the key to see if Jeff had hidden it here, in this room."

"Barbara," he said. "Why can't you tell the truth to the police?"

"I don't want to get Uncle Dobbs into trouble."

"You mean you think he killed Jeff?"

"No, no!"

"Then what trouble do you mean?"

"*This old trouble. This other thing.* I was afraid if I told about the broken engagement they'd find out why and they'd find this evidence Jeff had. I wanted to find it first, that's all. That's why I hurried up to the Westbrook. That's why I came here. Jeff told me about this room Monday, and he told me that he had found what he was looking for in McKeever Place. So I came down here to look for it." She waved her hand. "I've turned this room inside out."

"You didn't find anything at all?"

"George, there wasn't a thing in this room but a soiled shirt in the dresser and a screw driver in the drawer of that table."

"Then why did you stay here? Yc must have come here Tuesday night, ar this is Thursday. You've stayed he: two nights now. Why?"

"Today I was afraid to go out, George. There's a detective hanging around McKeever's Place. Yesterday I went in there and made friends with Joey McKeever. I tried to find out what the McKeevers knew, but he wouldn't tell me a thing, I don't know why. He acted as if he were afraid to talk."

"Does he know who you are?"

"Yes. . . . today he came and told me about the detective, and brought me that newspaper. So I just stayed right here. I didn't know what else to do."

"Barbara, the one thing for you to do is to go to Lieutenant Madigan and tell him everything you know."

She shook her head. "I can't do that. I told you. It would make trouble for Uncle Dobbs."

"Does your uncle know about this evidence?" George asked.

"I suppose he does." Barbara looked at him. "But he doesn't know I know."

"Why didn't you talk to him about it?"

"Don't cross-examine me. I've told you all I know."

He stood up. "All right, get ready. We're going to see Lieutenant Madigan."

"No, we're not."

"Barbara, you've got to clear yourself. Every hour you keep silent makes it worse. They've got a case against you now that the District Attorney would be willing to take to the grand jury."

"I don't care." She raised her chin defiantly. "Let them think that, George. It will keep them busy."

"Then what *are* you going to do?"

"Stay here, I suppose—innocent people don't get convicted, George."

"*You* say that?" George said. "A lawyer!"

"Well, I won't be convicted. I can tell what really happened, if it ever comes to a showdown."

"But what do you expect to prove, staying here?"

"I might find what I'm looking for, or . . ." She stopped.

"Or Dobbs Padgett might?" George said.

"Yes."

"Barbara, you're building up a pretty good case against your uncle," George said. "You've shown a motive for the murder of Jeff Stover, don't you see that?"

"Of course I see it. That's why I'm not going to the police, George. Not just yet."

"What if your uncle did kill him?"

"Oh, but he didn't."

"Still," George said, "you're not very sure of that, are you?" He leaned against the table, studying her expression. "If you found out he did kill Jeff, would you still want to protect him?"

Her hesitation lasted less than a second. "No, I wouldn't. But I'm sure he didn't do it, George. I haven't a doubt of that."

For a long time George looked at her in silence. At last he said, "I suppose you won't act like a rational human being until this thing is found, whatever it is."

"I'm afraid not."

He glanced around the room, then went to the bureau and opened the drawers, one by one. There was a hairbrush and comb in the top drawer, a soiled shirt in the bottom drawer; nothing else.

"I've been all over the room, George," she said.

HE STRIPPED back the bed and looked under the mattress, lifted a small strip of frayed carpet from the floor, but found nothing. There was no closet. There were no pictures on the wall. He opened the small drawer in the table; it contained only a screw driver.

"See," Barbara said.

"Get ready," George said, "you can't stay here. I'm going to take you to my apartment. I'll get in some groceries and we'll talk this thing over. I'll find myself a hotel."

"I don't want to bother you, George." She hesitated. "And you know, it would be harboring a fugitive. As a lawyer, I have to warn you of that."

He looked down at her shining hair and long eyelashes, the proud firmness of her mouth. He had been right about that mouth. The first time he saw her he had thought her mouth a contradiction of her crisp, impersonal manner. He had thought it an eager, rather wistful mouth, and her kiss had proved him right.

"I'll harbor you any day," he said. "Whatever you are. Wait here and I'll get a cab."

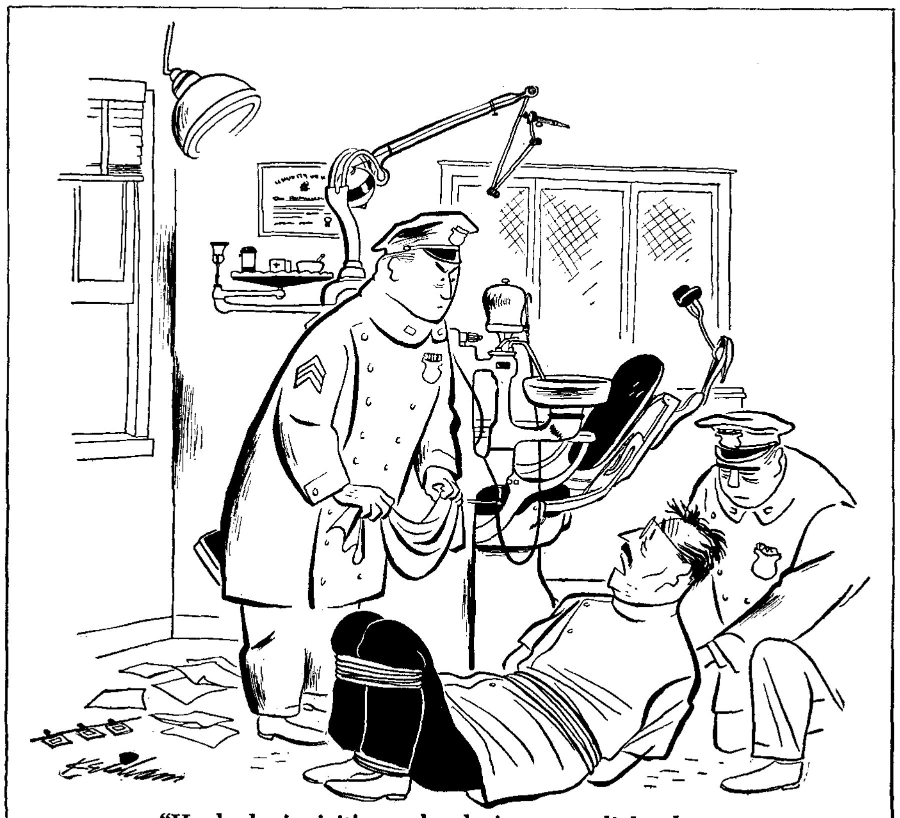
As he let himself out the door, he stopped short, then spun around. Barbara jumped up, crying, "What's the matter?"

"Is a screw driver standard equipment for a furnished room? What's that screw driver doing in that drawer?"

"I don't know. It was there."

"Maybe Jeff put it there," George said. "What screws in place in this room?"

She glanced around her, shook her



"He had gingivitis, malocclusion was slight, lower incisors were carious and upper No. 14 was missing!"

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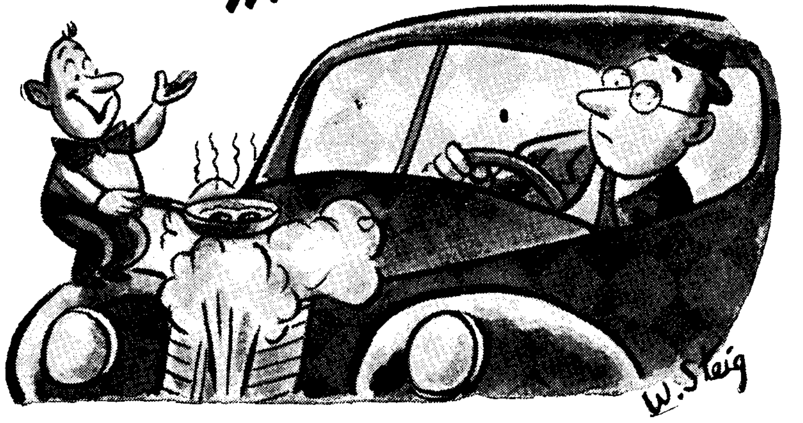

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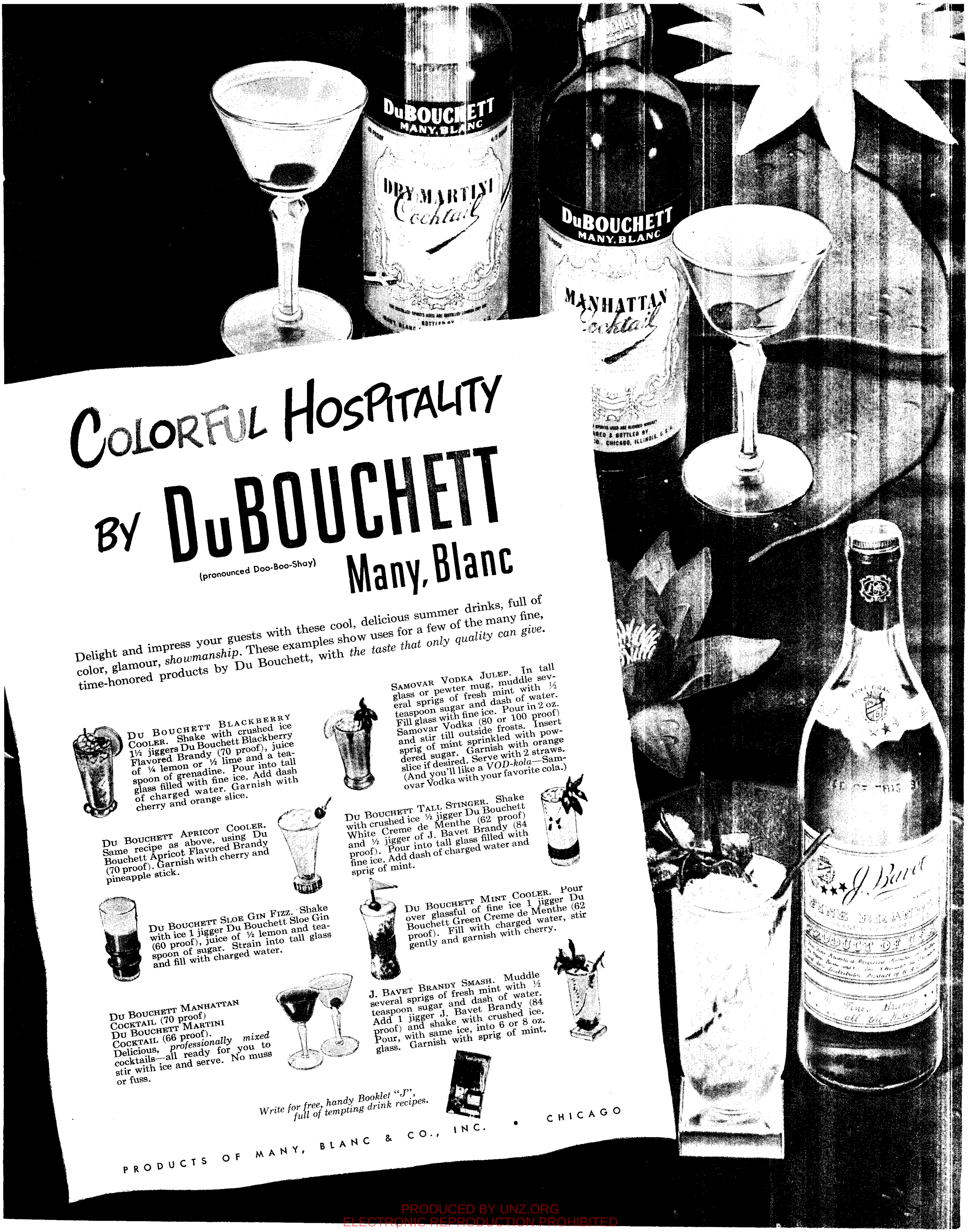

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Du Bouchett Blackberry Cooler. Shake with crushed ice 1½ jiggers Du Bouchett Blackberry Flavored Brandy (70 proof), juice of ¼ lemon or ½ lime and a teaspoon of grenadine. Pour into tall glass filled with fine ice. Add dash of charged water. Garnish with cherry and orange slice.

Du Bouchett Apricot Cooler. Same recipe as above, using Du Bouchett Apricot Flavored Brandy (70 proof). Garnish with cherry and pineapple stick.

Du Bouchett Sloe Gin Fizz. Shake with ice 1 jigger Du Bouchett Sloe Gin (60 proof), juice of ½ lemon and teaspoon of sugar. Strain into tall glass and fill with charged water.

Du Bouchett Manhattan Cocktail (70 proof)
Du Bouchett Martini Cocktail (66 proof).
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Samovar Vodka Julep. In tall glass or pewter mug, muddle several sprigs of fresh mint with ½ teaspoon sugar and dash of water. Fill glass with fine ice. Pour in 2 oz. Samovar Vodka (80 or 100 proof) and stir till outside frosts. Insert sprig of mint sprinkled with powdered sugar. Garnish with orange slice if desired. Serve with 2 straws. (And you'll like a *VOD-kola*—Samovar Vodka with your favorite cola.)

Du Bouchett Tall Stinger. Shake with crushed ice ½ jigger Du Bouchett White Creme de Menthe (62 proof) and ½ jigger of J. Bavet Brandy (84 proof). Pour into tall glass filled with fine ice. Add dash of charged water and sprig of mint.

Du Bouchett Mint Cooler. Pour over glassful of fine ice 1 jigger Du Bouchett Green Creme de Menthe (62 proof). Fill with charged water, stir gently and garnish with cherry.

J. Bavet Brandy Smash. Muddle several sprigs of fresh mint with ½ teaspoon sugar and dash of water. Add 1 jigger J. Bavet Brandy (84 proof) and shake with crushed ice. Pour, with same ice, into 6 or 8 oz. glass. Garnish with sprig of mint.

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head. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

He closed the door, and as he did so he noticed a shiny point of light, the head of a screw. He bent quickly and examined it. There were three screws, shiny where white paint had been chipped from them.

"You're wrong on that," he said. "Hand me that tool."

George knelt by the door, and she brought him the screw driver. The lock was an old-fashioned one, fastened to the inside of the door instead of set into the wood. It had a metal base about six inches by four, held in place by two screws at the right-hand corners, upper and lower, and one screw at the left, just above the knob and slightly above center.

George went to work on the screws. They came out easily, and as he removed the third screw the lock began to sag and soft pinkish wood came to view. He pulled out the screw, and the lock slipped down, hanging from the doorknob.

"There's something inside," Barbara whispered.

HE SAW something white inside the lock. Reaching in with the screw driver, George worked it loose. It was a sheet of paper, folded several times. He opened it out, and saw that it was a letter, turned faintly yellow with age. The letterhead jumped out at him. Padgett & Padgett. He drew in his breath sharply when he saw the date: Jan. 10, 1932.

Barbara snatched at the letter, "I'll take it, please."

He pulled his hand away. "Oh, no."

"It's just that letter Jeff showed me, George. I know what it is. It's not what we're looking for."

George moved toward the window, reading as he went. There was no addressee named, but the salutation was Dear Pete. The letter said:

> McKeever called at my office today, and we talked the matter over. He seems to have made up his mind, but I think he may be amenable to pressure. Certainly he must be dealt with at once, or it will be too late. I would suggest that you ask Joe Myles to see what he can do, and to that end it is imperative that we get together with Ed Leary. I suggest that we all sit down around a table and work this thing out as best we can. There is not much time.

The letter was signed: "Dobbs."

George looked up. "McKeever was found dead early in the morning of January 12, 1932, killed before midnight on January 11th. Barbara, this letter was written the day before McKeever died."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Doesn't it?" George said. "There's murder in it."

"I think you'd better tell me all about it," George said. He sat by the window in the shaded room, and Barbara stood at the bureau. "What do you know about this letter?"

"I know nothing about it, George. Jeff showed it to me Monday night, when we had the quarrel, and he said it had led him to something else. Honestly, that's all I know."

"It led him to the fact that your uncle was involved in a murder," George said. "Isn't that what he said?"

Her lips rounded and she started to say, "No." Instead she shrugged her shoulders.

Holding the letter to the light, George read aloud: "'McKeever called at my office today . . .' That was the tenth of January, 1932, two days before McKeever was found dead, Barbara . . . 'and we talked the matter over. He seems to have made up his mind, but I think he may be amenable to pressure . . .' Now why would the mental state of a retired custodian of City Hall concern a prominent attorney like your uncle, a powerful district leader, and a member of the Board of Aldermen? 'Certainly he must be dealt with at once, or it will be too late. . . .' Those are strong words, Barbara."

"George, do you think it's conceivable that those men should confer to plan a murder?"

"I don't know," he said. "What did Jeff think?"

"I don't know what Jeff thought."

"Where did he get this letter, do you know that?"

"Yes. He was appointed administrator of Peter Niebach's estate, and he found that letter in the old man's strongbox. That's one thing I don't understand. Why didn't Mr. Niebach destroy the letter?"

"I don't get it, either," George said. "What else did Jeff find in the strongbox?"

"He didn't say. All he told me was that he had started investigating and that he had found out something. He wouldn't tell me what it was. He said to wait a day or two. He looked at me with a grin and said he had lighted a fuse and there would be an explosion in a day or so that would blow Humpty Dumpty to bits."

George folded the letter carefully and started to put it in his wallet. She put out her hand. "Let me have it, George. I'll burn it."

"Nothing doing, Barbara. This letter is important to your defense. It proves what your quarrel with Jeff was about."

"Don't be dramatic, George. I won't need any defense."

GEORGE slipped the letter into his wallet and put the wallet in his pocket. "Still, I don't get it," he said. "The obvious answer is that it has something to do with politics, but it seems to cross party lines, and January tenth was long past Election Day. It was—" He jumped to his feet. "That must be it! That's what Madigan meant."

"What must be what?"

"The year 1932!" George said. "The city investigation, of course! Tin boxes and padded pay rolls and plunder on the scale of the Spanish Main. I think Rudy McKeever must have known something. He must have been a prospective witness before the city investigation. You know, there were plenty of reports of intimidation of witnesses in those days."

"Now, be realistic, George," Barbara said. "You can't think those men sat around a table and plotted to *murder* a man!"

"The police think it's conceivable that you stabbed your cousin with a samurai sword," George said. "Barbara, did Dobbs explain this to Jeff?"

"George, I don't know. Anyhow Jeff said he'd found something else."

George said, "I think I see the picture now, or most of it. I think McKeever was a prospective witness before the city investigation and he had got his hands on some sort of proof. I think they killed him, but he had hidden the evidence somewhere. They never found it, but Jeff did. Whoever killed Jeff took the proof."

"But you see," Barbara said, "it wasn't Uncle Dobbs. All those other people are involved, if that's it."

"Two others," George said. "Joe Myles and Ed Leary. Oh, it really completes the picture. It's obvious now why Inspector Stranahan has been in a lather to pin it on you. Listen, Barbara, I think we should go directly to your uncle. If he's innocent himself, he should talk. If he's protecting someone, he's got to decide whom he's going to protect, that someone or his own niece. Unless, you see, it's *himself* he's protecting."

"He knows I don't need protection, George." She shook her head firmly. "Let's just forget it."

"Forget it? How can we forget it?

Anyhow, did it ever occur to you that there might be a harmless explanation of this letter? Dobbs should have his chance to explain." He hesitated. "Otherwise, I warn you, I'll take it to Lieutenant Madigan."

She gave him a quick glance. "All right, go ahead and talk to Uncle Dobbs."

George went down to the street. As the spring air touched his face he was aware of moisture and put his hand to his forehead. He was sweating, and his heart was pounding. He found a cab at the corner and returned to Number 268. Barbara was waiting in the vestibule and ran quickly down the steps to the open door. George gave the address of his apartment on Grove Street.

"This letter explains another thing too," he said. "It explains why Marcia Blaine offered me two hundred dollars a week."

"Marcia Blaine did what?"

George explained. "But she withdrew the offer," he added. "That's why I think the evidence has already been turned up by someone. It's probably been destroyed by now."

"I hope so."

George grinned. "You're the damnedest little chip I ever saw. Still floating upstream!" He took her hand. "You've got a lot of courage and I know that confidence of yours is partly a sham. I'd like to win a share of that loyalty of yours, Barbara."

She smiled. "You've earned it, George."

He kissed her again, but sensed the tension that was still there. It was a friendly, matter-of-fact kiss that left George with an empty feeling. She was remote again, the self-sure, unapproachable attorney.

The cab stopped in front of the building on Grove Street and he gave her the keys to his apartment. She slipped out of the cab without a word and dashed to the vestibule. George watched her out of sight and gave the driver the address of the lower Broadway building where Dobbs Padgett had his offices.

DOBBS PADGETT did not rise when George entered, but motioned to a red leather chair beside the desk. George sat down facing him.

"I've been pretty patient with reporters," the lawyer said pursing his small mouth so that his mustache gathered in a little tuft beneath his nose. "I'm beginning to run out of patience. I assure you that as soon as I hear from my niece the newspapers will be informed. As a matter of fact, I know where she is."

George nodded. "I was afraid she would call you."

"Yes, she called. She's staying with friends out of town," the lawyer said. "She will be produced at the proper time and in the proper place."

"You're not particularly concerned about your niece, are you, Mr. Padgett?"

"Why should I be? It's ridiculous to imply that she had any part in my nephew's death. They were on the best of terms."

"The police say she broke her engagement," George said.

The lawyer shrugged. "A lovers' spat, that's all it was." He frowned. "I'm a busy man. Was there anything else you wanted to know?"

"Yes," George said. "I came here to ask you why you called a conference with Ed Leary, Joe Myles and Peter Niebach on the tenth of January, 1932, to discuss Rudolph McKeever, the day before he was murdered."

Dobbs Padgett put his palms down on the desk as if it were a hot stove. They rested there gently; it could be tensely. He stared at George and said, "I *what?*"

"You called a conference to discuss McKeever."

"Young man, is this some sort of joke?"

George looked into astonished eyes. There was no pomposity in the lawyer's manner now. He seemed amazed. "You wrote a letter to Pete Niebach calling that conference," George said. "I have that letter. It bears your signature."

"Impossible!" Dobbs Padgett said. "I wrote no such letter. I held no such conference. What sort of fantasy is this? Let me see that letter."

George hesitated. "I don't have it with me. I can tell you what's in it."

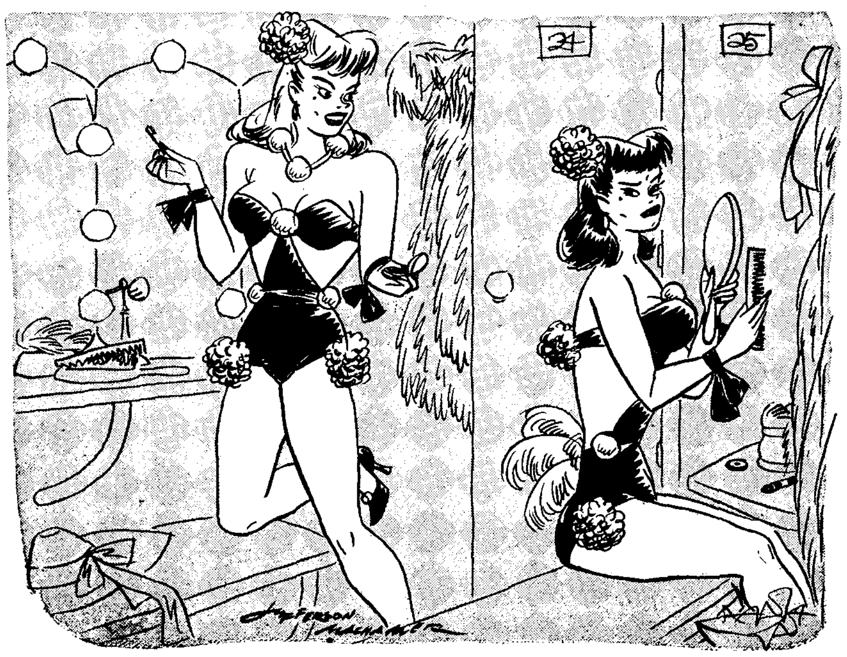
Padgett shook his head slowly. "All this is beyond me. I never even heard of Rudy McKeever until last week. You're away off the track, young man." He chuckled, then frowned. "But what's this about a letter? What does it say?"

George repeated the sense of the letter, and Dobbs Padgett heard him through attentively, then a smile came to his lips. "No harm in trying, of course," he said. "Naturally there is no such letter."

"Yes, there's such a letter," George said. "I have it."

The lawyer sucked his lower lip, murmured, "McKeever, McKeever." He leaned forward and pressed a button and said into the interoffice communication system: "Miss Benton, look through the file of old cases, will you? I think you'll find one with the name McKeever. Plaintiff in a case. Please bring me the file on it."

Dobbs snapped the button off. "I



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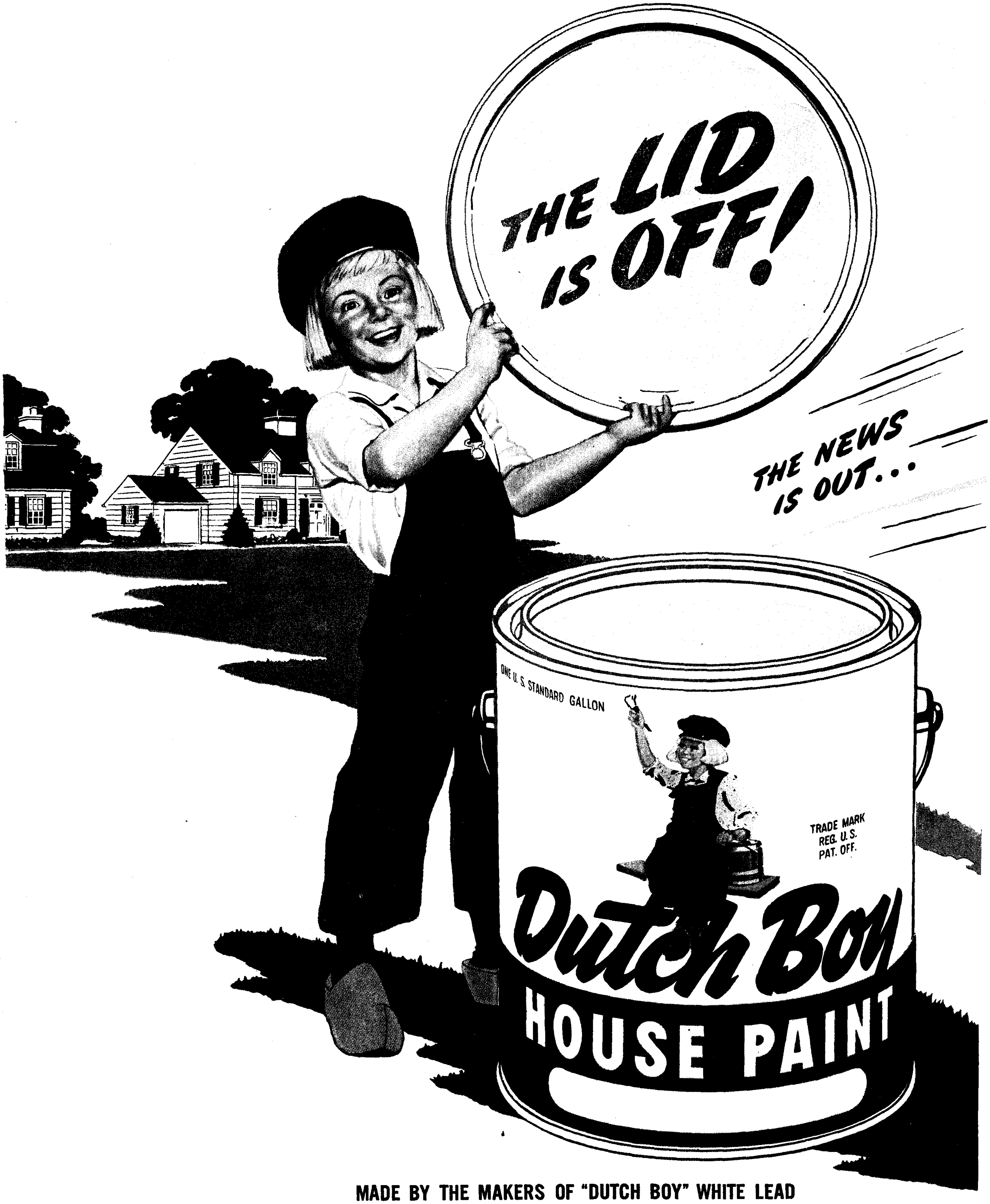
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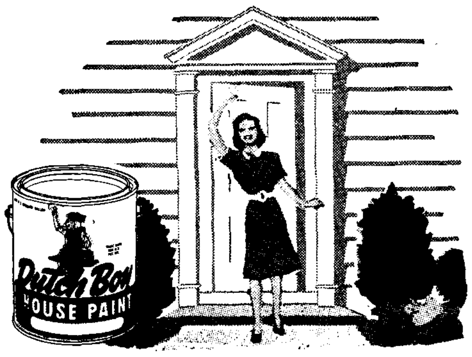

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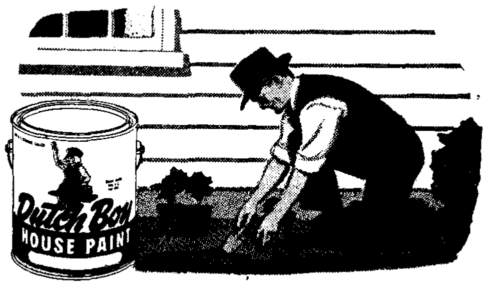

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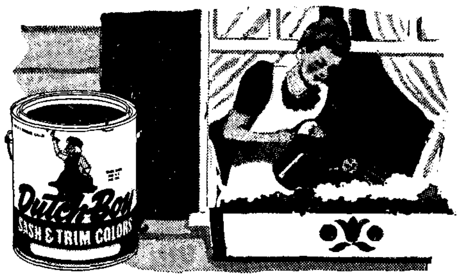

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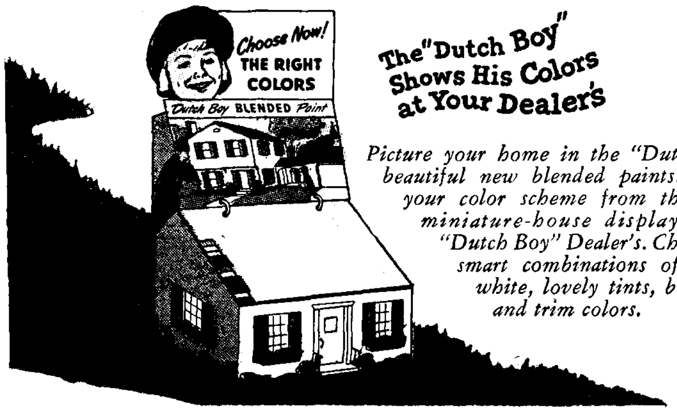

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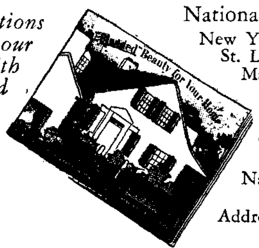
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think I can demonstrate what that was about," he said. "Although I have no recollection of such a letter. Have a cigar?"

"I'll take a cigarette, thanks," George said, and drew a pack from his pocket.

A girl entered carrying a folder and set it on the lawyer's desk. George saw the file listing: McKeever vs. Niebach.

"Ah, yes, here it is," Dobbs said. "An old lawsuit I had completely forgotten. The name is John McKeever. Yes, I remember the case. He sued Mr. Niebach for fifty thousand dollars and we settled out of court. You know, Pete was kind of a gay dog in those days, and he was a little too friendly with McKeever's wife. Here, take a look at the papers."

THE lawyer tossed a summons and complaint across the desk to George and went on talking as George glanced through them. "An alienation of affections suit," Dobbs said. "It wouldn't have done Pete any good politically, and he wanted to settle, but this fellow McKeever was mad. He wanted to spread it on the record. Naturally, we brought some pressure." Dobbs smiled and lighted his cigar. "The fellow was a contractor, doing a little city business, so we got hold of Ed Leary, and Ed read the riot act to him. Then we settled out of court. I think five thousand was what Pete paid."

George dropped the summons and complaint on the desk; a hasty reading had disclosed that it bore out what Dobbs Padgett had said.

"I don't remember writing Pete a letter, though," Dobbs said. "I don't see a carbon of it here in the file. Of course, a confidential matter like that, I would have kept it out of the file, I suppose." The lawyer smiled. "Just let me have that letter, will you? I don't want ambiguous communications like that one lying around."

George stood up. "Well, thank you, Mr. Padgett."

"You'll send me the letter?"

"I'll tear it up," George said.

The lawyer frowned. "Suppose you send it to me and let me tear it up."

"No," George said. "I think it's in the province of the police to tear it up, don't you?"

"Indeed I don't," Dobbs said. "It has no bearing at all. Did you give that letter to the police?"

"Not yet."

A peculiar gleam came into the lawyer's eyes, and he moved slowly around his desk toward George. "No," he said softly. "You won't show that letter to the police, Wright. You're trying to use that letter as a threat, to protect yourself, aren't you?"

"To protect myself? From what?"

"From a charge of murder!" Dobbs Padgett said. "You showed an astonishing interest in McKeever Place from the first, didn't you? You kept after my nephew to learn what he was investigating. But you shouldn't have killed him, Wright. You didn't get what you wanted and when it *does* turn up, it will convict you. So this story of a letter is an elaborate plan of defense, isn't it?"

"Are you crazy? Why should I kill Stover?"

Dobbs Padgett gave George a thin smile. "Would you like to explain to the police how that letter came into your hands?"

"It came to me," George began, and hesitated. "Through a friend."

Padgett's smile broadened. "Hadn't you better say through a *dead* friend?" he said. "You killed my nephew, Wright, but you didn't find what you were looking for, so you took that letter. I think you'd better make your explanations to the police." He put out his hand and snapped the button of the interoffice phone.

George was puzzled. He said quietly, "That suits me."

The lawyer snapped the button off again. "Unless, that is, you want to turn that letter over to me. I'm willing to make a deal. You give me the letter or I call the police. Which is it?"

George's eyes shone. "Let's call the police."

Eying George steadily, the lawyer hesitated. After a moment he shrugged. "I don't think either of us should act in the heat of the moment, Wright. Perhaps you did acquire that letter innocently. If so, this is the end of it. But if not, I'll see you convicted for the murder of my nephew. Think that over. I would suggest that you put that letter in an envelope and drop it in the mail. We'll forget the whole thing."

Quietly George said, "Mr. Padgett, I'm going to turn the letter over to the police. I've made up my mind to that."

He turned and walked out of the lawyer's office. Obviously the letter was not the innocent document Padgett had maintained it was, and George was now convinced that the court papers the lawyer showed him had been faked. They had probably been prepared, he thought, after Dobbs Padgett learned that the letter had come into Stover's hands. Padgett had tacitly admitted knowing that Stover had possession of the letter when he charged that George had murdered Stover and taken the letter. The lawyer's charge that George had killed Stover was puzzling. It showed that Padgett knew Stover had the letter in his possession, and it demonstrated the importance of the letter, but didn't it also demonstrate that Padgett was himself innocent?

In the lobby of the building he went to a telephone booth and called his apartment. There was no answer. Barbara, he thought, was probably sleeping.

HE WALKED slowly back up Broadway to City Hall, and the more he thought about it, the more puzzled he was. One thing was plain: Dobbs Padgett was covering up. George felt sure that if Dobbs Padgett had not himself killed Stover, at least he knew who the murderer was.

As he entered City Hall, George noticed that the door of the majority leader's office, at the other side of the rotunda, was open. He found Joe Myles inside, typing a letter with two fingers, a cigarette drooping from his mouth. Joe glanced up and said, "Come in, George."

"Joe," George said, "I'm going to give you a chance to explain it away, too."

"Explain what away?"

"Why you had a conference with certain other people, including Ed Leary, the day before McKeever died," George said. "Maybe it was even the same day."

Looking steadily at George, Joe got up from the typewriter. "Now look here, we always got along all right, George. We've bent an elbow together often enough. Put your cards on the table, will you?"

"It's a full house," George said, and took the letter from his wallet. "Here it is."

As Joe Myles skimmed through the letter his face turned pale. His eyes grew dark and the twist of his mouth became pronounced; he looked like a man about to snarl. He gave the letter back to George.

"They never called me in, George. I swear it. I was never at any such conference, and I never even heard of it. I don't know what it's all about."

"Okay, Joe. I believe you. There's an innocent explanation of this letter. I was just checking it. That's why I showed it to you."

The acting majority leader flushed. "What a friendly thought!"

"Ever hear of a contractor named John McKeever?"

Joe shot a quick glance at George. "Yes—the name sounds familiar."

"The name *should* sound familiar."

"Dammit," Joe said. "I mean *John* McKeever. He had an office on Thirty-ninth Street, didn't he?"

"I don't know."

"Big fellow with a red face, I think."

"Many thanks, Joe." George walked away. He was not convinced that Joe Myles had ever heard of John McKeever. His memory had responded with a little too much facility to the stimulus of Ed Leary's name in the letter. George was almost sure now that the papers Dobbs Padgett had shown him were faked.

In Room 9, he found Ray Martin with his hat and coat on. Ray shouted, "Damn you, George. One night I could have cleared out early, and you don't show up. The mayor left an hour ago. Got a couple of pretty fair stories for you here."

"Thanks, Ray," George said contritely. "I'm sorry I was held up." He pulled up a chair and took notes on what Ray told him. All the other reporters had gone except Tracy, who was dozing at his desk, the crumbs of a sandwich in crumpled wax paper at his elbow.

"Been sleuthing today?" Ray asked, as he folded his notes and put them back in his pocket. "Looking for that redhead?"

"No. I've been working on a hunch—a hunch that we'll find the motive for this murder back in the city investigation."

Ray raised his eyebrows. "George, prepare yourself. The girl did it."

"I don't think so."

Ray grinned, slapped George's shoulder, and went out. George stepped into a telephone booth and dialed his own apartment number. He heard prolonged ringing, but Barbara did not answer. Finally he hung up and approached Tracy. "Hey, Trace, wake up a minute."

Tracy opened his eyes.

"When you were at the Advocates Club luncheon Tuesday," George said, "you said you thought you saw Dobbs Padgett there."

Tracy nodded.

"But you don't know if he stayed to the end of the meeting?" George asked. "All through the speeches?"

"I never sit through the speeches myself, George. You know that." Tracy hesitated a moment. "Anyhow, I left there pretty early. I got a touch of indigestion after I ate those clams and I ducked out. I went over to the Municipal Bar and had a couple."

"You didn't mention that before," George said.

"I told Madigan," said Tracy. "Morton over at the bar fixed me a bicarb, and when I felt a little better I took two hookers of straight rye, and then I came on over. That's when I brought that note up to you in the Council."

"Thanks, Tracy." George looked up the number of the Advocates Club and returned to the telephone booth, watching Tracy through the glass as he waited for the connection. It was not because he was actually suspicious of Tracy that he made the call, he told himself, but after all it was a matter easily checked. He asked for the steward of the club and his question was: "What was your menu at the last regular Tuesday meeting? This is the police calling."

"Say," a voice said, "I gave the menu to one detective the other day. Why don't you people get together? Let's see. Clam cocktail, consommé, broiled chicken with . . ."

"Thank you." George hung up. Through the glass he saw Tracy on his feet, moving toward the corner. George smiled and opened the door of the booth. Tracy was at George's desk, holding his telephone. He said, "Call for you, George. A girl."

GEORGE dashed for the telephone. "Hello, Barbara?"

"Who's Barbara?" The voice was low, very feminine. "This is Marcia Blaine."

"Well," George said.

"I thought you were going to call *me* up."

"I did call you up," he said. "I got the amnesia treatment."

She laughed softly. "Why don't you come up here tonight, Sweetie, and talk to me about that? I mean I don't want you to go away mad. Will you come up?"

George did not hesitate. "Eight-thirty all right?"

"Any time at all," Marcia said.

As he hung up George glanced at the clock. It was half past five. What did the blonde want now? She was always turning up, only to lose herself again in the shadows of this case.

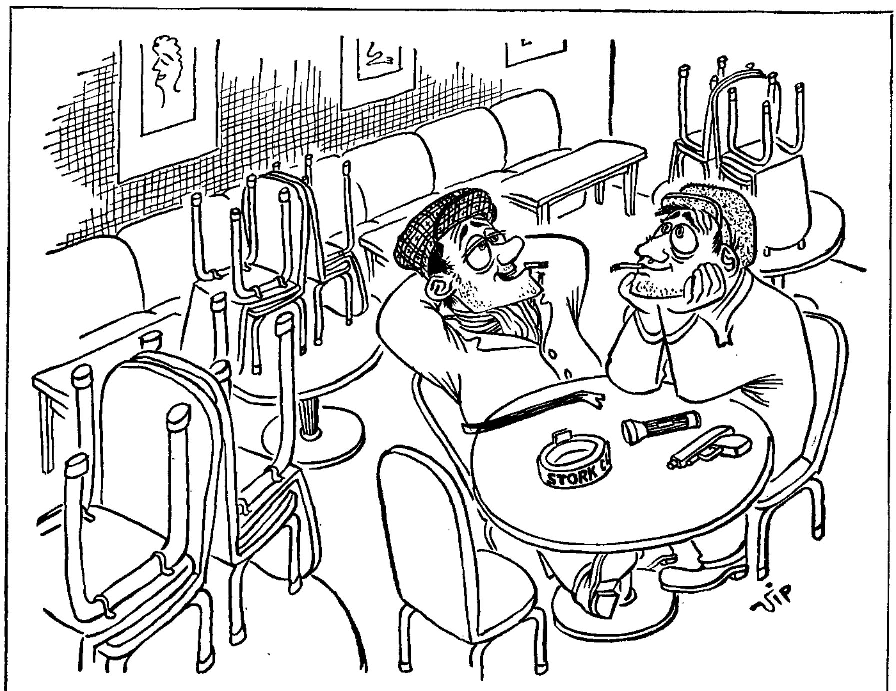
He took the subway uptown, planning to get rid of his stories as fast as possible, duck down to his apartment and carry in food to Barbara, and still have time to reach the Club Pigalle by half past eight. But when he got out of the elevator in the Record-Star building and started across the city room toward his desk, Brickell called his name.

"Heard the news, George?" Brickell asked. "The cops picked up your little friend, Miss Padgett."

George stiffened.

"You know where they picked her up? In your apartment!" Brickell straightened with a jerk and dropped his arms. "How come?"

(To be continued next week)



"You really have to be someone to get in this room, Maxie"

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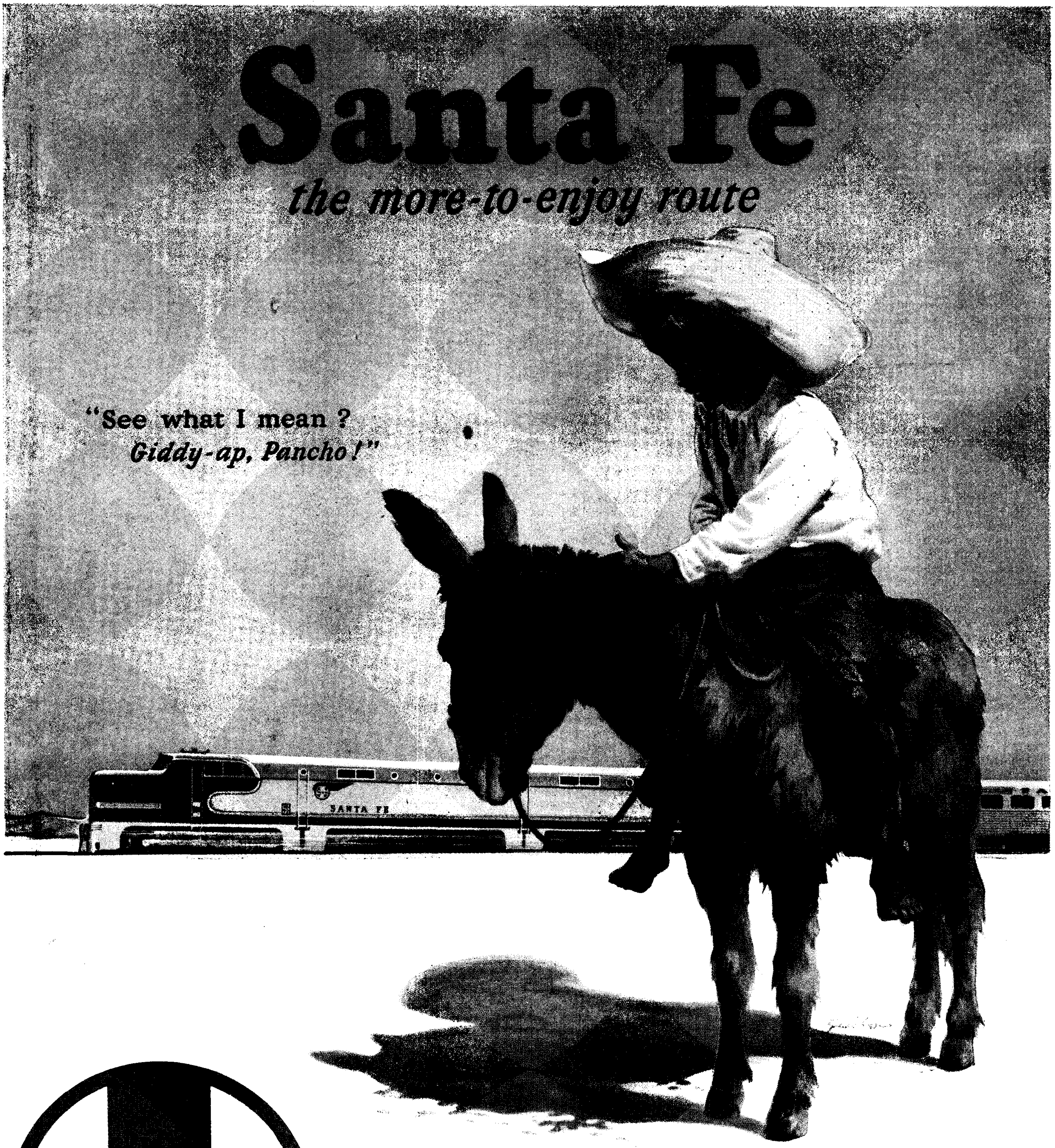
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WHITE VIOLETS

Continued from page 11

But he would understand, and she needed his quiet, strong understanding more than anything else in the world. But this was a struggle which she must settle for herself—without help from anyone, particularly Harley.

The curtains flared inward. She turned to see her mother hurry into the room, Gaynor behind her. They were all smiles. Mrs. Reid held in her arms, gently as if it were a baby, the bouquet.

"It's lovely, just lovely, Miss Andrea," cried Gaynor in a burst of great, Irish satisfaction. "I had to show it to all the caterer's staff. They every one said it was the nicest they ever saw."

Andrea clasped her hands before her, making no move to take the flowers. "It is beautiful," she agreed. "I wonder who will catch it."

"Let me think," Mrs. Reid said, "who really ought— But I'm forgetting! This isn't all the deliveryman brought. Gaynor, where is that box?"

The maid thrust forward a small, white carton. Andrea hardly glanced at it.

"Probably one of those brown orchids you love so much, dear," suggested her mother. "For you to wear on your traveling clothes. How nice!"

"Please put it in the refrigerator for me, Gaynor." Andrea pushed the box away.

"Do see what it is first, dear. I only said probably."

Obediently Andrea accepted the carton, slipped off the string and took away the lid. She could see, by the paleness showing through the flaps of waxed paper, that it wasn't a brown orchid. And suddenly she knew! With unsteady fingers she lifted the paper, revealing a bunch of white violets.

Every sound in the world stopped, until Mrs. Reid spoke in a hurried, firm voice: "Gaynor, go tell Mr. Reid not to forget to have that check ready. For the musicians, I mean."

A moment later mother and daughter were alone, staring at the violets.

Andrea felt entirely at the mercy of the box and its contents. Each drop of moisture on the waxy green paper, each snowy petal, each greenish white stamen—how intimately she knew them all! The hothouse odor scarcely crossed the threshold of her senses, yet made her feel faint. And she was afraid. Afraid of the small white envelope tucked in beside the nosegay. Her eyes filled with unshed tears as she looked into her mother's face.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Reid sighed. "What shall we do at this late date if that's the way things are with you, Andrea?"

"I don't know! I don't know! I'd almost forgotten, until this morning. And then, in a curious sort of way, he's been with me all day long." She put the carton down as if it were burning her hands.

Mrs. Reid played with her rings, a sign of emotion far deeper than her usual agitation. "There's a note, Andrea," she said sharply. "I suppose you should read it. I'll leave you for a few minutes." At the door she paused. "I wish I'd opened that box downstairs! I'd have burned it!"

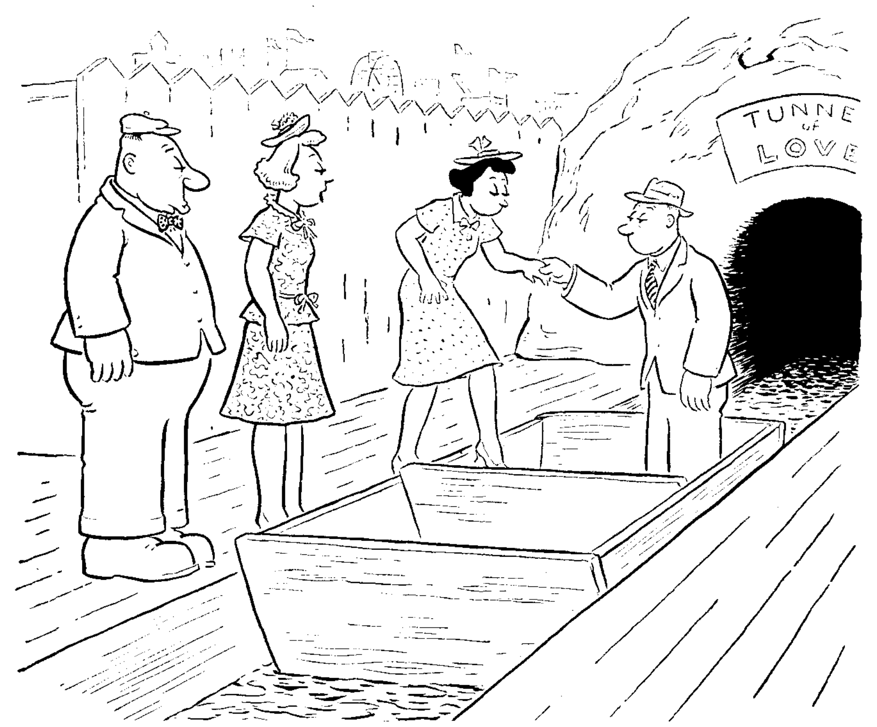
The familiar, sprawling hand on the envelope read, "Miss Andrea Reid." Andrea hesitated before opening it and, hesitating, she was lost. Her resistance crumpled, and for the first time she let herself remember. It was as if something powerful, bitter and sweet had touched her. She was no longer in the pastel room. It faded away, like finger writing washed out of sand at the water's edge. There was no such thing as Time. It receded with the wave, and all at once she was seventeen again, walking down a path, a path through the woods near the Maine shore. . . .

SHE took the path, unsuspecting. To her, that June morning, it was merely the short cut across the wooded spit of land that jutted into the bay and separated the Reids' summer home from the Ryersons'.

She hurried through a green and brown world damp from last night's rain, brightly dappled with the morning sun, glittering with thousands of drops of moisture. Already the reckless mood of summer was upon her. She was tempted to sprint through the woods and scramble down the bank to the Ryersons' landing, as she would have done only yesterday. But she did not. Huck, the springer spaniel, ran sedately ahead, making cautious excursions off the path and back again, as conscious of his twelve-year-old dignity as Andrea was conscious of—and

ALFRED

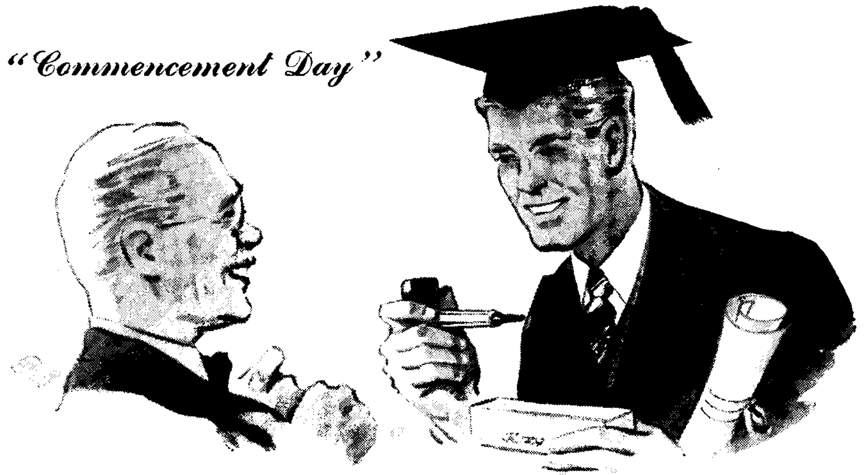
by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Alfred wants to know how we happen to be sure it always comes out again"

COLLIER'S

"Commencement Day"



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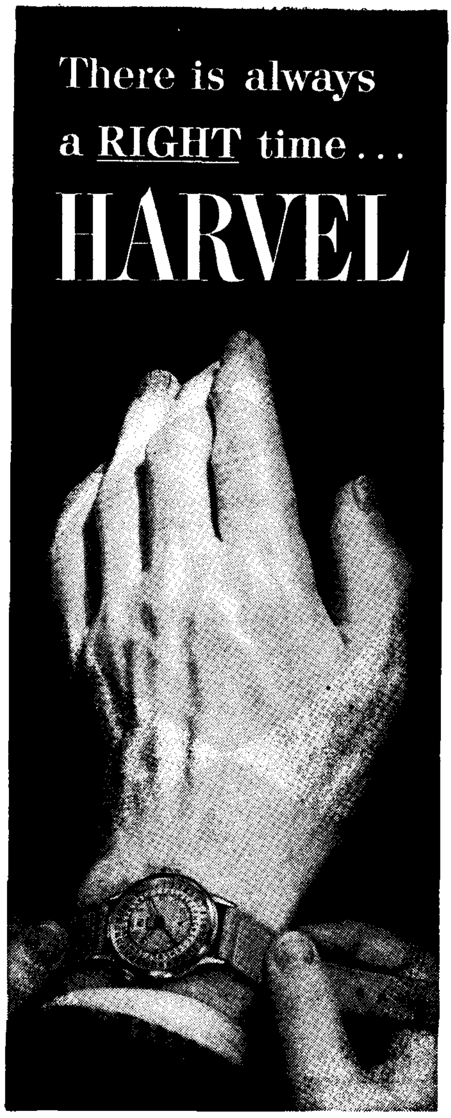

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often annoyed at—being a young lady.

She had wished for just this sort of first day. The family had arrived the night before in the driving rain to find that Gaynor and the other maid had the big house aired, clean, and in readiness. Now, after a late breakfast, she and the other children were scattered in search of their various friends.

From around a bend in the path she heard someone greet Huck, and an instant later she was astonished to see that the dog, long past the stage of making up to strangers, was joyfully allowing himself to be petted by a person she had never seen before.

The young man was sturdy and brown and slim and wet, and dressed only in black swimming trunks. As he made love to the dog in foolish, familiar jargon, water dripped from his hair.

From the corner of an eye the dog sighted Andrea and looked around, tongue lolling. The youth looked, too, and said, "Hello," as casually as though he had parted from her only half an hour before. But there was nothing casual in the way he straightened up, displaying the alertness with which all males responded to her beauty.

THE intent gaze of his blue eyes told her that at this moment she was the most beautiful creature alive. Ever since she had been growing up, boys' eyes had told her this, and she had been pleased but unaffected by the tribute. Now it disturbed her, for somehow she sensed that here was someone accustomed to exacting measure for measure.

"I'm sorry," he said when she did not reply. "Don't you want me to pet your dog?"

"Of course. But does he know you from last year?" She was probing her memory for some recollection of the long, handsome rawness of his face.

"No—I'm new here. This is our first summer."

"But Huck is never friendly with strangers!"

"He's given up the trial period for me. Seeing that I'm awfully fond of dogs."

"And swimming, too." Andrea glanced at his costume. "It's too early to go in that water."

"I know. I'm trying not to let you hear my teeth chatter. But I was bored, and there was nothing else to do."

She stared. She wasn't accustomed to young men who spoke of boredom. Their eyes met as they heard the shrill sound of a voice shouting Andrea's name. They turned and saw Edith Ryerson racing along the path toward them.

Andrea waved; the youth swore softly. "Look, I'll be running along," he said hurriedly. Too hurriedly.

"Goodby," she said. "Perhaps we'll meet you again."

"You will," he promised, giving Huck's eager muzzle one last, rough slap. He was around the bend in the path before Edith arrived, panting, to smother Andrea with questions and greetings. Edith took her arm and escorted her down to join the other girls, who were sun-bathing on the float.

On the way, Andrea asked about the boy.

"That was Norman Ryan," said Edith. "Isn't he marvelous-looking? But so stuck on himself. The Ryans have taken the Mills' house. Norman hasn't made much of an effort to be friendly."

But he had seemed friendly to Andrea. Throughout the excitement of the reunion she remembered his eyes and the humor of his mouth. She paid only surface attention to her companions and their bright, slangy chatter, being more absorbed in the familiar sensations which played over her. The touch of the cool, salt breeze and the warm sun. The glare through her closed eyelids when she lay back on the rocking float. The sharp, clean smell of paint which someone was mixing on a launch near by. She had returned to the life she loved—rising early on mornings like this, swimming, tennis, jaunts to town, and all the rest of the secure, lovely summers here. And occasionally her thoughts went back to the meeting on the path just now.

The next evening she saw the Ryan boy again, in the lobby of the movie theater. He didn't see her. He was buying tickets for a group which appeared to be his father, mother and two sisters, and it occurred to Andrea that something set them apart from the rest of the summer people. There was nothing unusual in their appearance, yet they seemed more colorful, more alive.

When her father arrived for his first week end and learned that the Ryans were there, he appeared to know all about them. They, too, were from Pennsylvania, he said—from a grimy little city in one of the thickly populated manufacturing sections of the state. Mr. Ryan was a machine politician, a man whose power extended far beyond the borders of his district.

Mr. Reid spoke of this at the dinner table, and to Andrea's surprise twelve-year-old Cynthia said that already she knew the Ryans intimately.

"Ruth and Anne Ryan do things that are simply super," she declared. "When I was over there we made beet and onion sandwiches. I never ate anything so good before."

"Beet and onion sandwiches!" cried Mrs. Reid. "Good heavens!"

"And," Cynthia rattled on, feeling that she had scored, "Mrs. Ryan says funny things that make you laugh. And I like Norman Ryan. He's very cross and tells me to keep quiet, but he's nice." . . .

The following afternoon Andrea met Norman Ryan a second time. She was walking home from a tennis lesson at the Lodge courts when she heard the protesting sound of a car being braked too quickly, and there he was, almost beside her at the wheel of a handsome convertible. Smiling, he reminded her of their previous meeting and offered to take her home. Andrea got in beside him, and they were off with a breath-taking rush of speed. She watched familiar landmarks flash past at an appalling rate, until she was forced to protest.

"This isn't fast," he assured her. "And besides, I'm a darned good driver." Nevertheless, he let the speedometer drop to forty-five. Relaxing, she took her eyes from the winding macadam ahead and guardedly examined the long, half-man, half-boy profile beside her. The wind whipped his red hair back from his forehead, giving him a winged look. He wore the usual white shirt, unpressed flannels and rubber-soled shoes.

"Now that we're properly introduced," he said, "may I drop around tonight if you haven't a date?"

"I haven't and you may—but you're driving too fast again."

That was the way it began, and she was surprised at how her heart played tunes inside of her.

IN a few days he had told her about himself. He was nineteen; had just finished his freshman year at Princeton; was an outstanding student; didn't know whether he would become a lawyer or try to get into the diplomatic service. Andrea was often baffled by the several sides of his nature. On one hand there were his force, his love of speed, his burning intensity. On the other, his self-sufficiency, his passion for books and reading, and his odd habit of quoting from what he had read. She was so opposite to him in her repose and her lack of any intellectual pretensions—and in the agreeable feeling that her life was woven into the lives of others, like a strand in a spider's web.

At first there were so many things to share, so much to discover. They swam, sailed, held hands in the movies, danced, talked by the hour, and sometimes were

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merely together—Norman with a book propped in front of him, while she wrote letters, or sun-bathed.

And there was a night when Norman took her to his house to hear old records which had been found in the attic, an evening when the low-hanging light in the game room cast a cool, glamorous light over the walls. They sat listening to a dated arrangement of Dream Lover, and Norman had asked her why she was wearing so much lipstick all of a sudden. Laughing at herself, she confessed that she had been experimenting with every lipstick she could find at home, painting her upper lip one shade, her lower lip another, obeying the dictates of a paragraph in one of the fashion magazines. Jeering at her vanity, Norman found a clean handkerchief and started wiping the vivid color from her lips.

"For you, better none than too much," he said. Then his smile ebbed away, and she knew he was going to kiss her. A little afraid, she bent her head, but when his mouth found hers she put her arms around his neck and neither of them moved for a long, long time. Unnoticed, Dream Lover drifted to its conclusion, scratched until the pickup bar hit the lever, and stopped. Norman was whispering, "I love you," over and over again into her hair, and Andrea didn't know why she was blinking back her tears.

AT THE breakfast table next morning Gaynor handed her a small cardboard box when she brought Andrea's fruit juice.

"Mr. Ryan called early and left this, Miss Andrea."

It was the first bunch of white violets. While her brothers and Cynthia teased, while Mrs. Reid fussed that she certainly had made a conquest, Andrea sat staring at the shadowy white flowers, thinking them the most exquisite she had ever seen. But when she noticed the address of the florist she felt a stab of dismay. Norman must have started at sunrise in order to drive sixty miles—and back—to find a flower so out of the ordinary. In her mind's eye she saw him taking hills and curves without slackening speed, and the picture momentarily spoiled her happiness.

In the days that followed she strove to hide the way she felt. It was for her too stormlike, too unreasonable, too—she knew no other way to express it—unlike herself. When she told this to Norman he said it was the way she should feel, and though she disagreed she accepted it for the time being, a trifle in awe of it. For there was something about him which she had merely glimpsed and not identified, something which frightened her a little.

She felt this even before Edith Ryerson told her about seeing Norman late one night at a small roadhouse many miles away. "He didn't see us. We were sitting in the car outside, and saw him through a window," said Edith. "I was surprised when I saw the girl with him. She lives in that section called the Corners. Her name is Ellen Maxie, and she's supposed to be pretty wild. You'd know her in a minute. You've seen her a thousand times in town."

Edith described her, and Andrea recalled the vivid, rather foreign-looking girl whose expression suggested a wisdom far beyond her years. She told herself that Edith had mistaken someone else for Norman. She said nothing to him about it, and when they were together she couldn't believe the story.

She dismissed it after a few days, but one evening on an errand in the village with Norman she learned it was true. The night was foggy and cool, and the youngsters who usually loitered around the drugstore entrance were inside, crowding the place. Andrea, looking around for anyone she knew, saw Ellen Maxie just turning away from the pharmacist's counter. From her look of recognition, Andrea realized she was about to speak to Norman, but he turned quickly toward the magazine racks, casually pointing out the new issue of a favorite magazine.

Andrea saw Ellen Maxie's expression change to one of angry embarrassment. A moment later when they continued to the counter to call for Mrs. Ryan's prescription, the girl had left. While they waited for the package, Andrea was thinking. She knew that Norman had seen Ellen and avoided her purposely, so there was no use telling herself any longer that Edith had been mistaken. If Norman was dating another girl, that was his business. She realized she was jealous, yet it was another aspect of

NEXT WEEK—ANOTHER COLLIER'S FIRST

When I told him polls were showing the Senate so evenly divided that Garner might have to cast the deciding vote, he snapped, "Let him do it!" I counseled that he must consider the possibility that the party would be split beyond repair, which provoked the surprising declaration: "And good riddance, too." At one point he looked out of the window and said, almost to himself, "This comes from telling them I would not be a candidate again."—From the first of a series of articles by James A. Farley entitled, WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT.

•

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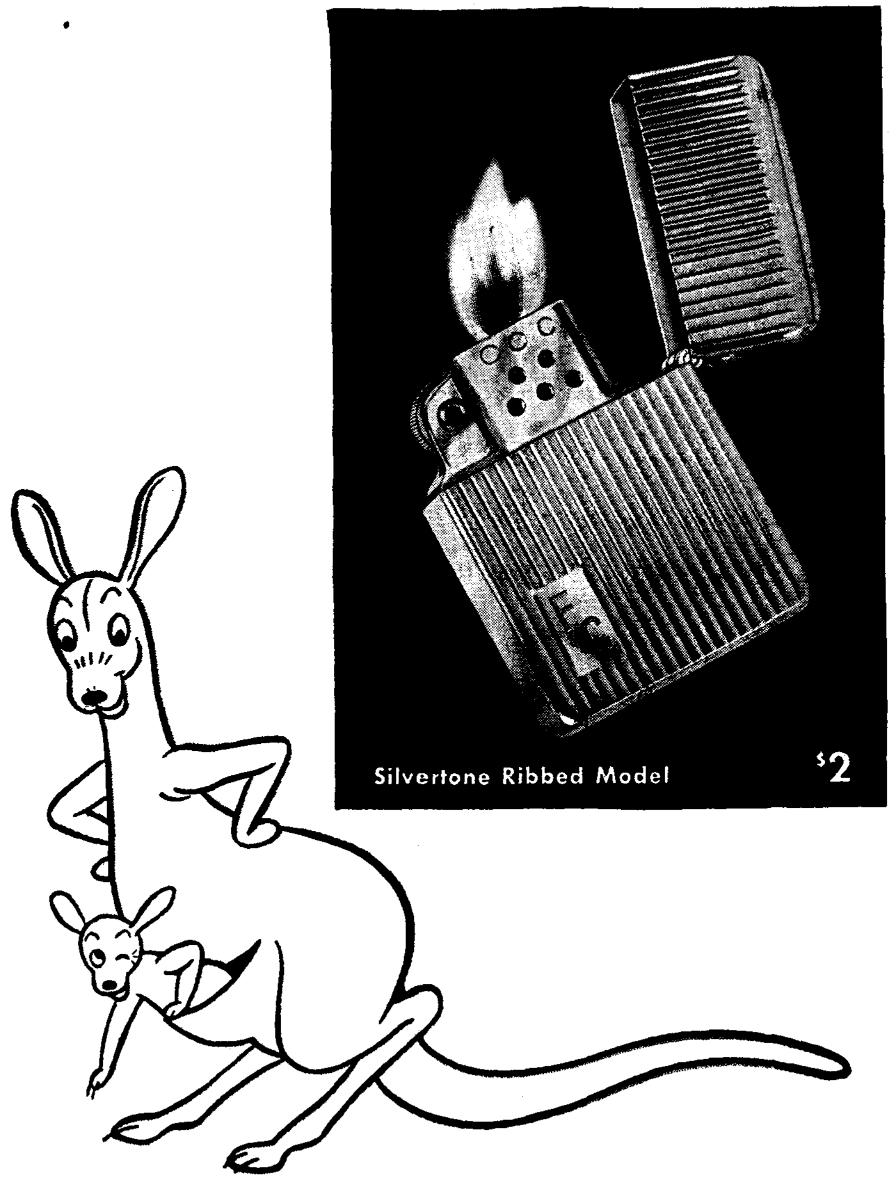

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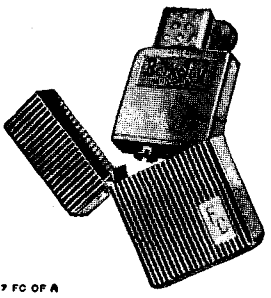

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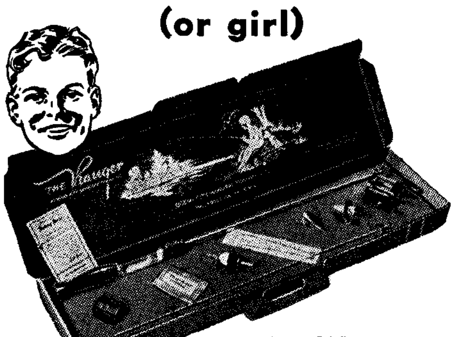

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the incident which really disturbed her.

On the way home she asked, "Why did you go out of your way *not* to speak to Ellen Maxie back there in the drugstore?"

"What do you know about Ellen?" he countered. There wasn't a flicker of surprise in his voice.

"Nothing, except that Edith told me she'd seen you with her at some roadhouse. And you pretended not to recognize her."

"She's not important. Besides, I was with you, Andrea."

"That doesn't mean you should snub her."

"All right, then. To tell you the truth, I didn't want you to know I had anything to do with her. I met her in that little dive just the other side of the Corners one night when I stopped for gas. She's sort of—well, she's not stuffy and refined like everybody else around here. A couple of times when the quiet got me down, I've taken her out."

"I didn't know you felt like that about this place, Norman."

"Oh, you're so crazy about your Maine, Maine, Maine, that you wouldn't understand how much it bores me once in a while," he said, laughing. "Anyway, I won't see her again."

"I imagine that after tonight she'll take care that you don't," said Andrea doggedly. "You deliberately snubbed that girl. If she's good enough to be a friend of yours at other times, she's good enough for you to speak to no matter whom you're with."

"Don't be a goose, Andrea!" He had suddenly stopped laughing. "If you're jealous why don't you say so, instead of pretending to be so noble. She doesn't matter to me, if that's what you want to know."

"Even if I'm jealous, what I said still holds true," said Andrea hotly. "But you just don't understand. It doesn't mean anything to you. Sometimes I don't know what to think about you, Norman. Maybe it'll be better if we don't see each other any more." The car was stopping in the Reid drive.

"Okay, if that's the way you want it," he snapped, as she opened the door and stepped out. "But you're acting like a fool!"

Standing beside the car, she started to say something else. Then she thought: What's the use? "Good night," she murmured. He started the car and a moment later it roared into the highway.

Once during the long hours which followed, she thought she heard the horn of Norman's car in the distant night, sounding miles away, across the water. He's out racing over those black roads, she thought. It was a long time before she slept.

SHE was roused in the morning by Cynthia, a solemn look on her freckled face. She sat on the edge of the bed, whispering, "Andrea! Andrea! Wake up!"

"What is it, Cyn?" Andrea sat up, frightened by the whiteness around the child's mouth. "What's happened?"

"I went over to see Ruth and Anne. We were going to play tennis early, but— It's Norman! He got swiped by a truck last night. The car turned over. He's in the hospital." Cynthia burst into a low, sibilant wail. "I guess he's going to die, Andrea!"

"He can't die! He can't!" she whispered, fighting back terrible pictures which flashed into her imagination.

She dressed quickly, while Cynthia went down and bullied the driver of the market truck into taking them to town. Inside the little hospital, the first person Andrea saw was Mrs. Ryan, who told her that Norman was considerably bruised and cut, his left wrist was broken, and several stitches had been taken in his forehead. He was asleep now, but Andrea was allowed to go into the room with him, while Mrs. Ryan went home to rest.

Andrea tiptoed to Norman's bedside and looked down at him. Below the bandage his face was puffy and discolored, as if she were seeing it through the bottom of a drinking glass. He slept without moving, the sleep of utter devastation. She sat in a hard, straight chair and waited, letting the feeling of relief that he was all right catch up with her. Nagging at her was the thought that the blame for the accident was really hers, though she knew there was no reasonable basis for it. The fault lay elsewhere. Why did they so often react upon each other in ways so contrary to what she wanted?

In spite of the closed blinds, the room grew bright with the morning sun. At last Norman opened his eyes. His gaze wandered over the ceiling before he turned and saw her.

He gave her an aching, penitent smile. "I didn't do it on purpose," he said. "Are you still my girl?"

She was still his girl, and once more everything was right between them.

IN a few days he was home from the hospital, and Andrea was with him every possible minute. When the shock wore off, inactivity no longer suited Norman, but his wrist was an irritating handicap. Andrea read Alice in Wonderland to him, took him sailing, accompanied him on long walks, and once—for a change—she planned a picnic to Indian Island.

One sunny morning they took the ten-thirty boat, which stopped at several landings en route to the island, where there were a number of summer homes situated on the rolling elevations of the land. There they followed a path around the plateau, high above the water.

"We aren't supposed to picnic, because it's all private property," explained Andrea. "That's why I brought the lunch in a paper bag, so it'll look as if I'm carrying groceries from the store."

They met few people. Several houses were already closed for the season, and they reminded Andrea that there was autumn in the night air. But the sunshine and the warm stillness meant that at least a scrap of summer remained. She felt a wistful sadness at the thought of its ending.

They left the path at the highest point on the seaward side.

"There's a place down here where our nurse brought us when we were small," said Andrea. "It was safe enough for us to run about while she kept an eye on us. There's a wonderful view."

Norman proceeded warily because of his wrist as they scrambled down the steep, grassy bank, walked along a ledge where a granite wall sloped upward on one side and fell away to the water on the other, and reached a hidden clearing about twenty feet square. Overhead, bluish fir bushes hovered upon the rock. On the left other islands were scattered out toward the Atlantic, and on the right was the mainland. Norman stood at the edge, looking about.

"It's a room with a view," he said in satisfaction. "And y' know, I'm tired. Done in."

He sat down carefully, half in the shade of a scrubby bush. Andrea watched a sail on the horizon, then followed the progress of a fishing boat which chugged beneath them with a loud, gaspy breath. When she said something about lunch, Norman grunted in reply. She looked around to find him stretched out and almost asleep. His face relaxed, and he shifted his position to rest his head on the crook of his upflung right arm.

There was no use denying it, she thought with a rush of yearning. She loved him more than anyone else in the world. Here in this peaceful, hidden place she was surprised at her past stormy feelings. Now the sweep and danger seemed far behind. She hoped they were gone forever.

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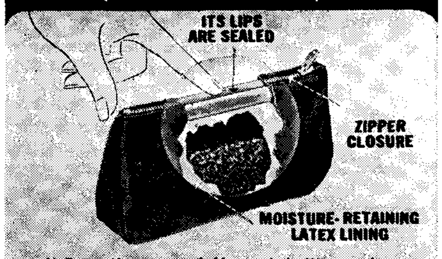

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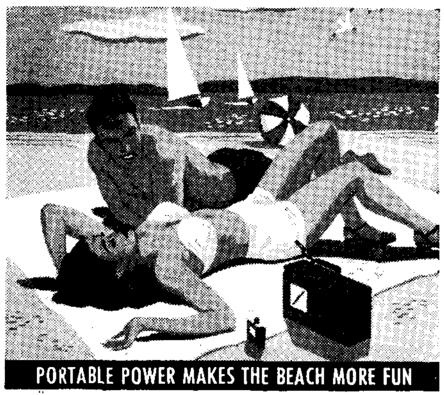

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she glanced at the sleeping figure beside her, admiring the long, clean lines of Norman's body, enjoying the colors which the sun lent his hair. Sleep gave his lean, dramatic face a touching innocence. Sometimes she watched whatever was moving in the seascape before her—a lad collecting lobsters from his lobster pots, children who looked no larger than mites on a float across the bay, a gull swooping below over the water.

When the sun was past its height Norman woke as smoothly and quickly as he had fallen asleep. He reached lazily for her hand, took it and kissed the palm.

"I'm a pig," he apologized. "Been waiting long? I hope you haven't made off with the food."

"I was about to," she laughed.

Gaynor had made up a lunch of chicken sandwiches and potato salad, celery and olives, plums and cake, plus a small vacuum of coffee, black and unsweetened. Ordinarily Andrea did not like it that way, but the strong taste was just right for a picnic. They ate eagerly, hungrily.

"Wonderful lunch," sighed Norman at the end, heaving a plum pit over the edge. He watched silently while Andrea stuffed wax papers and vacuum back into the paper sack. Then she came and sat beside him, her full cotton skirt spread over the grass, her long golden legs stretched before her.

"It's a lovely feeling I have now," she said, unconscious of using Gaynor's phrasing. "You know. Very unselfish, and wanting to do something for my fellow man."

"I don't hate anyone myself." From the tone of his voice she could tell that he had caught her mood. "You know," he added musingly, his eye on something far away beyond the horizon, "I read somewhere—I don't recall who said it, but it describes how I feel right now. It was to the effect that few things in life are the way we want them, but the occasional moment of beauty makes everything right and worth while. This is one of those moments—for me."

"For me, too," she whispered.

THE sound of voices attracted their attention, and they looked to find the source. Two small boats were moving across the bay, three children in the white one, two in the blue. The youngsters were a quarter of a mile away, rowing toward the opposite shore. Yet, through the clear, candescent air the two on the island heard every word the children uttered. It was unworldly to be so remote in space, eavesdropping upon the shrill, serious conversation of the boating party. It was a climax to the enchantment of the summer. Suddenly everything was so simple, crystal clear.

Norman turned toward Andrea, a curious awareness in his eyes. "If everything in the whole wide world had to stop and stand still forever," he said huskily, "I'd want it to stop now."

He lay back, staring into the depths of the sky. When Andrea twisted about to look into his face, he reached up and pulled her down upon him.

"Maybe I've said all this before," he whispered, "but—I adore you." They both were trembling, and she let him kiss her.

Her long, sun-bleached mane of hair hung free. It fell around his head, making a little twilight world between them when she pulled away, opening her quiet brown eyes a mere inch away from his stormy blue ones.

"I love you," she whispered, her lips almost brushing his. Her breath played upon his mouth and in his nostrils. "I'm terribly happy—and a little afraid," she confessed. She put her cheek against his, breathing in the smell of the tickling grass.

"Afraid of what? Of us?"

"Yes."

"I want you so much," he said in a strangled voice.

"I know."

"Marry me, angel. We'll have to get your folks' consent, but it will be all right with mine. They think you're wonderful, too."

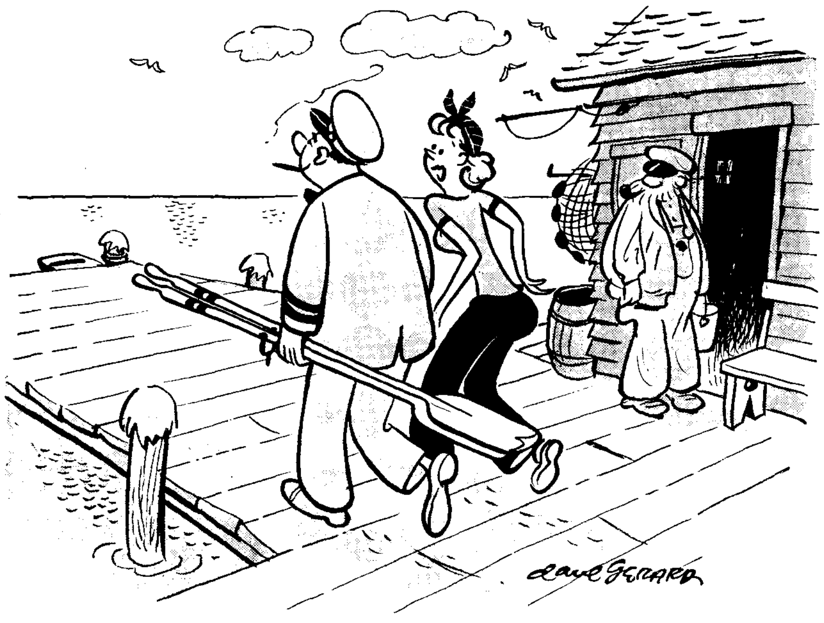
Andrea clutched a handful of grass and hung on very tightly. She shook her head gently, pulling away until his features became his face.

"I'm not very wise, Norman," she said. "But I know some rather important things, maybe just by instinct. I know that I'm still rather a child. Perhaps you're grown up and know exactly what you want to do. I don't."

Words! All words! Merely a cover for panic. For she wanted to say *yes*, though now she again remembered all she never understood in him—his love of change, whether it meant another activity, another scene, another girl—how quickly he used up whatever was at hand and then was impatient for what came next, acknowledging no obligations. These things had led to the quarrel, but the accident had caused her to forget them. Now she knew they were still there. Dangerous, lying in wait.

Norman said, "That's not true, Andrea. You're only saying what you think is sensible. But people do marry young, and stay happily married. My folks will support us until I'm through. Dad has plenty of money."

"Yes, I know. But even if my parents



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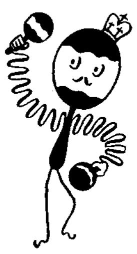

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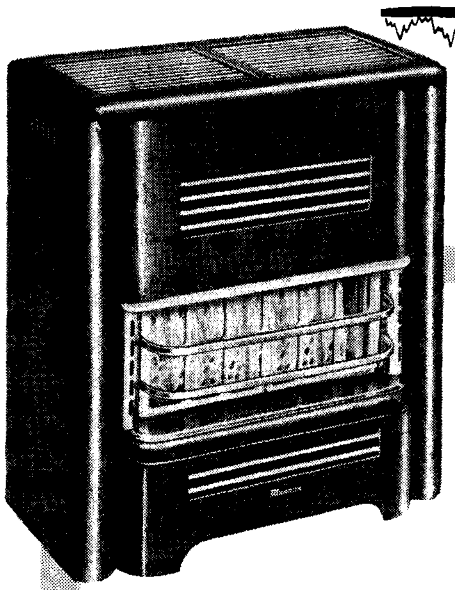
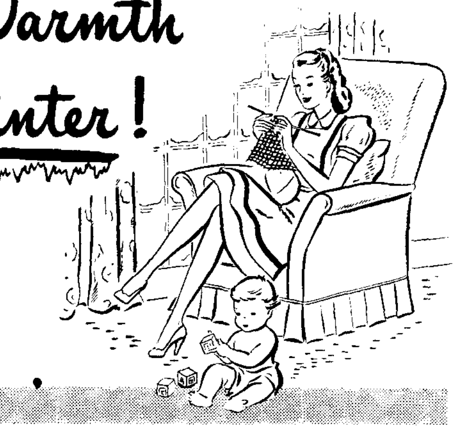

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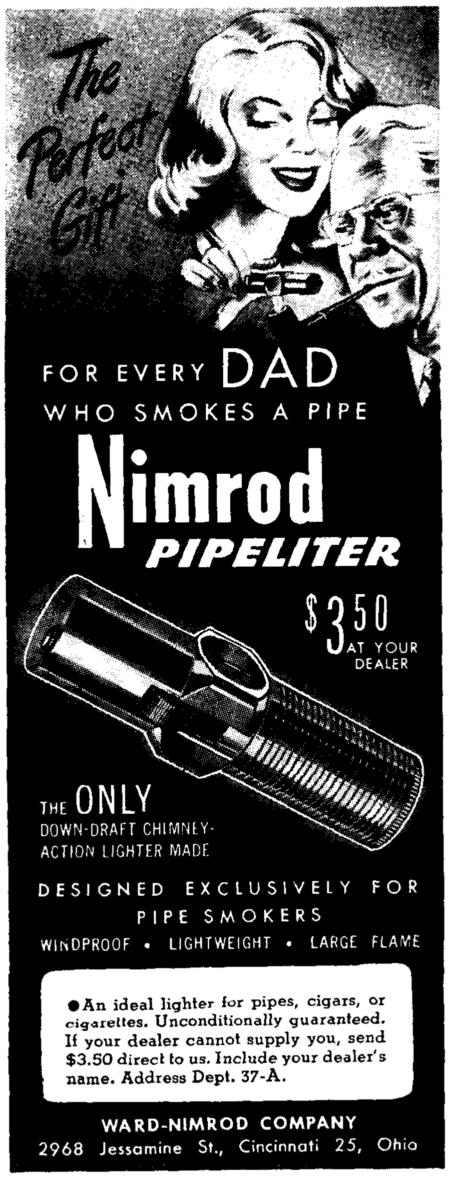

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let me, I wouldn't marry you now. I wouldn't marry you until I felt sure of myself—and you. How do you know that this is what you really want? You go from one thing to another so quickly—" There would always be women, too, she thought. He had come back to her this time, but would the time come when he wouldn't return to her?

"You're wrong, all wrong," he protested. "You'll see how wrong you are about me, Andrea."

"I hope so." A shadow had crossed their afternoon, and she wanted to erase it. She kissed him again, to recapture the simplicity, and silence, of an hour ago. But it was useless.

"I shouldn't have done that," she sighed after a minute. She moved away from him and propped her head in her hands, smiling tremulously at him.

"You're talking like a beautiful fool," he murmured. "You want me, too," he said in a soundless voice, not as loud as a whisper.

"Yes."

"And you're in love with me."

"Yes." In spite of herself.

"But you won't marry me?"

"No. Not now. Not until I know." She wondered how she could sound so determined.

"That leaves just one thing more to say, Andrea."

"Don't!" she protested, shaking her head.

"Why?" he demanded violently. He sat up quickly, careless of his wrist, to bring his face close to hers. "Why? We're meant for each other. You'll marry me in a year or two, when you've got these notions out of your lovely head. We'll wait to be married until a time that everyone thinks fit and proper. But that doesn't keep us from needing each other now."

She shook her head again.

"Why?"

"I haven't a reason," she said unsteadily. "I'm crazy, I guess. But—it would be something that I'd have to hide. And then I'd hate us—and you."

He watched her in silence for a long interval. "Let's go back," he said shortly, starting to get to his feet.

"A few minutes more," she asked, putting a detaining hand on his arm. She didn't want to give up the afternoon just yet. They spoke no more, watching the subtly changing view, while a chill crept into the air. There was a stiff shyness between them when they rose to take one last look around. The oblique rays of the sun glittered on the peaks of the waves, making the water look rough and cold, and the air was filled with sound. Everything was suddenly brittle and crisp. Andrea, running a comb through her hair, became aware that Norman no longer squinted at the cruiser coming in from the horizon, and when she turned to meet his gaze, what she saw there made her leave the comb hanging in her hair and throw her arms around him.

BUT in the few remaining days they grew apart. Too much had happened to allow them to return to their old footing, and the summer ended in what was almost a truce. For though she might want to go against her nature, she could not. She was serene and untroubled, tender and lovely, and whatever else appeared was only momentary. A few weeks later she was a freshman in the select junior college which her mother also had attended, and none of the other girls guessed the sadness, the emptiness, which she was hiding. No one could tell that she lay wide-eyed in the night, fighting the urge to remember.

What if he comes to Maine again this summer? she thought in the spring, hoping he would, hoping he wouldn't. But the Mills family was back in their home, and the peculiar blare of Norman's horn did not sound in the cool, damp nights. He had taken his fill of the country, and she alone had not been enough to bring him back. Andrea smiled into the faces of young men who seemed strangers.

Life was just beginning for her, people said admiringly, not knowing that often she felt that all the flavor was gone, that she was tired of this place where she had always been happy before, that the summer was flat, stale, lacking.

She was in love with this young man, that young man! She had forgotten Norman—but once she saw his picture in a Philadelphia paper, and saved the clipping. And once she met him face to face, and the ground disappeared from under her feet.

She had come to New York to shop with her mother. On Saturday they did the stores, snatched a bite of lunch, did more stores. Footsore and triumphant they ate a lavish tea, and two hours later, after bathing and dressing at the hotel, they hurried through dinner before rushing to the Met to hear Parsifal. During the first act Andrea felt languor creeping over her. Too much walking, too much food, she thought, as she struggled outside for a breath of air at intermission. Her mother went back after a minute, but Andrea remained. The house lights were dimming at the end of the second-act overture when she started to her seat. And all at once she was face to face with Norman.

HE WAS as startled as she. For a moment they stared at each other in the gloom. Simultaneously they began to speak, only to be "ssh-h-ed" by standees.

"Come on. We'll talk in the lounge," Norman whispered.

"Wait there. I'll have to tell Mother," Andrea said, and hurried down the aisle to her seat. Hesitating, she watched the stage, then whispered to her mother that she was going outside.

Norman was pacing up and down in a corner of the lounge, smoking a cigarette. He wore dinner clothes, and in the muzzy light he appeared to be the only distinct, definite form in the place.

"What are you doing in New York?" she asked him.

"I quit Princeton. There wasn't any point to it. I wanted to get out and do something, so Dad got me into an advertising agency here through one of his friends. Doing pretty well, too."

"But what about the other things you wanted to do?"

"I guess I was pretty impractical, wasn't I?" he laughed, and for a moment she felt an old uneasiness about him. Then he said abruptly, "It's no good to try and catch up on each other, Andrea. We're still in love. That's what we keep coming back to. I don't care why you stopped writing. I can guess. I thought you ought to have time to think. And I knew we'd see each other again—like this."

"Did you, Norman? I didn't."

"I'm a fatalist sometimes. You hadn't forgotten me. I could tell the minute I saw your face."

"No, I haven't forgotten. I tried, and sometimes succeeded. But because I think of you doesn't mean I'm still in love with you."

He laughed, and she remembered his headlong strength. "But you easily could be, Andrea."

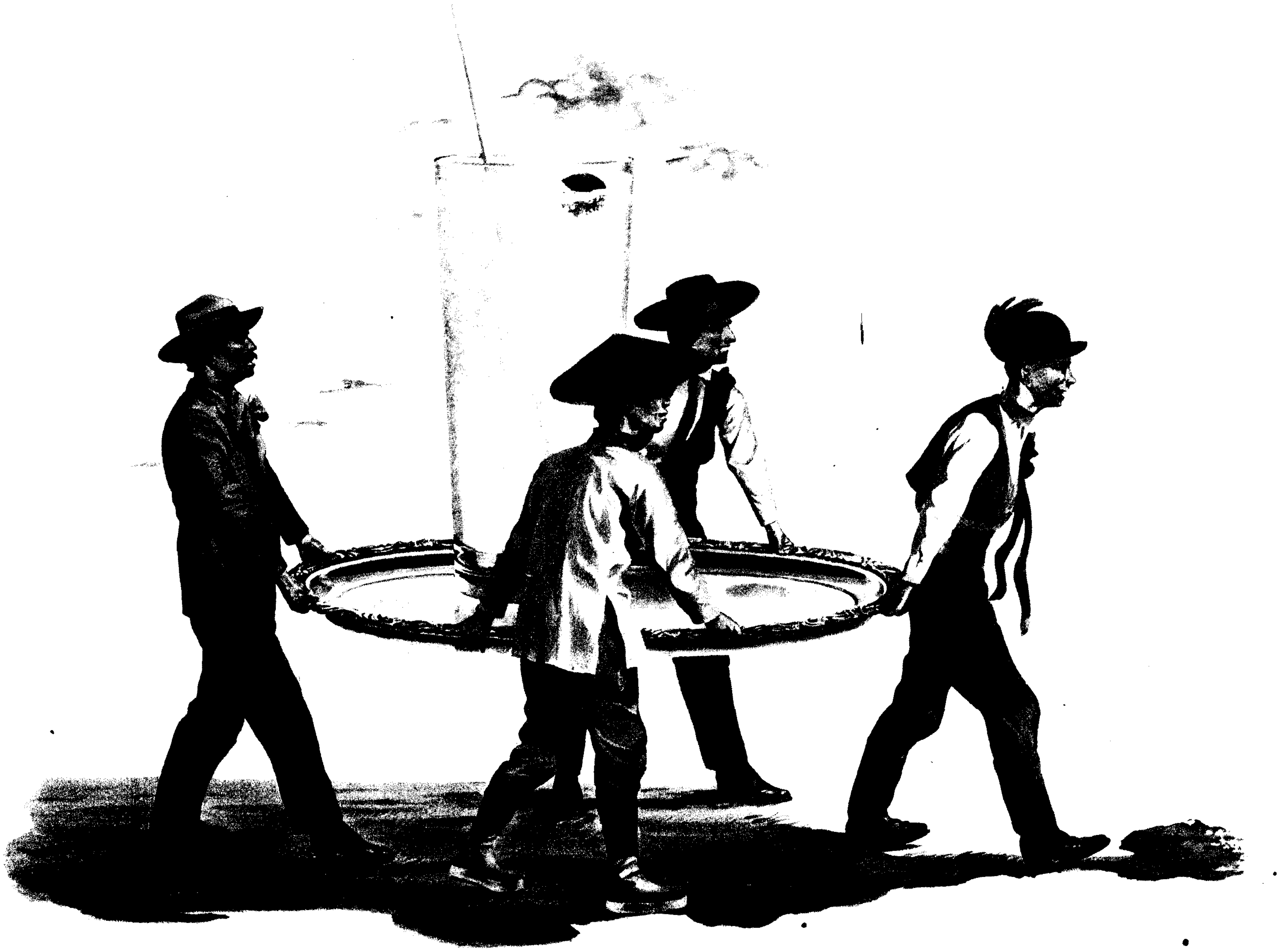
"It's all wrong," she cried. "Yes! Yes, I could be. But I wouldn't be happy. What you love in me is everything the opposite of yourself, and you'd end by destroying it. That's what I tried to tell you before, but then it was all confused in my mind. I like you better than anyone else I've ever known, but it's no use."

"You still feel like that!" he exclaimed. "You'll learn that you're wrong, Andrea."

"Let's not fight. I must go. Mother will be worried."

"Can't I see you again? Later? Or tomorrow?"

She knew she shouldn't, yet she made a date with him for the next evening. He



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would call for her at the hotel after dinner. Unsteadily, she left him and went upstairs to her seat. Just before the end of the opera Mrs. Reid discovered her crying, softly and silently, with perfect self-possession. Nerves, Andrea explained, but when the hotel florist delivered a bunch of white violets to the room on Sunday morning, Mrs. Reid guessed that she had seen Norman.

Sunday night when she was dressing for dinner, the phone rang. He was calling to break their date. He sounded genuinely distressed about the client who had unexpectedly come to town and wanted to see him that evening. She felt that he was telling the truth, yet there was the ghost of a suspicion that it might not be a client. Sadly, she saw again what a future with Norman would mean—never being sure of him. He was not for her, she knew. Yet why must she struggle against the memory of that summer and that one, almost perfect day?

Remember! Ah, how well she remembered. And how she had tried to forget! *It had been so difficult—the effort not* to recall that strange and wonderful summer, its climax on the island, their chance meeting at the Met. She would catch her mind in the forbidden areas of the past and force it to think of other things. The struggle had held her to Norman with invisible strands, stronger than ropes or cables. She always felt that it was something unfinished. No one else was ever so vital to her—until Harley.

SHE looked at the envelope in her hand. With sudden resolution, she ripped open the flap, slipped out the card and read the lines written there.

The faraway look returned.

She stood in the center of the room, here where the minutes were ticking away, where her grandmother's jewelry lay pushed into neglected heaps, where the wedding dress lay across the sculptured counterpane waiting for life and movement. The ceremony was about to begin, and yet there was all the time in the world to remember. How foolish she had been to try to do otherwise!

She took the violets from their box, letting her fingers brush the moist petals. She smiled at them. At last she was sure of what she must do. Her mother came into the room quietly, so unlike her usual breathless entrances. When Andrea looked up, their glances crossed—one tender and remote, the other anxious and contained.

Andrea turned to the dressing table. She poked among the jewelry for a minute, selected a small ruby and diamond ring, slipped it on a length of ribbon and tied it around her neck.

"Please get Gaynor, Mother," she said. "We'll need her."

In a few minutes she was dressed. The room filled with bridesmaids and the servants who had come to inspect her. Andrea stood smiling and quiescent until her father hurried in to say that the ceremony was already five minutes late. He sent Mrs. Reid to take her place in the audience. The attendants rustled down the stairs, and Andrea took her father's arm.

"Are you all right?" he inquired.

She nodded. Then abruptly she stopped in the doorway as if she had just thought of something. "My bouquet! Where is it?" she demanded.

"Downstairs, of course, Miss," said Gaynor from behind. "The flowers'll be handed you on the terrace."

"*Get them, please! I* won't go down without them."

As Gaynor scurried down the stairs her father asked, "What kind of a whim is this?"

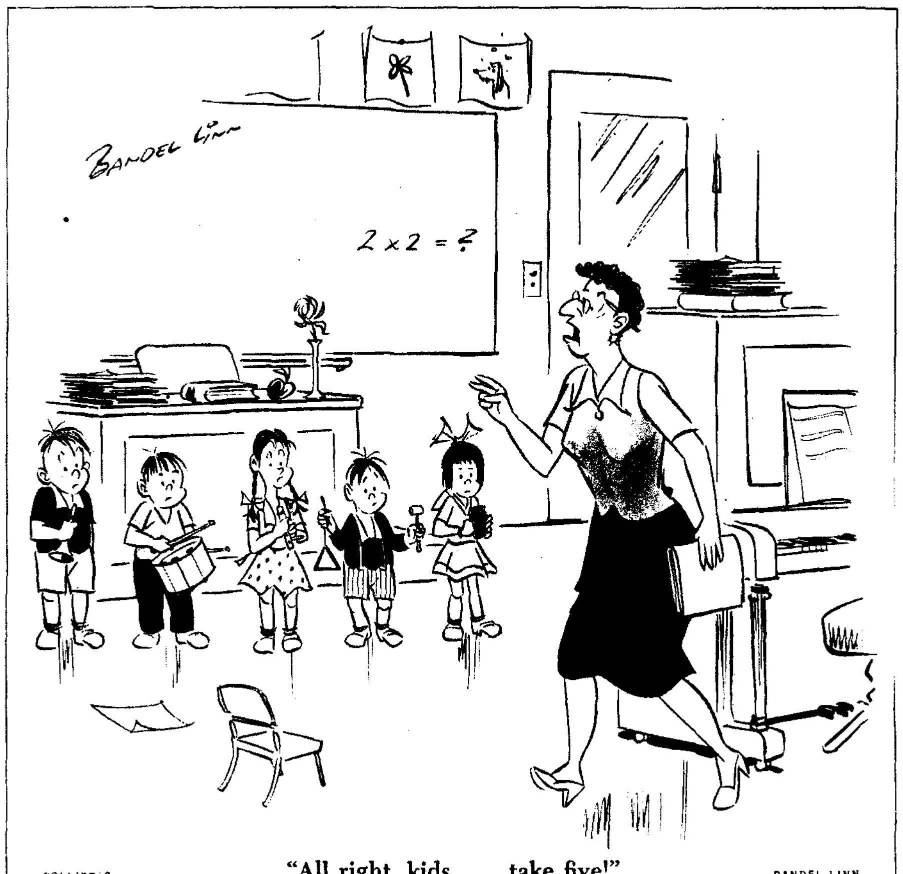
Andrea didn't answer. She stood there in the hall, thinking her secret thoughts until the bridal bouquet was put in her hands. "Wait!" she commanded, and went back into her room, shutting the door behind her.

Here were the violets in their carton. Here was Norman's card beside them. She read his message once more. "Never deny a moment of beauty," he had written, "for in spite of all you may do, it will exist forever." He had put into words the valuable essence of their young, uneasy love, which would play its part in the sum of her happiness—and his. It could never have become anything more than a moment of beauty, but at least they had created that much together. Her effort to deny it had made a ghost of what should have been a memory.

Gently she took up the violets. Parting the flowers of her wedding bouquet, she tucked them down into the crevice. They scarcely showed at all, but have them there she must. They had their meaning.

She hurried into the hall and took her father's arm at the head of the staircase. She was ready.

THE END



COLLIER'S "All right, kids . . . take five!" BANDEL LINN

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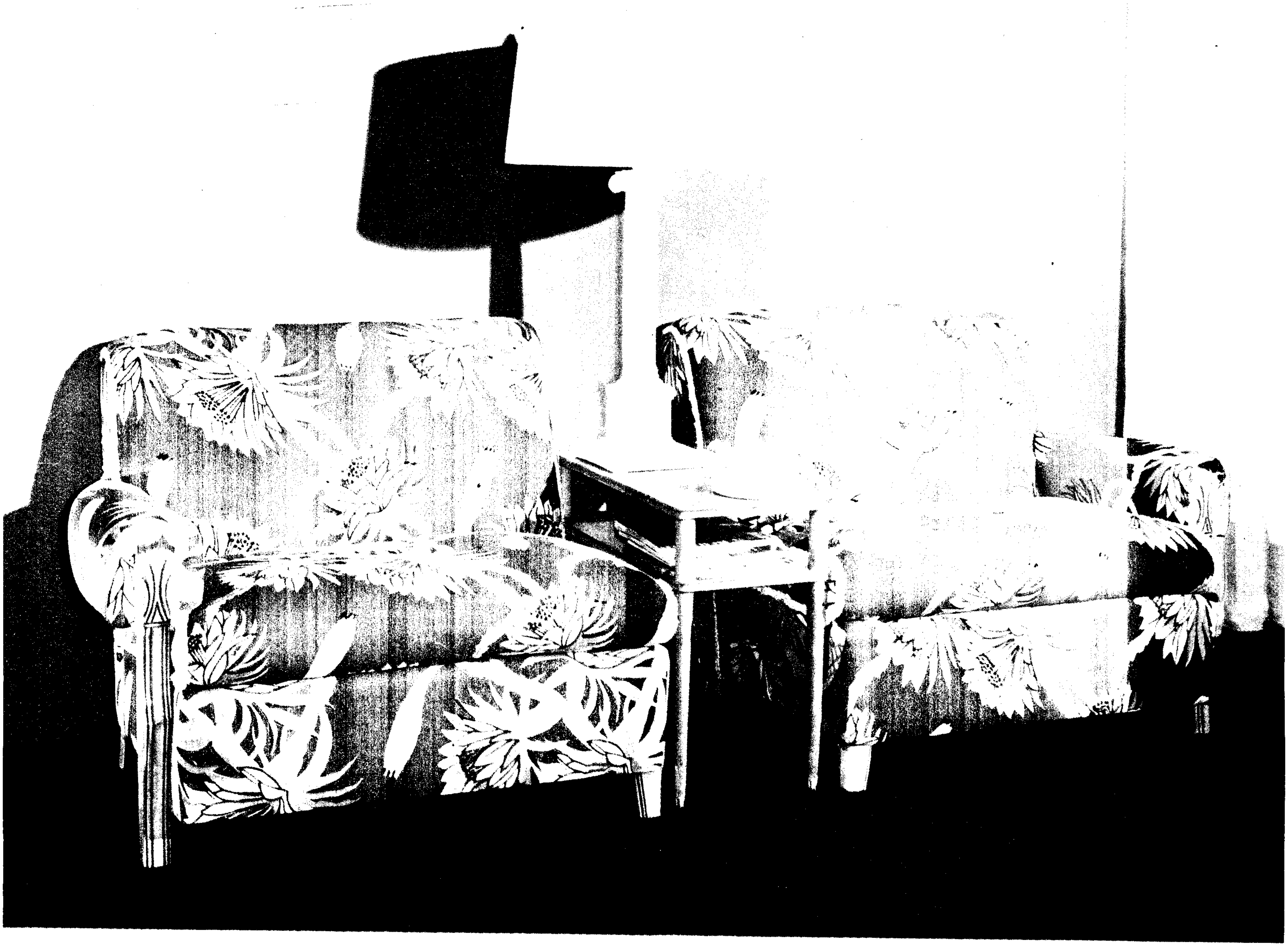

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Pepto-Bismol

A Norwich Product Norwich

Pepto-Bismol* for UPSET Stomach

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BELLE OF THE BELT LINE

Continued from page 19

because the drivers on the Belt Line go round and round instead of back and forth. It makes them dizzy. It makes the passengers dizzy. And you make me dizzy!"

I said, "Please, Mr. Gurney. Temper will not solve this either. I have made a further breakdown. As you quite well know, the Belt Line runs a wide circuit around the outer circumference of the city—two busses running clockwise and two running counterclockwise at fifteen-minute intervals. Ninety per cent of all the complaints refer to delays occurring during the daylight shift. Unfortunately, the complaints seldom indicate the name of the driver concerned, or even whether the complaining passenger was traveling clockwise or counterclockwise. But that is a minor point, Mr. Gurney. Our field of investigation is narrowed to four employees—to the four Belt Line drivers of the day shift. I think I can promise results, Mr. Gurney. Quite quick results."

I bowed and left. There was a sound highly suggestive of a wastebasket being kicked or thrown across the office as I closed the door. Operating officials inevitably resent any disturbance of their accustomed routines.

WITH my statistical groundwork laid, field investigation was now in order. Also some haste. I did not think, in view of the nature of Mr. Ollinson's instructions, that Mr. Gurney would dare go so far as to identify me as an inspector to his subordinates, but there would surely be a partial "leak" within a short time. Nevertheless, I was very optimistic, for as I had pointed out to Mr. Gurney, it was only a matter of checking on four employees. Within a matter of minutes it was a question of only one.

I went to Broad and Bay to get the Belt Line bus. Purely by hazard, I chose the counterclockwise run that would pass first by the waterfront and then the north edge of the city and so back around. It was a prophetic choice. As I came to the bus stop, there was quite a little crowd waiting. I looked at my watch. The bus was already eight minutes late! The waiting patrons did not seem unduly perturbed. They had, in fact, the patient air of people used and resigned to bad service. One elderly gentleman, however, was an exception. He kept looking at his watch and muttering to himself, and every sign told me that the morning mail would bring us another diatribe, and the complaint average would skyrocket another tenth of a point

At that moment—but now nine minutes late—the bus came into sight. But "came" is too feeble a word! Plummeted—plunged—would be more apt. It careened through the traffic, swerved to the curb, jerked to a stop; as the doors crashed open a stentorian voice roared out to the waiting patrons:

"Git aboard, little chillun, git aboard! Chicken in the pot and the gravy hot and we're runnin' way behind!"

A woman's voice! A woman driver! I might have known.

I still have difficulty in describing that ride, even to myself. It was as though the streets of Princetown were strewn with torn and tattered pages of the Company Rules of Procedure that this woman driver—this Sadie Dulver—left whirling in her wake. I knew her name at once, for at least half of the passengers who boarded the bus hailed her as "Sadie"—with a sort of coarse joviality, I must admit, but far short of the respect which the conduct of a uniformed driver should enjoin. "Sadie" could only be "S. Dulver" on my list, and long before the ride was finished I realized that no one but Sadie Dulver could create the situation that my investigations had foreshadowed.

Not that she drove badly—and the record later bore out that she had never had an accident—but there was a flamboyance, a wild exuberance, in her operation of the bus that was heart-chilling. And as she drove, she talked—when she wasn't yelling. She yelled at traffic cops, at cabdrivers, at truckmen, at children in the street. They all yelled back. She called the old gentleman with the watch "Gramp," and when I gave her my quarter for change, she slapped the coins into my hand and cried, "Hold on, Pickleface! We're taking off!"

Then, as the bus lunged forward, "You're a strange face, pardner. But I'll know you the next time round. Where you want out?"

I gasped out the stop nearest my rooming house, and she cried, "I'll get you there. If the bottom don't fall out of this wreck, I may even get you there on time!"

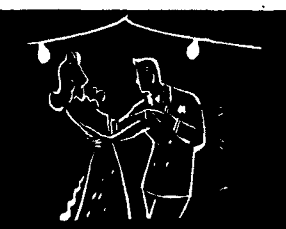
The bottom did not fall out, and she nearly did make up the schedule before we got to Grove Street. But at what a cost! At first, it was more than I could believe. She was, while not exactly young, definitely "youngish," and by some standards even good-looking in a florid way. Certainly, the longshoremen and water-front types of the first part of the route seemed to think so. The bus was crowded, and I remained standing near the front, which seemed to give her the idea that I too was aware of her charms. I certainly was not staring obtrusively, but at one point she caught my eye in the rearview mirror, winked at me broadly, and buttoned her driver's blouse one fastening higher at the neck! A sailor snickered, and Sadie Dulver said to him, "Never try to guess a wolf's age by the wrinkles on his neck, hey, Jack?"

Everyone in the bus laughed, and I was, quite naturally, speechless, but not Sadie Dulver. The rule that strictly forbids drivers to converse with passengers was a wild mockery to her. She chatted with the sailor about the high price of nylons and brassières. She stopped the bus and personally helped her older female passengers to alight, which, however thoughtful an action superficially, is flatly against regulations. At Stringer Hospital she cried, "Bone Yard stop! Liver and lights first floor, gizzards on the third!" Questionable taste, to say the least.

Try as I might, it was utterly impossible for me to conceal my feelings completely. My face must have shown at least a faint part of my emotions, for as I alighted at Grove Street, Sadie Dulver shouted after me, "Don't go away mad, now, pardner. Me and my public is friends!"

Friends, indeed! My first inclination was to wait for the next bus, return immediately to Mr. Gurney's office and demand this woman's instant dismissal. But after all, absolute fairness was enjoined on me, and fair I would be.

I WAS more than fair. I did not make any report on Sadie Dulver for a full week. I rode her bus to and from the office, and I kept a careful record. At the end of the week, it was pages in length. Traffic violations—invariably winked at by the police, but violations nonetheless; children obviously of fare-paying age allowed to ride unchallenged; respectable patrons subject to verbal indignities of the crudest kind; schedules never even remotely approximated in operation. And, worst of all, what practically amounted to a public love affair on the company's time with one Buck Nugent, a driver of a clockwise Belt Line bus. No matter where they passed on their route—and the chaotic state of the schedules made that anywhere at all on



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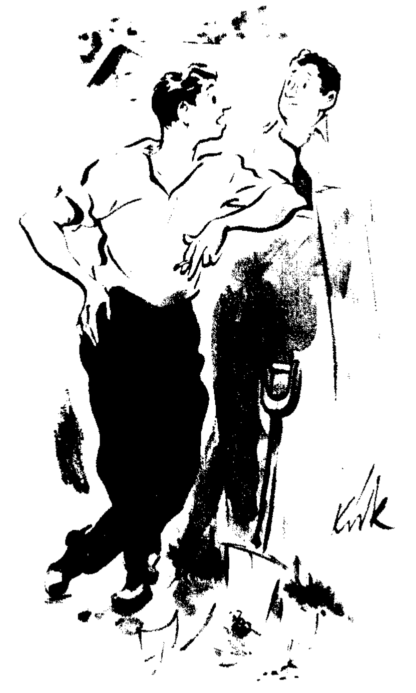
the circuit—they would stop their busses side by side and exchange loud and ribald pleasantries. I made it my business to investigate this Nugent, too. He was, as might have been expected, a married man.

I was able to compile this frightful record of infractions without arousing Sadie Dulver's suspicions, but not, I regret to say, without attracting her attention. On the second day she established me as one of her "regulars." By midweek she had identified me as a fellow employee of Piedmont Power. By Thursday she was calling me "Herm" (my Christian name is Herman and has never been so mutilated before); and on Saturday she asked me to go with her to an oyster roast being given by the company employees. I declined with thanks. In view of the action I contemplated taking at her expense, I thought accepting the invitation might later be misconstrued—even if there were no other reasons for declining. On Monday, I presented my report to Mr. Gurney.



"It's my wife's garden — I just do the digging, planting, watering and weeding"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Mr. Gurney read the report through, put it down on his desk, and said, "Okay, so what?"

I did not like his tone at all. I said, "Mr. Gurney, may I point out that Company Memorandum 11-C, dated 9 January of this year, instructs that all female drivers working for the company as holdovers from the war emergency shall be replaced by male drivers with families to support as rapidly as is consistent with fair and equitable practice. And that the record of this Sadie Dulver is quite enough to warrant instant dismissal even if she were the father of ten children, instead of a single woman with no dependents? And that the average of infractions and complaints—"

Mr. Gurney said, "——— ——— your ——— ——— averages! Do your lousy little figures and prissy decimals show that everyone who rides that line loves Sadie, even if they do crab a little about the service? Do they indicate that she is an invited honorary member of every church, Sunday school and ladies' auxiliary in town? Do they mention the seven girl babies in this town who are named Sadie Dulver Something-or-other, two of them after being born in her bus? Do they refer in any way to the time during the war when there was a flu epidemic and Sadie drove a five-ton trailer bus back and forth from the bomber plant for eight days without stopping, day and night, living off coffee and doughnuts from the riveters' lunches and sleeping ten minutes at a time in the cab between trips? Does your ——— report mention any of those things?"

I said, "Please, Mr. Gurney. Bad language is not going to help. I am only carrying out my instructions. Of course, I am quite sure that all such details as those you mention will be quite impartially considered by Mr. Ollinson when he—"

Mr. Gurney smiled at me then—a wide and rather wolfish grin. He said, "Write this into your report too: Mr. M. O. Bostwick, who is chairman of the board of this company, and so outranks even Mr. Ollinson, has given instructions that Sadie Dulver has got a job with this outfit for just as long as she wants it!"

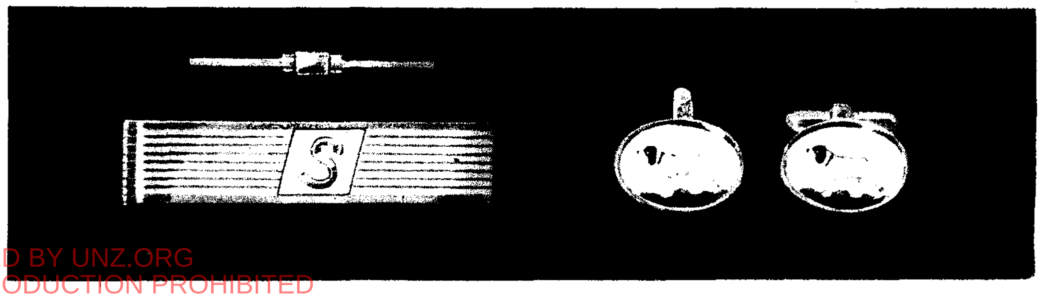
For just a moment I was nonplused. If Mr. Bostwick had actually intervened directly for this woman, it was indeed a nice problem in jurisdiction. I said stiffly, "In view of what you tell me, Mr. Gurney, there is only one thing for me to do. I shall send a copy of the report direct to Mr. Bostwick too. I do not expect for a moment that he will allow a misguided sense of philanthropy to stand in the way of his plain duty to the patrons of the Piedmont Power and Transit."

"You do that," Mr. Gurney said. "You do that till the cows come home and the buzzards roost and the salmon swim up to the sea. And now get out of here. I've got a bus system to try and run."

WHAT kind of pressure Mr. Bostwick brought to bear on Mr. Ollinson, I do not know, but it was effective. For the first time in my career as Traffic Inspector, my reports went unnoticed. At least, my reports on Sadie Dulver. My recommendations on the other Princetown bus routes brought forth stern memoranda to Mr. Gurney which were acted on, however ungraciously, with the result that all Princetown routes except the Belt Line showed a gratifying drop in the Monthly Complaint Average. But the Belt Line, with Sadie Dulver at the wheel, was beyond hope. She yelled, she sang, she shouted, she cut across curb corners and gave playful shoves to trucks that parked in her right of way. She told me, twice a day, that she loved her job. She informed me, loudly and in front of a full bus, that a lot of people thought I was a dried-up shrimp, but that when they did she always took up for me. She said she bet there was life in me yet, in spite of appearances. She was a symbol of disorder and a handmaiden of chaos. But the day finally came.

It was late in the afternoon, and I was tidying up my desk before going home. The phone rang, and it was a complaint. And naturally, a complaint about the Belt Line. A woman was calling from Hamlin Street, just beyond Grove. She said she had been waiting three hours for an eastbound bus. That was hardly possible, since there was another bus on the circuit, and no matter how late Sadie Dulver was, a half hour was the maximum delay, but one expects slight exaggerations when the traveling public has been discommoded, and I told the lady I would investigate at once. It was very annoying, for I had been feeling distinctly unwell—something almost unheard of for me—all day, and I was looking forward to a quiet cup of tea and early to bed. However, duty was duty. I went out and waited for a Belt Line bus.

It came, and I boarded it. For a moment, I thought I had made a mistake, and it was not Sadie Dulver's bus at all. There was a quiet, a calm, a funereal decorum that struck almost like a blow. Sadie Dulver did not speak to me, did not even seem to notice me, as I boarded the bus. She went on making change, driving, stopping, silently opening and closing the doors like a dream-driver straight from the Rules of Procedure. As I went to an obscure rear seat and



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IT ISN'T FUNNY AT ALL, DREAM-BEAM! BUT YOU PUT ME IN THIS DOGHOUSE— AND I'M STAYING HERE UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHY!
DENNY, I DO HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU. BUT BAD BREATH IS PRETTY HARD PICKING! ASK YOUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU, HONEY?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A POOCH BUT THAT, I THINK, IS CALLED A SMOOCH!
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slid into a corner, I had something like a qualm. Had word somehow got to her? Was she meeting retribution halfway and reforming? The other passengers, the "regulars," were as puzzled as I was. They sat stiffly, watching Sadie out of the corners of their eyes, glum and uncomfortable.

The bus filled as it passed along the docks, began to empty again as it swung out toward the outskirts. I slid far down in my corner, pulled my hat over my eyes, and pretended to be asleep. Ordinarily, it would have been a futile pretense, but Sadie paid no attention to me now. Or to anyone. At Anson Place, a block short of Hamlin, it happened. Without even a glance over her shoulder to see who was still on the bus, Sadie swung completely off her route. With one sweep of the wheel, she left the street legally designated by franchise as the route—the only route—authorized for company traffic, and plunged into the back streets of the borough. No wonder the passenger at Hamlin Street had waited for her bus!

I sat very still. In all my experience, I had never run into anything as flagrant as this. An old colored man, the only other passenger, snored contentedly behind me. Sadie wove the big bus through the back streets, then pulled up—and stopped. She said, without even looking at us, "Just a minute, folks."

Then she left the bus. She left it alone, unattended, unprotected, three blocks off the legally designated route! I saw her run across the street to a rather shabby house on the far side, and go in without knocking. She did not stay long. Perhaps five minutes. Then she came out, ran back to the bus, and drove off without a word. And also without stopping at Hamlin Street.

I did not get off at Grove. Ill as I felt, it was no moment for delay. I simply stayed on the bus, and still unnoticed by Sadie Dulver, got off at the office. I went straight to Mr. Gurney's office. I was much too outraged to stand on protocol. I said, "Mr. Gurney, I do not think *now* that you will be able to tolerate the behavior of the Dulver woman further!"

Mr. Gurney was making strange faces at me, but I was well launched in my story. I finished—and then I realized for the first time that there was a third party present—a large, burly man with a cigar. Mr. Gurney said heavily, "I got to say one thing for you, Tokenberg. You got a nice sense of timing. Meet Mr. Mitchum, of the State Highway Patrol."

Mr. Mitchum said, around the cigar, "Looks like we're on the same case. Piedmont bus violating franchise. Say we get in my car and have a look."

WE ALL got into Mr. Mitchum's car and drove out to the borough. I must admit that I did not feel entirely at ease now.

It had been no part of my intention to involve Sadie Dulver, no matter how flagrant her conduct, in open conflict with the Law. But the matter was beyond my control now, and after all Sadie Dulver had no one but herself to blame.

We waited by the shabby house, but not for long. In five minutes the big Belt Line bus came nosing around the corner, bumping over the curbs and doing visible destruction to the shrubbery on the short turns. It stopped in front of the house. Sadie Dulver got out, ran into the house and out again. The bus drove away.

Mr. Mitchum said nothing, and Mr. Gurney too was completely silent. We drove away. At Grove Street I said, "If you don't need me any more, Mr. Gurney, I'll get out here."

Mr. Gurney said, "I'd rather this was the northeast corner of Hell at Purgatory, but this'll have to do. I hope you sleep good." . . .

As a matter of fact, I did not sleep well at all. I had a very restless and feverish night, and in the morning I felt definitely ill. But a record of thirty-seven years without missing a day's work or being a minute late is not something to be abandoned for a mere sore throat, and I went to the office. To my surprise, Sadie Dulver was still driving the Belt Line bus. But there was no doubt that she had been found out, and knew it. Her eyes were red, as though she had been crying. I was definitely not happy now at the way things were turning out. I did not know exactly what the penalty would be for willful violation of franchise, but I could hardly imagine that it would not entail a jail sentence. I did not enjoy the vision of Sadie Dulver in somber prison garb.

I DID not enjoy my interview with Mr. Gurney either. He said, "I hope you're satisfied now. We could maybe have fixed it up with the Law, if you hadn't come butting in."

I said, somewhat stiffly, "I notice that the person in question is still at her post."

"On probation," Mr. Gurney said bitterly, "just till the case comes up. With all the other nonsense you've been turning in, it'll be curtains for Sadie. Are you happy now?"

I said, "I am neither happy nor unhappy. I have just done my duty as I saw it, Mr. Gurney."

He said, "You and your ——— ——— duty. Just for your information, I had Sadie on the carpet this morning. Sure she ran off the route. But would you like to know whose house that was? That was Buck Nugent's place."

I must admit that staggered me. I had not thought of anything quite like that. But Mr. Gurney said, "He's sick, and his wife's sick, and the kid's sick. And Sadie's been spending her nights nursing them, and running in all day with hot coffee and stuff from the drugstores. But I quite agree with you, Tokenberg. They should ought to be let die. And a couple of paragraphs from the Company Rules of Procedure engraved on the headstones. Now get the hell out of here!"

I must admit that after that, I felt very badly indeed. I felt that I should do something, but I was frankly too sick to know just what. For the first time in thirty-seven years, I left my place of employment before closing time. I did not know exactly what was the matter with me, but it was too serious to allow me to continue work.

I rode home on the Belt Line bus, and Sadie told me all about what had happened. I was very much embarrassed, but I could not seem to find any way to change the subject. The last few blocks, there was no one else on the bus, and Sadie frankly broke down and cried. I had never been alone in a bus before with a weeping lady bus driver, and I found it a harrowing experience. Sadie said, "It ain't just the salary, honest, Hermie. I can get other jobs. But I love this job. I love the people and the kidding around. It's going to kill me not to have this old bus any more, Hermie. Honest, it is."

I couldn't think of anything at all to say, and Sadie said, "A lot of the boys say there's a spy put the Law on me. Buck, he even said he thought it was you, but I told him not to be a yap. I said, sure, he's sort of dried-up and crabby, but he's all right underneath. He wouldn't do a thing like that, I said. Not Hermie."

You can imagine how I felt. We came to Grove Street, and Sadie wiped away some of the tears and said, "Look at me! All balled up in my own troubles and not even noticing you going home early. What's the matter, Herm? You sick?"

I do not know just what I said. I made some sort of lame excuse, and got off the bus. All the way down the street, I kept trying to frame some kind of memorandum to Mr. B. J. Ollinson that would put a different light on the affair,

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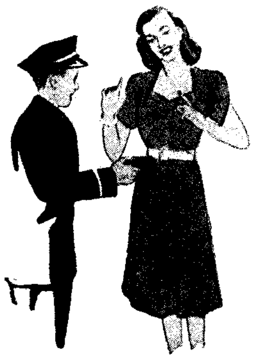

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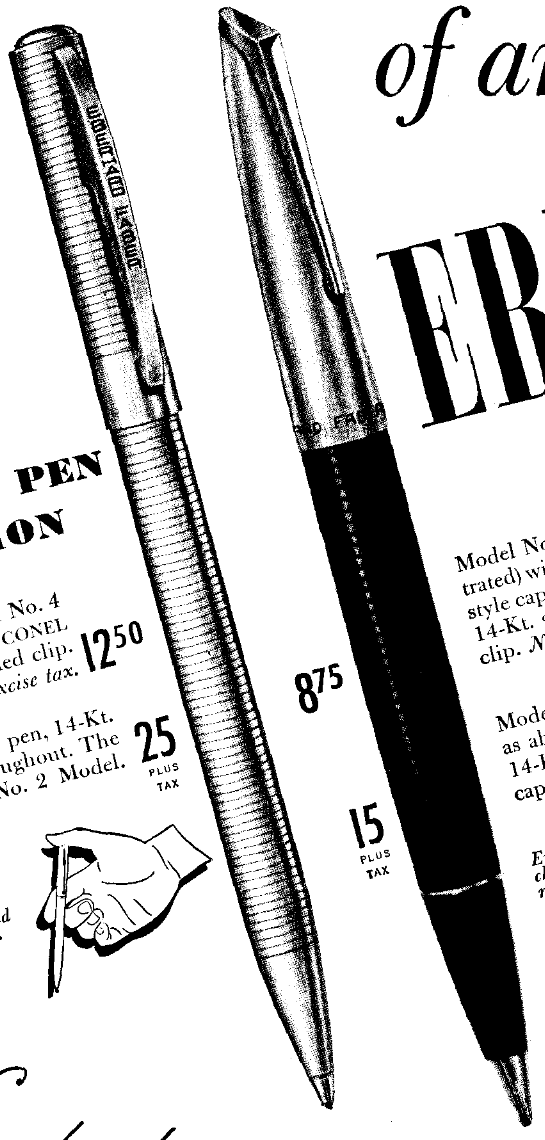

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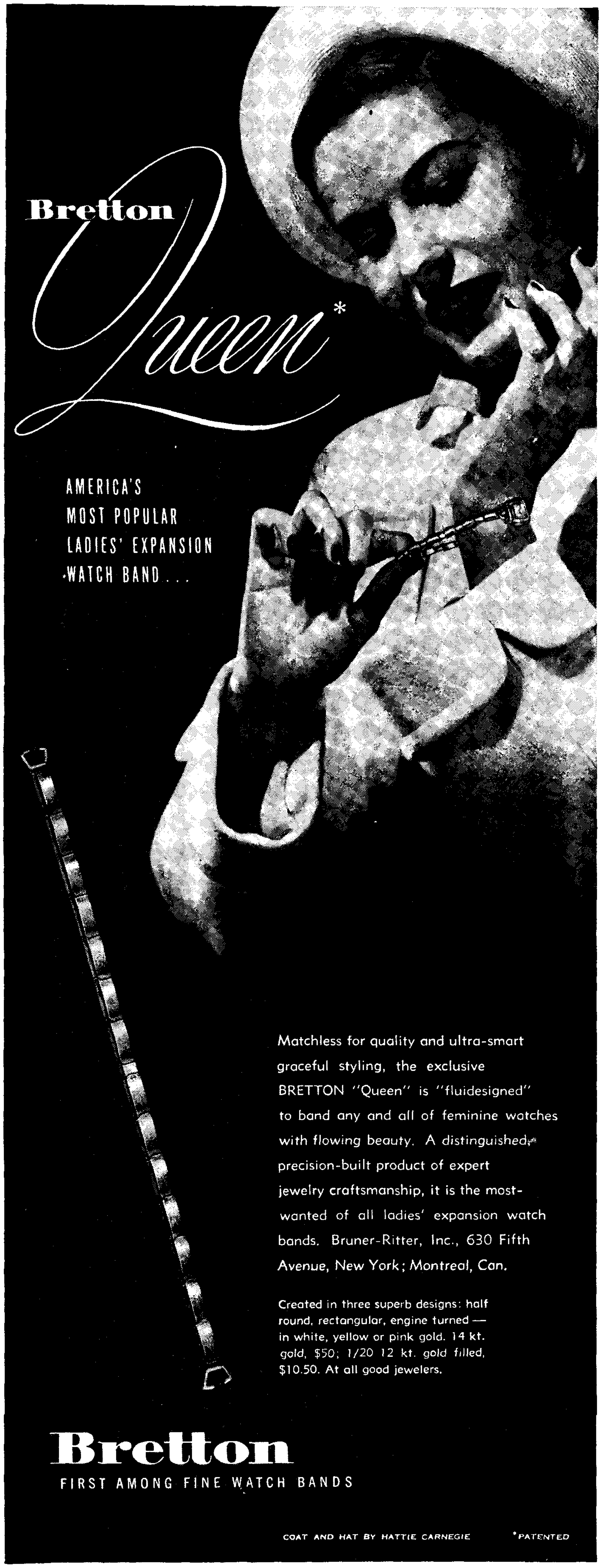
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but the words kept running around in my head. When I got back to my room, I made myself a cup of tea, and then went to bed.

I do not remember much about the rest of that day or the night that followed. I was very sick, and they said later it was virus pneumonia. I had a terrible dream that seemed to go on and on all night. I was walking down a long, long country road that was knee-deep in mud and bitterly cold, and it was all I could do to drag my feet step after step through the mud. And just ahead of me, Sadie Dulver's Belt Line bus was running along, and every few minutes it would stop and the doors would open and Sadie's voice would boom out, "Git aboard, little chillun, git aboard! Chicken in the pot and the gravy hot, and we're runnin' way behind!"

I would struggle madly to reach the door, and just as my foot was almost on the step a sailor would lean out, grinning madly, and say, "Sorry, bud, no franchise here! See Paragraph Nine in the Book of Rules!"

Then the doors would crash shut and the bus would leap away, and then stop just down the road, and I would struggle toward it again.

Then I remember daylight somehow crawling through the fever, and knowing that it was time to go to work, and trying to get out of bed but falling on the floor. Then I had something like the dream again, but this time the bus seemed to be parked right outside the rooming house, and Sadie was tooting the horn furiously and roaring: "Git aboard, git aboard!" under my window. Then Sadie was actually there in the room, and two large colored men who must have been passengers recruited for the job were picking me up, and Sadie seemed to be crying again, but this time over me.

THE rest is lurid and vague. I remember being held up in the bus seat by the two colored men while the Belt Line bus hurtled straight across town in what was certainly the final franchise violation of all. And Sadie yelling at cops and banging trucks that got in the way. And then an ether smell that must have been the hospital. And then just deep and lovely sleep.

They tell me it was three days before I came out of my delirium, and two more before I was really conscious. The fifth day, Sadie came to see me. She held my hand and patted it and cried over me. And before I knew it, I was patting Sadie's hand and begging her not to cry. When things got straightened out a little, Sadie was talking about a nice little house she knew of out on Hamlin that would be handy for the Belt Line and had a nice little garden. I had to tell her then. I had to tell her who had betrayed her to the Law.

Sadie just patted my hand some more. She said, "Shucks, Hermie, I knew that before I guessed you was sick and needed looking after and went for you with the bus. Gurney told me. He said you wasn't sick. He said you just didn't dare come back to the carbarn where the boys had all those old rails handy. But I knew it wasn't like he said. I told him, 'He's sick, Mr. Gurney. He don't know what he's doing. He just needs someone to look after him.' "

I said, "But the trial, Sadie. What is going to happen to you?"

She said, "Shucks, nothing. Old Bostwick fixed it. I don't know how, but he did. I'm still on the Belt Line, and fixing to stay."

But I had to put my foot down there. After all, I couldn't have people thinking my wife had to drive a bus to make ends meet.

Sadie said, "But I can't give it up, Herm. I love that bus."

Weak as I was, I had a flash of inspiration then. I said, "You could be a relief driver, Sadie. You could drive emergency runs when they're shorthanded. Just to keep contact with your friends."

Sadie kissed me. She said, "You got it, Herm! All my life, all I've needed was someone with brains to tie to!"

I said, "And one thing more, Sadie. You've got to promise to follow the Rules of Procedure now. After all, as the wife of a Supervising Traffic Inspector, you'll have a certain standard to maintain."

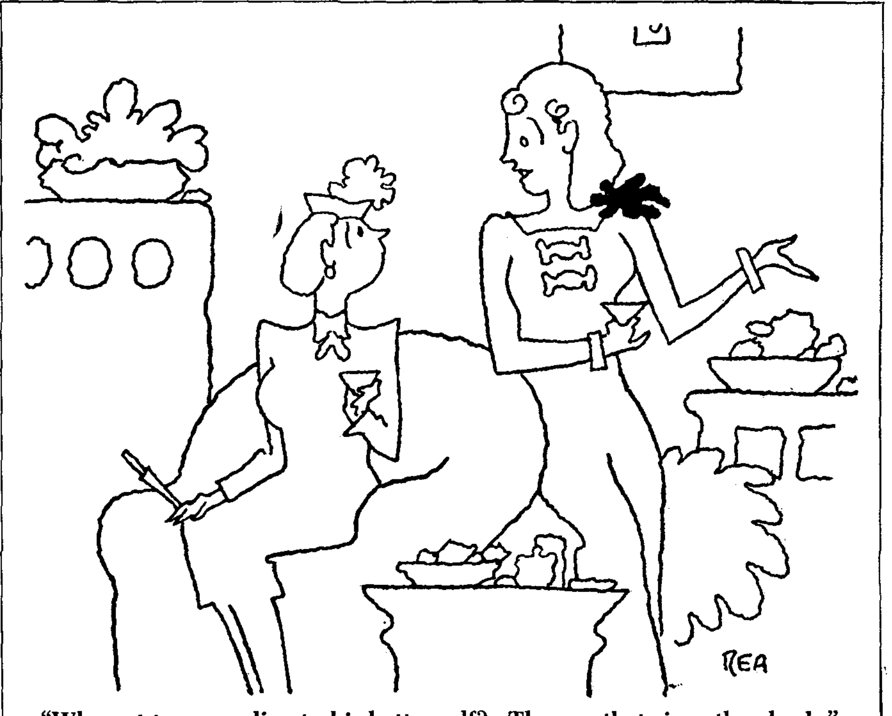
"And don't think I won't do it!" Sadie said.

Then there was a sort of roaring in the hall. It was Murphy, the traffic cop from the hospital corner. He stood outside the door yelling, *"And whose bus is it parked across the Emergency Entrance? Whose bus is it blocking the entrance and traffic both ways and twins again in the ambulance? Whose bus would it be, now—as if I didn't know!"*

Sadie gave me a quick hug and a yell and ran out of the room, and Murphy went roaring down the hall after her, and I could hear nurses and interns running from all directions to quell the disturbance and an elderly patient down the hall yelling, "Help, help, where's the fire?"

I think my life is going to be greatly changed.

THE END



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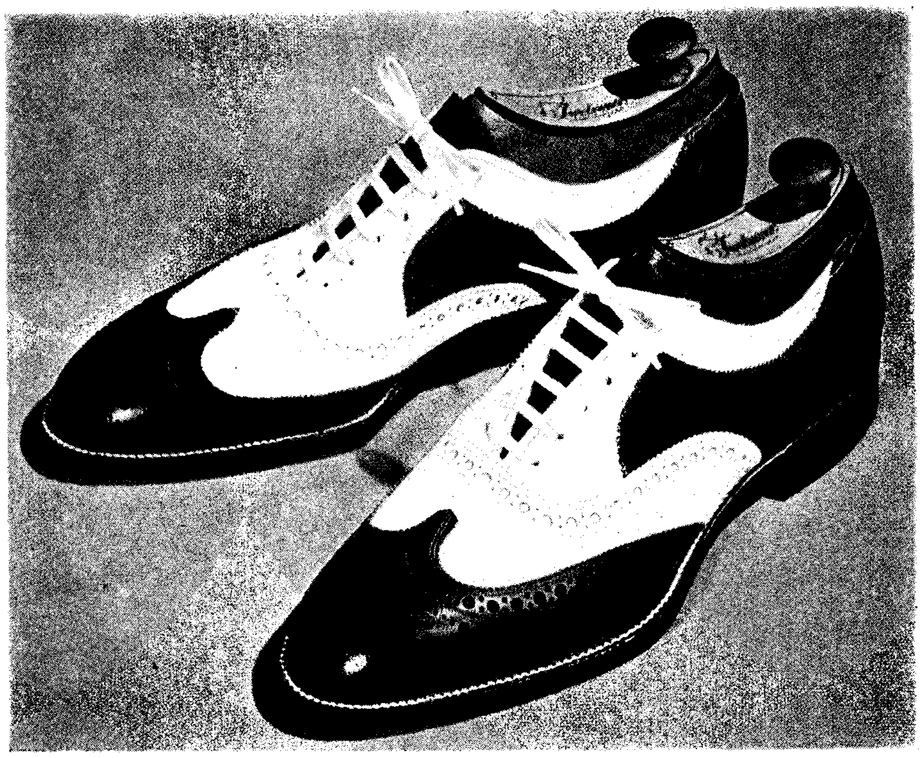

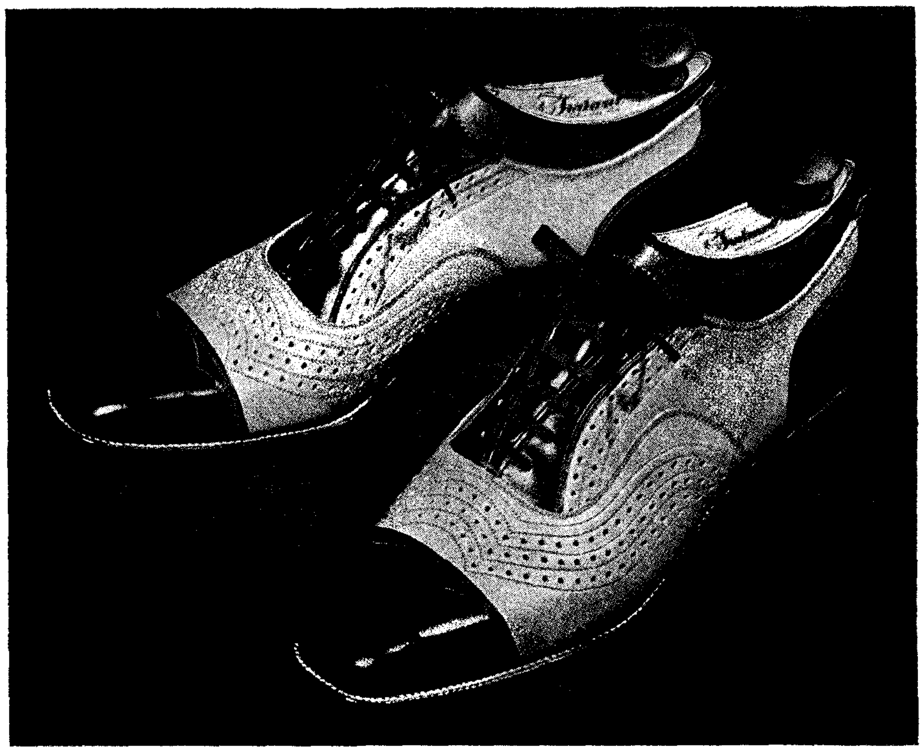

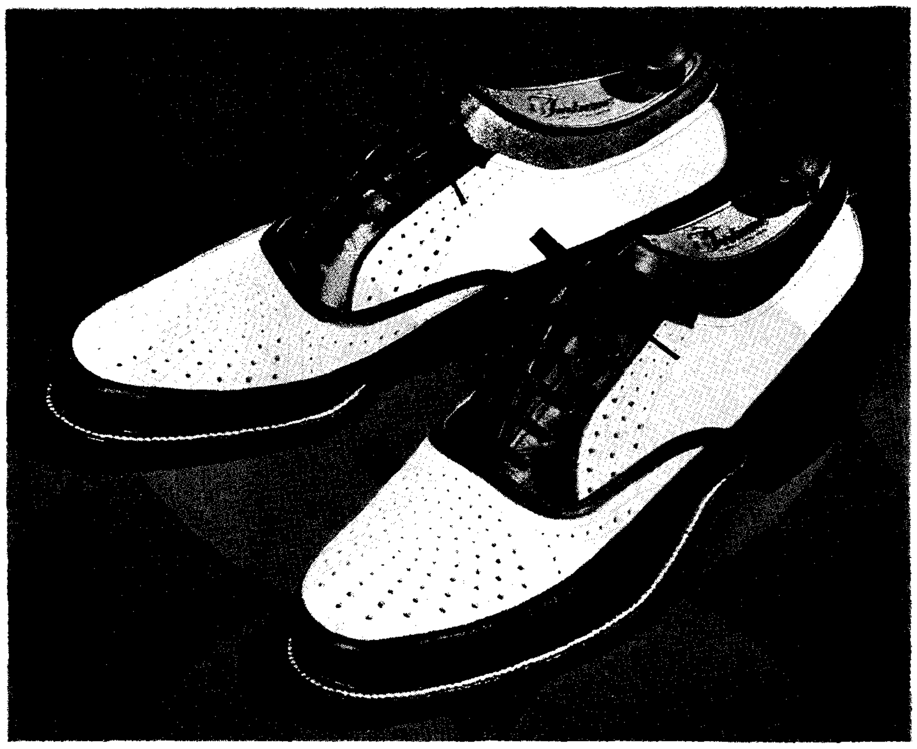

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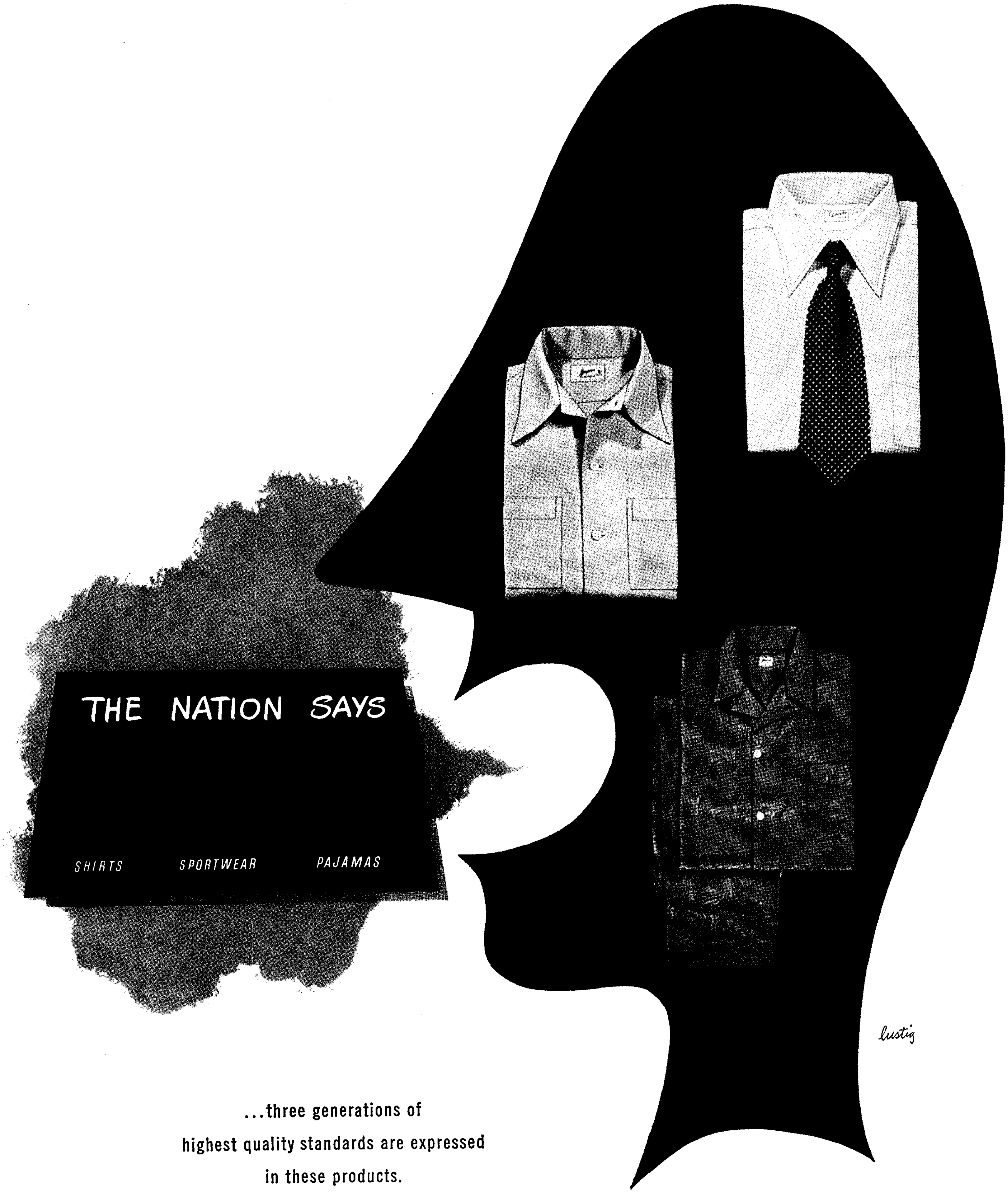
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SYMBIOSIS

Continued from page 15

your position. Even as a bandit, however," he said prosaically, "you will understand that the local sanitary arrangements should not be interfered with. That was what I came to see you about. My country has the lowest death rate in all Europe, and any meddling with our health services would be very stupid. I hope you will give orders—"

General Vladek roared. Then he calmed himself, fuming. "I did not receive you to be lectured," he said stiffly. "So far as I am aware, you are the ranking officer of your army to be captured by my men. I make a formal demand for the surrender of all troops under your command."

"But there aren't any!" said Surgeon General Mors in surprise. "My government would not be so imbecilic as to leave soldiers in a province they were not strong enough to defend! They'd only have been killed in trumped-up fighting so you could claim a victory!"

General Vladek's eyes glittered. He pounced.

"Ha! Then your government knew that we intended to invade?"

"My dear man!" said Mors with some tartness. "Your government has been drooling at the mouth for years over the fact that the taxes from our richest province would almost balance its budget! Of course we suspected you would someday try to seize it! We are not altogether fools!"

"Yet," said General Vladek sardonically, "you did not prepare to defend it!"

SURGEON GENERAL MORS blinked at the slim, bemedaled figure of his official captor.

"When a peaceful householder hears a burglar in his house," he said shortly, "he may or may not go to fight himself, but he does not send his young sons! If he is sensible, he sends for the police."

"He sends for the police!" repeated Vladek incredulously. "My good Surgeon General Mors, do you expect the United Nations to interfere in this matter? The United Nations is run by diplomats, phrasemakers. They are aghast and helpless before an accomplished fact like our actual possession of Kantolia! My good sir—"

"This talk is nonsense!" said Mors irritably. "I came to offer you the benefit of my experience in matters of military and public health. Do you have the welfare of your men actually at heart?"

There was a pause. General Vladek was slim and beautifully tailored. He did not belong in the office of the provincial governor of Kantolia, whose desk was still littered with papers concerning such local affairs as the price of pigs and crops and an outbreak of measles in the public schools. The office was slightly grubby, despite a certain plebian attempt at elegance. General Vladek seemed fastidiously detached from his surroundings. And he was amused.

"I assure you," said General Vladek, "that I am duly solicitous of my men's health."

"If you are solicitous enough," said Surgeon General Mors curtly, "you will get them out of here as quickly as they came in! But I can hardly expect you to comply with that wish. What I have to say is that your troops had better have as little to do with the civilian population as possible—no communication of any sort that can possibly be avoided."

"You are ridiculous," said General Vladek, annoyed. "Kantolia is now a part of my country. Its people are the fellow citizens of my troops. Isolate them? Ridiculous!"

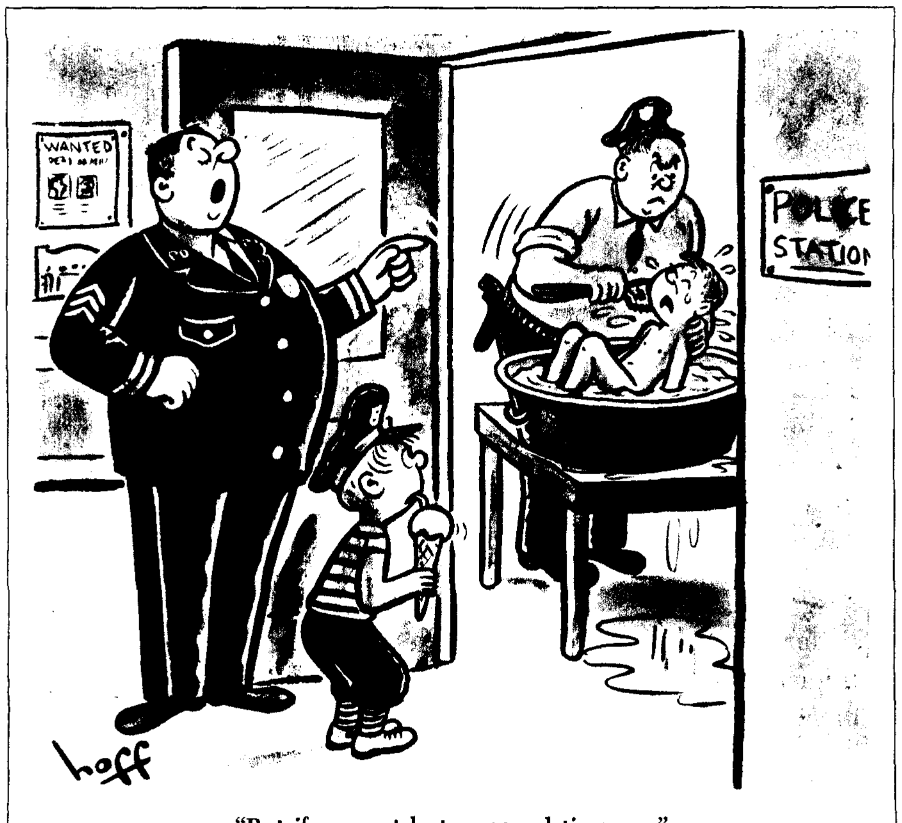
Surgeon General Mors stood up and shrugged.

"Very well," he said heavily. "I advised you. Now, either I am a prisoner or I am not. If not, I would like a pass allowing me to go about freely. The sudden entry of so large an invading force introduces problems of public health—"

"Which my medical corps," said General Vladek scornfully, "is quite able to cope with! You are a prisoner, and I think a fool! Good day!"

Surgeon General Mors marched stolidly to the door. . . .

Since the invasion was not yet one day old, there had been no time to build concentration camps. Surgeon General Mors was confined, therefore, in a school which had been closed to education that it might be taken over and used as a prison. He found himself in company



COLLIER'S "But if you get lost a second time . . ." SYDNEY HOFF

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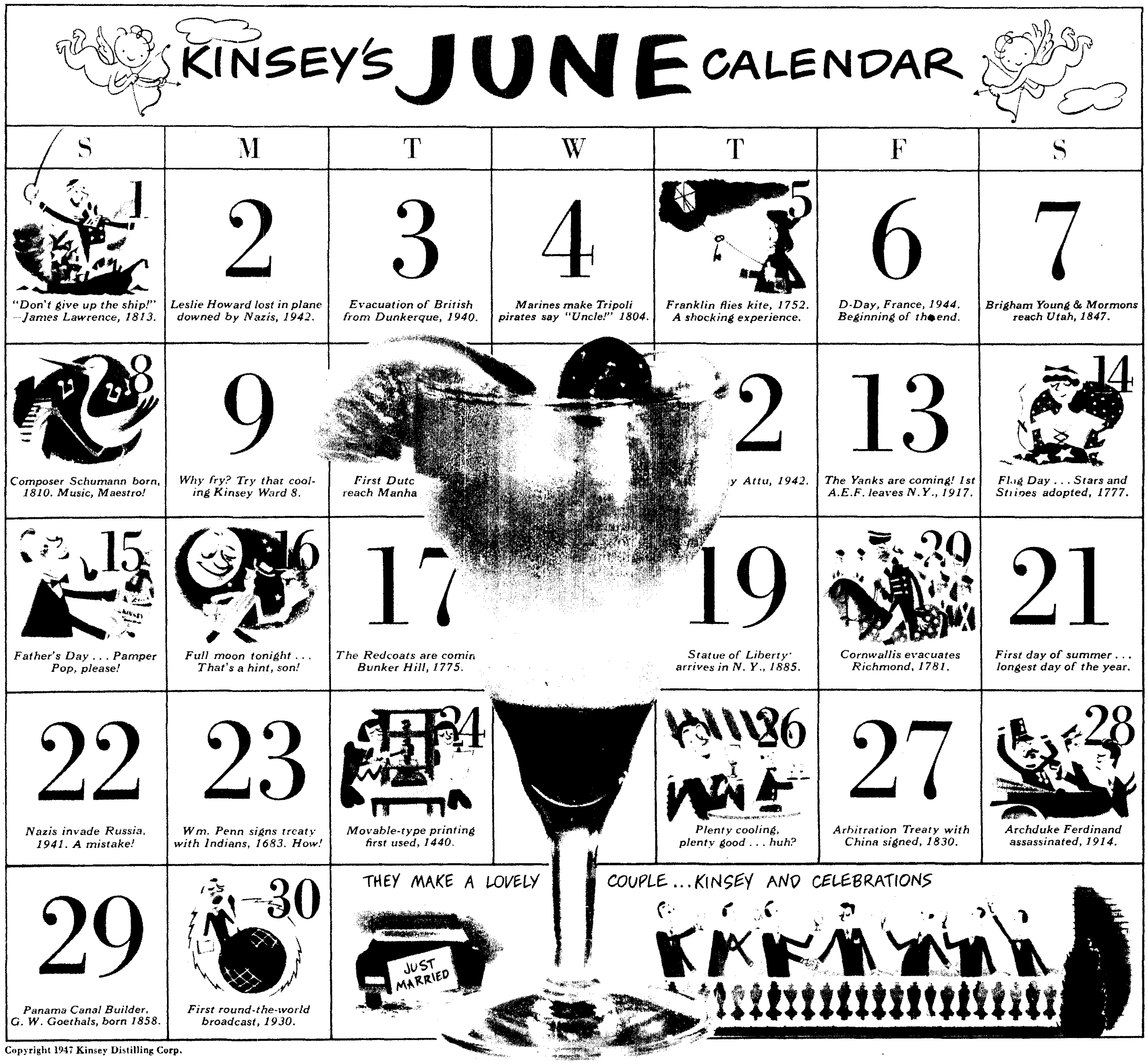

KINSEY'S JUNE CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1 "Don't give up the ship!" —James Lawrence, 1813.	2 Leslie Howard lost in plane downed by Nazis, 1942.	3 Evacuation of British from Dunkerque, 1940.	4 Marines make Tripoli pirates say "Uncle!" 1804.	5 Franklin flies kite, 1752. A shocking experience.	6 D-Day, France, 1944. Beginning of the end.	7 Brigham Young & Mormons reach Utah, 1847.
8 Composer Schumann born, 1810. Music, Maestro!	9 Why fry? Try that cooling Kinsey Ward 8.	First Dutc reach Manha		2 y Attu, 1942.	13 The Yanks are coming! 1st A.E.F. leaves N.Y., 1917.	14 Flag Day . . . Stars and Stripes adopted, 1777.
15 Father's Day . . . Pamper Pop, please!	16 Full moon tonight . . . That's a hint, son!	17 The Redcoats are comin Bunker Hill, 1775.		19 Statue of Liberty arrives in N. Y., 1885.	20 Cornwallis evacuates Richmond, 1781.	21 First day of summer . . . longest day of the year.
22 Nazis invade Russia, 1941. A mistake!	23 Wm. Penn signs treaty with Indians, 1683. How!	24 Movable-type printing first used, 1440.		26 Plenty cooling, plenty good . . . huh?	27 Arbitration Treaty with China signed, 1830.	28 Archduke Ferdinand assassinated, 1914.
29 Panama Canal Builder, G. W. Goethals, born 1858.	30 First round-the-world broadcast, 1930.	THEY MAKE A LOVELY		COUPLE ... KINSEY AND CELEBRATIONS		

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with the provincial governor of Kantolia, with the mayor of Stadheim, and various other officials arrested by the invaders. There were private citizens in confinement, too—mostly people whom the small number of quislings in Kantolia had denounced. They were not accused of crimes, as yet. Even the invading army did not yet pretend that they had committed any offense against either military or civilian law. But most of them were frantic. It was not easy to forget tales of hostages shot for acts of resistance by conquered populations. They knew of places where leading citizens had been exterminated for the crime of being leading citizens, and educated men destroyed because they rejected propaganda that outraged all reason. The fate of Kantolia had precedents. If precedent were followed, those first arrested when the land was overrun were in no enviable situation.

Surgeon General Mors tried to reassure them, but he had not much success. The entire situation looked hopeless. The seizure of a single province of a very minor nation would appear to the rest of the world either as a crisis, or an affront to the United Nations, or as a rectification of frontiers—according to the nationality and political persuasion of the commentator. It would go on the agenda of the United Nations Council; deftly it would be intermixed with other matters so that it could not be untangled and considered separately. Ultimately it would be the subject of a compromise—one item in a complicated Great-Power deal—which would leave matters exactly as the invaders wished them. Practically speaking, that was the prospect.

"But the fact," said Surgeon General Mors, "is that such things cannot continue forever. The life of humanity is a symbiosis, a living-together, in all its stages. It begins with the symbiotic relationship of members of a family, each of whom helps and is helped by all the rest. But it rises to the symbiotic relationship of nations, of which each is an organism necessary to the others, and all are mutually helpful."

"But there is parasitic symbiosis, in which one organism seeks to prey upon another as our enemy seeks to prey upon us," interjected an amateur naturalist who was a fellow prisoner.

"But a truly healthy organism finds ways to rid itself of parasites," Mors said calmly; "or at least to keep them in tolerable subjugation. Do you doubt that our country is a healthy organism?"

IT WAS encouraging talk, but his fellow prisoners were not convinced. Most of them had been seized in their homes. Only one was fully dressed. The mayor had on an overcoat over his nightshirt; his hairy shanks and bare feet left him utterly without dignity. Other leading citizens were unshaven, uncombed and in every possible stage of dishabille; all were certain their purposeless humiliation was a bad omen.

"To be sure," conceded Surgeon General Mors practically, "our country has only four million people, and our enemy has fifty. But we have planned our nation carefully. In nature, not all creatures defend themselves with tooth and claw. There is a specialized defense for every type of creature, as I myself pointed out to our president. There must be, as I insisted to him, some form of defense for every type of nation, so that it may survive. And I may say that he later told me that he considers our nation's survival certain. So, since this province is necessary if our nation is truly to survive, the invaders will have to be turned out of it."

"But when?" asked a prisoner despairingly.

"The wheat harvest should begin in three weeks," said Mors meditatively. "It will be a great blow to our country if our enemy seizes the wheat harvest. I should say that we must have victory for our country in less than three weeks. Probably within ten days."

His companions stared at him. But Surgeon General Mors did not look like someone envisioning a spectacular military triumph for his country. He looked like someone sick at heart from some knowledge he concealed within him.

Depression stayed with the prisoners. They increased in number as the day wore on. Typically, to the conquerors the conquered seemed somehow less than human. Many of the later prisoners had been beaten after their arrest. On the second day the schoolhouse was crowded. More of the new prisoners were beaten. On the third day there was a barbed-wire fence around the schoolhouse and food for the prisoners was contemptuously dumped inside it in bulk for them to distribute themselves. Surgeon General Mors organized a committee for the purpose, and to protest against unnecessary ill-treatment and humiliations.

ON THE fourth day two men arrived so badly beaten that they were unconscious, and died even as Surgeon General Mors tried—without drugs or any equipment—to revive them.

The newcomers reported conditions in the province. The invaders were methodically looting the captured territory. Their obvious purpose was to increase the riches of their country by impoverishing the province they had added to it. Machinery was being shipped back in a steady stream. Manufactured products were requisitioned from merchants. Kantolia had been the richest province in its small nation. When the invaders finished, it would be the most poverty-stricken in Europe.

That was not all. The troops of the invaders were quartered in private homes as well as in public buildings. Nearly every Kantolian family had its quota of invaders, to be fed at the householder's own expense. And while the enemy troops were required to practice strict discipline in relation to their officers, no such strictness was enforced as regarded civilians. A citizen whose home was only looted was considered fortunate.

The outside world remained unconcerned. Of course no news went out from Kantolia. Censorship and a tightly sealed frontier took care of that. But what sparse, illicit radio news newcomers brought in to the prisoners indicated that the outside world was not too much disturbed by the rectification of an unimportant frontier in a remote corner of Europe.

There was a diplomatic crisis among the Big Four powers. Surgeon General Mors' government had made a dignified protest and a formal appeal to the United Nations, but the achievement of atomic energy control by that organization had been so precarious a matter, and was maintained by so unstable a balance of bargains, that a controversial question like the seizure of Kantolia might wreck the entire framework of international accord if pressed at the present time. Consideration of the matter had been postponed. The invaders had an indefinite period in which forcibly to remold the province's citizenry nearer to their hearts' desire, to teach them to clamor dutifully for the maintenance of their new nationality lest worse things befall.

Strangely, though, no new prisoners arrived after the fourth day. Almost the last to arrive told, sobbing, of the fact that fresh troops had been pouring into Kantolia almost from the instant of its seizure, and that now a monstrous army was ready to overwhelm the rest of the nation of which Kantolia had been a part.

But Surgeon General Mors counted on his fingers and said bleakly, "The invasion cannot last more than ten days! But it is very terrible!"

He had never been military in ap-

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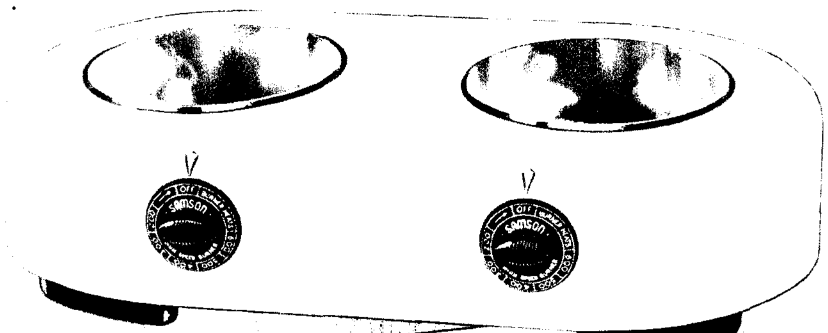

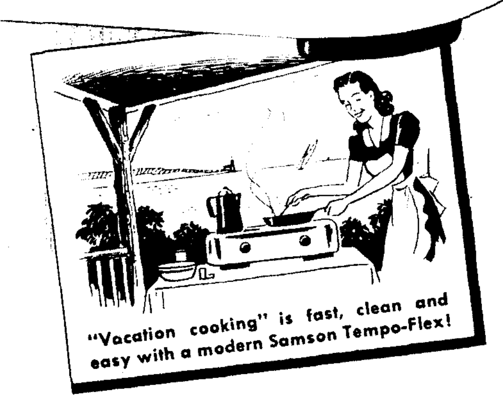

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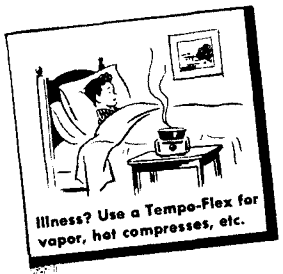

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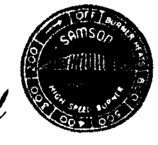

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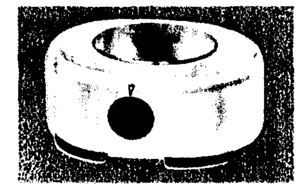

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pearance. Now, five days without soap with which to wash, or a razor with which to shave, and with no changes of garments at all, his looks were not imposing. He had torn up his undershirt to make bandages for beaten prisoners. The food was insufficient, and he had given of his own to those most terribly beaten and therefore weakest. The five days had told upon him. Yet he still possessed an odd dignity which could only have been the dignity of faith.

Then, on the afternoon of the fifth day, one of the sentries outside the barbed-wire enclosure staggered, dropped his rifle against a tree and then clung to that tree in a spasm of weakness. And Surgeon General Mors saw it.

He watched somberly until it was over. He looked heartsick and ill. But his eyes glowed doggedly as he turned and ran his eyes over the battered, dispirited figures in the concentration camp which was the first benefit conferred by the invaders.

"I must borrow a razor from someone," Mors told the mayor of Stadheim, who happened to be nearest him, "or a knife. At worst I shall have to break a pane of glass and try to shave with its edge. I am going to demand the surrender of the invading army."

He did not succeed in making the demand that day. It was late afternoon of the seventh day of the occupation before Surgeon General Mors was ushered into the presence of General Vladek. On the way from the schoolhouse, the stocky, untidy man had been marched through the streets of Stadheim. They were almost empty. They were dirty and unswept. Trash littered the sidewalks. He saw few civilians and no soldiers at all except his guard, until he arrived at the capitol building which was enemy headquarters.

He saw an invading soldier there, a sentry, lying on the sidewalk in a curiously shapeless heap. Surgeon General Mors knew at the first glance that the man was dead.

He looked more than ever sick at heart when he was ushered into the presence of General Vladek. The scene of this second interview was also the office of the provincial governor, but now the plebeian elegance of its furnishings had been corrected. Now it was a picture of efficiency. There were filing cabinets and wall maps, and an automatic facsimile machine in one corner hummed softly as it covered a slowly unreeling roll of paper with slightly out-of-register typed orders, queries, lists and the like.

General Vladek was slim and elegantly bemedaled as before. But now there was a nervous tic in his cheek. His face was queerly gray. He looked at Surgeon General Mors with a desperate grimness.

"You are going to be shot," he said with a terrifying quietness, "if you answer my questions truthfully. If you do not answer them, you will not be shot. But you will beg very pitifully for a chance to reconsider and earn a firing squad! Do you understand?"

Surgeon General Mors seated himself with great composure. His attempt at shaving had not been very successful. He was in every way a disreputable contrast to the invading general's dapper splendor.

"I asked for this interview," said Mors matter-of-factly, "to ask if you are prepared to surrender the troops under your command. You mentioned once that I was the ranking officer of my army in your hands. I doubt that you have captured any other. So I seem to be the person to make the demand."

GENERAL VLADEK made a violent gesture. Then he composed himself. But he breathed quickly, and his cheek twitched, and his teeth showed when he smiled. He did not look conspicuously sane.

"What is this epidemic?" he demanded in deadly quietness. "My men die at the rate of ten thousand a day! Your citizens do not! We have lost thirty-five thousand men in four days, and so far not more than six civilians native to Kantolia have been stricken! *What is it, Mors?"*

Surgeon General Mors leaned back in his chair. He showed no sign of triumph.

"It would be an—organism we developed," he said heavily. "The official designation is CK-211. I understand that it is an artificial mutation, a variation on a fairly common bacterium. I have been told that it could be described as a dwarf form of one of the diplococci. It is hardly larger than a virus molecule. You would not expect me to be more precise."

General Vladek's nostrils distended.

"Ah-h-h-h!" he said with deadly softness. "It is no normal plague! It is biological war! Too cowardly to fight as honorable men fight, your nation—"

"There is no war between our countries," said Surgeon General Mors, prosaically," and you invaded our country like a brigand, making your own rules for attack. So we made our own rules for defense. If you surrender the troops under your command, there is a good

THE comments occupying our editorial page this week were written by Karl Marx, prophet of Communism, and chief deity of Soviet Russia. They were written about one hundred years ago, for the New York Tribune. Karl Marx was London correspondent of the Tribune for nine years. These excerpts are taken from dispatches and editorials written for that conservative newspaper by Marx between 1853 and 1856. They deal with events leading up to the Crimean War. His words might have been written today even though Stalin told Harold Stassen that Marx was "unable to foresee what would happen forty years after his death." His daughter, Eleanor Marx Aveling, assembled the dispatches and editorials and had them reprinted in July, 1897, under the title of The Eastern Question. The volume was published in London by Swan Sonnenschein and Company, Ltd., Paternoster Square.

In her introduction, Eleanor Marx Aveling writes: "One thing has remained constant and persistent: the Russian government's policy of aggrandizement. The methods may vary—the policy remains the same. Today (1897) the Russian government, which is no longer wholly synonymous with Russia, is, as it was in the fifties, the greatest enemy of advance, the greatest stronghold of reaction."

Of interest is the reference to American intervention in the Mediterranean. This happened in July, 1853. The United States was involved in a dispute with Austria over the protection by the United States of a Hungarian refugee—even to the extent of threatening to send warships to the Mediterranean. The warships were not sent. Austria heeded a cold firm warning.

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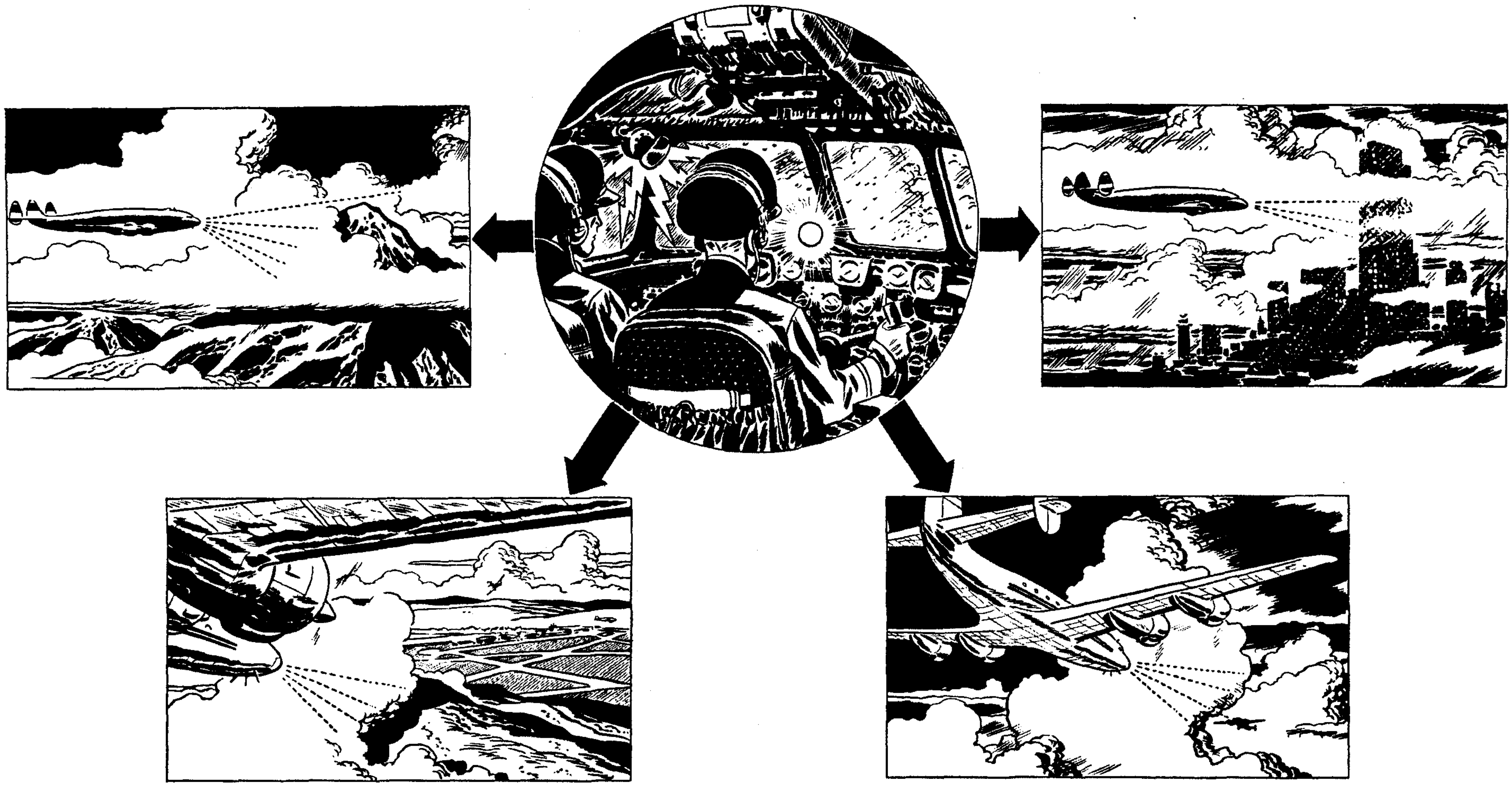

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Howard Hughes

TWA

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chance that we can save their lives. Have you given thought to the matter?"

General Vladek's cheeks twitched. His hands shook with hate.

"Tell me the truth," he said hoarsely, "and I will have you shot. I will concede so much! I promise that I will have you shot! But if you do not—"

"I think you are being absurd, General," said Mors stolidly. "As I recall the details, death occurs on the third day after infection, usually within a few hours of the appearance of the first noticeable symptoms. Sulfa, streptomycin, and penicillin are ineffective against this particular strain, which was especially bred up to be resistant to such drugs. Also, from my recollection, the patient is infectious almost from the instant of his own infection. I think you understate your losses. Moreover, in an epidemic of this sort, the death rate should mount geometrically until natural immunes and the lack of susceptibles lower it."

MORS paused, and said inquiringly, "You have ordered your men to abstain from all contact with the civil population?"

General Vladek panted with fury.

"I suspected intention when the plague began! My medical corps insisted that since only my men were infected, its cause must be contaminated supplies from home! I ordered my troops to subsist on local supplies and distributed our rations among the people—for revenge in case your spies in our supply system were responsible! But the rate of infection tripled! And your people do not die! My men die! Only my men!"

Surgeon General Mors nodded. His eyes were somber, yet very resolute.

"That is natural," he observed. "Our population is immune." Then he said explanatorily: "We have immunized practically our entire population against certain formerly prevalent diseases. And included in the injection given to each citizen was a fraction of a very interesting formula which produces immunity to diplococci in a quite new fashion."

The dapper General Vladek sat frozen and speechless, in a rage so murderous that he seemed almost calm.

"It makes symbiosis possible," said Surgeon General Mors, in an interested tone. "It produces a condition under which the human body and the entire series of diplococci can live together. It does not produce the relationship. That requires the organism, too. It merely makes the relationship possible. We have had practically no diplococcic infections in our country for years back. Such diseases happen to be very rare among us. But the inoculation makes it possible for any of our inoculated citizens to establish a truly symbiotic relationship in case he encounters them. It is like the adjustment of intestinal flora and colon bacilli to us. They do not harm us, and we do not harm them. You follow the reasoning?"

General Vladek's voice was quite inhuman. "How were my men infected?" he demanded. His voice cracked. "Tell me, how were my men infected! My medical corps says—"

"We did not infect them," said Surgeon General Mors calmly. "We infected only our own population. On the morning of your invasion we spread the infection in the drinking water, in the food. We infected our own people—who could not be harmed by it—and then I came to you and warned you to keep your soldiers aloof from our people. I also advised you to get your troops out of our country for their own safety, but you would not believe me. Because you see" —his tone was absolutely commonplace—"every citizen of our country is now a carrier of the plague of which your soldiers die. A carrier. Not suffering from it, but able to give it to anyone not immunized against it. You have heard of typhoid carriers. We are a nation of carriers, bearers of the plague which is destroying your army."

General Vladek looked like an image of frozen, despairing rage. His face was gray. His cheek twitched. He had led an invading army triumphantly into this province.

Then without one shot being fired, his army had ceased to be an army, and a sentry lay dead on the street before his headquarters.

"We did not like to do it," said Surgeon General Mors, heavily. "But we had to defend ourselves. The soil of our nation is now deadly to your troops. If you murdered and burned every citizen of our country, our land would still be fatal to your men and to the settlers who might follow them. You cannot make use of Kantolia. You cannot make use of any of the rest of our country. And the loot you have sent back has spread infection in your cities. Couriers have carried it back and transmitted it before they died. The quislings you sent to your country to be rewarded for betraying their own—they were carriers, too. The plague must rage horribly in your nation. Other countries will close their frontiers in quarantine, if they have not already done so. Your nation is destroyed unless you let us save it. I beg that you will give us the power."

Then Surgeon General Mors said very wearily: "I hope you will surrender your army, General Vladek. Your men, as our prisoners, will become our patients and we will cure them. Otherwise they will die. Permit us, and we will check the epidemic you created in your own country by invading us. We did not defend ourselves without knowing our weapon thoroughly. But you will have to give us the power to rescue you. You and your nation must surrender without conditions. . . ."

General Vladek stood up. He rang a bell. An officer and soldiers entered.

"Take him out," panted General Vladek hoarsely. Then his voice rose to a scream. "Take him out and kill him!"

The officer moved. Then there was a clatter. A rifle had dropped to the floor. One of the soldiers staggered. He reeled against one of the steel filing cases and clung there desperately. Sweat poured out on his face; he was ashen white. He knew, of course, what was the matter. He sobbed. He was already a dead man, though he still moved and breathed. Great tears welled out of his eyes.

The other soldiers wavered—and fled.

SURGEON GENERAL MORS stood beside a pigsty and argued patiently with a peasant who so far had stubbornly refused to permit the reinoculation of either his family or his cows. The dumpy little man in the badly fitting uniform said earnestly:

"It is a matter of living together—what learned men call symbiosis. We defended our country with the other inoculations. Now we must defend all mankind with these! We do not want our people to be feared or hated. We want visitors from other nations to come and live among us in peace and safety, to have no fears about doing business with us. If other nations are afraid of us, we will suffer for it!"

The peasant made fitful objections. Victory over the invaders, and the terms imposed upon them, had made him proud. But Surgeon General Mors' patient arguments were gradually wearing him down.

"Ah, but they made war on us. That was different! We do not want any more wars. When you and your family and your cows have been inoculated, we will be that much further along toward the understanding that nations which are at peace can live together," said Surgeon General Mors earnestly. "Nations which are at war only die together."

THE END

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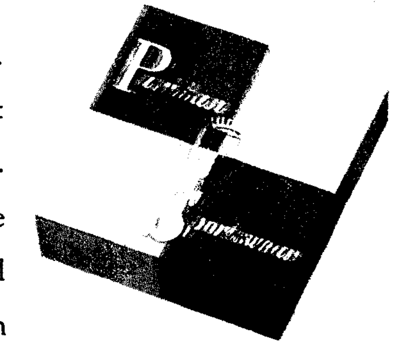

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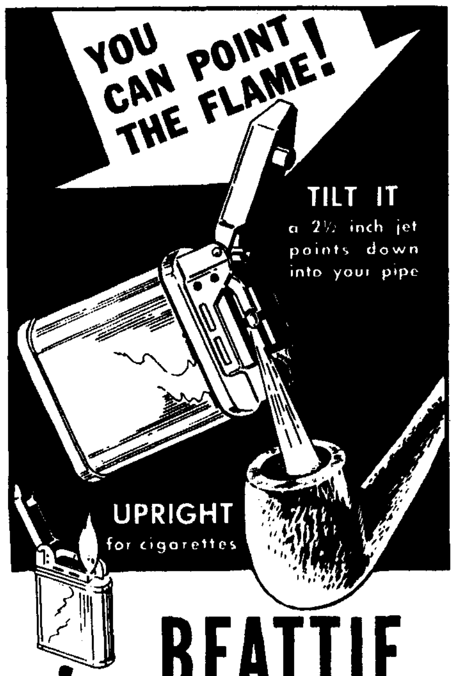
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THE SIMPLE CASE

Continued from page 22

o'clock to check on it: the used-car lots.

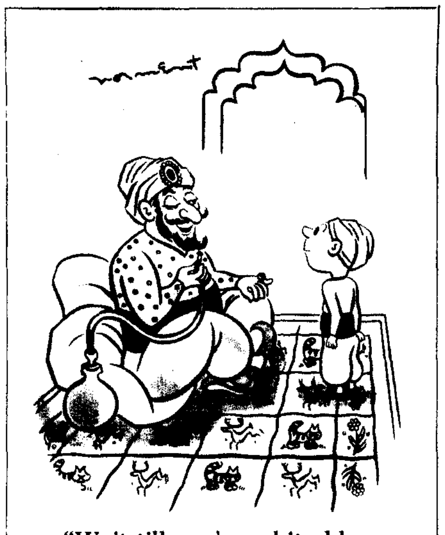
And that was a big job. I started downtown and worked toward the outskirts, and it took me until five that afternoon before I struck pay dirt in a little place out on the edge of town. The salesman remembered the couple distinctly. They had given their names as Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burke and had bought a coupé, black color, a nice inconspicuous car. Reese had paid cash and had driven the car away at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. The salesman didn't remember them saying much about their destination. I got the license and motor numbers, but I wasn't any closer. There were a lot of directions they could take from San Antonio.

I SAT in the salesman's office and drew a circle on my road map. I placed calls to every good hotel within a four-hundred-mile radius of San Antonio. I drew eight blanks and then the phone rang, and I said, "Kerrville? This the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk said brightly. He sounded like I'd felt two days ago.

"Did a Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burke check in last night?"

"Just a moment, sir . . . yes, sir. Last night. Shall I ring them?"



"Wait till you're a bit older, Junior—then you can get married all you want to"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

That was all I wanted. "No, I want to surprise them. I'll tell you about it when I get there. Got a room?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'll save it for you."

"I'll be there in an hour," I told him. "Hold it."

I made it to Kerrville in seventy minutes, driving through a light rain and a thin ground fog, walked into the hotel and signed for my room.

The clerk said, "What time would you like to be called, Mr. Cavanaugh?"

"Let's see," I said. "The Burkes are on five?"

"Yes, sir. In five-ten. I've put you in five-nine, right across the hall."

"Are they asleep?"

"Yes, sir. They left a call for eight."

"Call me at six. I'll see them in the morning. Remember, I want to surprise them."

I gave him a ten and thanked him, and the night boy took my bag upstairs. I walked down the dark, silent main street and had a good steak in a little all-night café. I ran back to the hotel afterward, called Sam and told him to get Bradford out of bed and on the road.

"You sure?" Sam asked.

"It's them," I said. "Tell him I'm in five-nine. Tell him if he wants to play it like he told me, to check in and then call my room. He can make it by one if he flies. By three if he drives. I'll be asleep. Maybe I'll be dead."

"He'll fly," Sam said. "He's called me every hour on the hour since you left."

I said, "Good night," and went upstairs and died on the bed. . . .

I was dancing with a beautiful girl, who was smiling, and I was calling myself a lucky man. Someone kept tapping on my shoulder and I turned and started to growl that we weren't dancing at the Junior Prom, when I bit a mouthful of pillow and sat up, hearing the soft knocking on my door. I looked at my watch under the bed lamp. It was ten to six.

I wobbled to the door. "Who is it?"

"Bradford. Let me in."

I opened the door, and Bradford hurried past me and turned, looking worse than I knew I did. His clothes were rumpled and he needed a shave and his fingers trembled on his cigarette.

"Are they here?" he asked.

"Across the hall," I said. "Five-ten. You fly up?"

"Yes," he said, and shuddered. "We were forced down at San Antonio by rain."

I said, "Sit down," and went into the bathroom and took a lukewarm shower, then a cold shower, brushed my teeth and shuddered at myself in the mirror. I came out and started talking while I dressed. I told him how I found them as quickly as I could, and he nodded his approval. When I finished, he said, "That's fine work, Cavanaugh."

"Thanks. Now what, Mr. Bradford?"

"I registered as Allen Hanson," he said. "I'll have to stay in my room. It's next to yours, five-seven. How long do you think they'll be here?"

"Wait till the town gets up," I said. "I'll check on their car and watch them make their move. I think they'll stay here today and tonight. They're tired, just like you and me."

"All right." He brushed his forehead and smiled. "If they're as tired as I am, they'll stay a week."

"When do you want to see her?"

He looked uncertain, and worried. "Have you seen them together yet?"

"Not yet. Wait till breakfast."

"Well," he said, "I've been thinking it over and maybe I'm being selfish. I don't know. I want you to watch them this morning and give me your reaction."

"You mean," I said, "if they look happy, and all that stuff."

"I guess that's it." He looked like an old man in the early morning window light. I wondered if his wife had married him for money or love.

"Okay," I said. "Now look, you go to bed and get some sleep. I'll stay up and watch them. Don't worry about them getting away."

GOING downstairs, I stood in the front entrance, breathing the cold hill air and staring at the town wrapped loosely in a fine misty rain. A few people were driving and walking to work along Main Street. I walked down to the garage that serviced the hotel cars and found the Burkes' coupé on the grease rack.

The night watchman came over and I said, "I'm at the hotel. Could I get a grease job and oil change this morning?"

He pointed to the coupé. "About noon, mister. These folks want all that and a motor tune-up. It'll take us all morning."

"That's all right. I'll bring it in then."

I went back to the hotel, bought a morning paper at the desk and then sat in the rear of the lobby, reading the football build-ups for Saturday and watching the elevator. They weren't leav-

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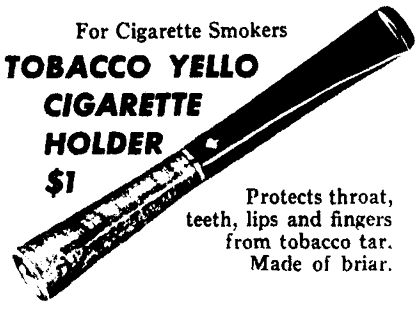

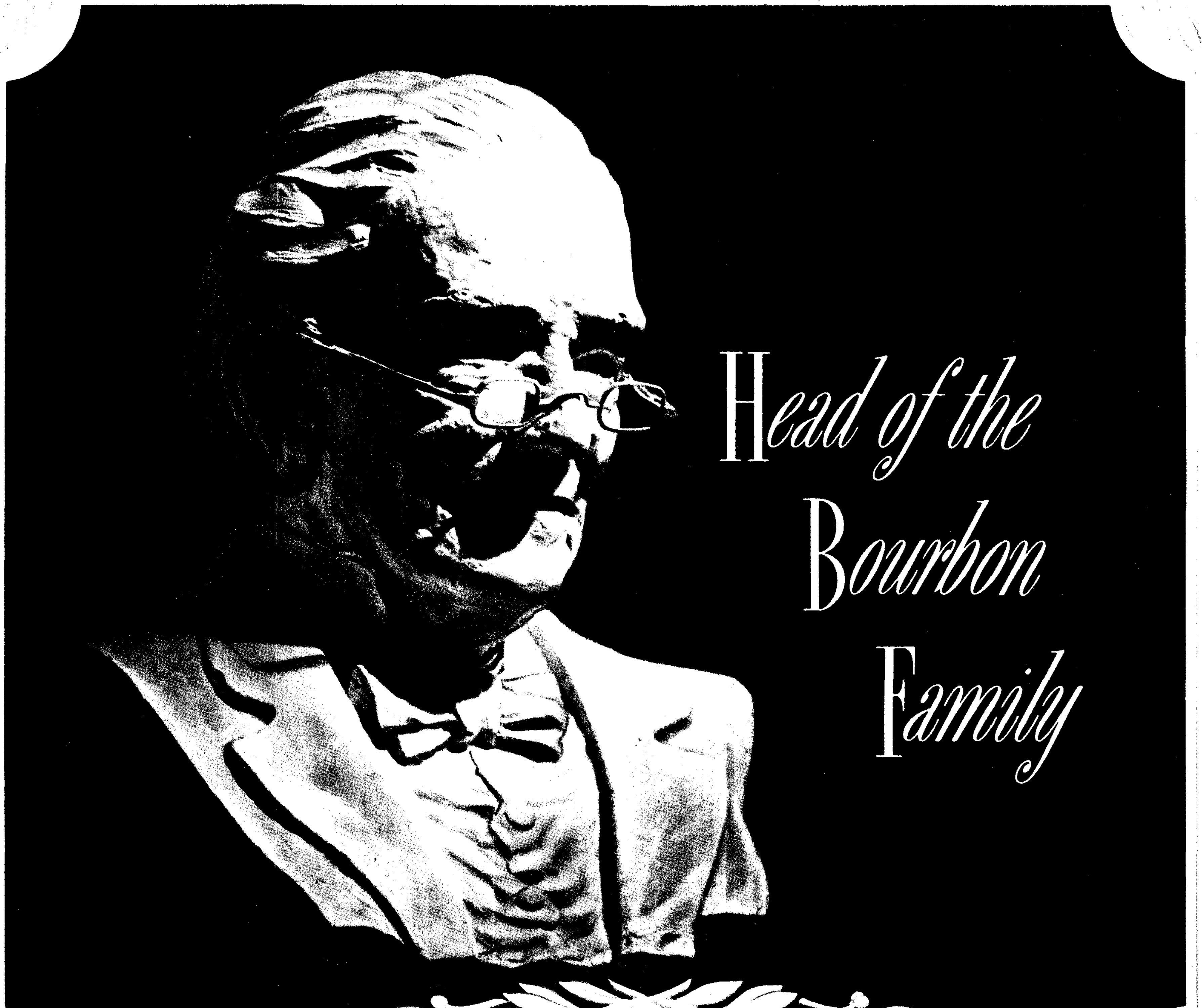
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OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York ing this morning, that was certain, so I could look forward to watching them through breakfast and for whatever time they stayed downstairs.

At seven-thirty the coffee shop opened. I was half starved and needed coffee like a man needs air. But still I had to wait—and at eight-forty-five they came out of the elevator and walked to the coffee shop and went in. Reese was just like Bradford described him, wide and black-haired, a good-looking man around thirty with a strong swing to his shoulders.

And Helen Bradford. She would stop the show in a city, but in this little town she was a knockout. She was more than Bradford described her. Her hair was shoulder-length and so black it reflected ebony sparks from the lobby lights. She had a full, petulant mouth and heavy eyebrows, and her nose was straight and a little arrogant. She was a beautiful woman and knew it. The funny thing was, Helen Bradford and Reese looked like an old married couple. They were good.

I gave them five minutes and went into the coffee shop and took a small table across the room from them. They were splitting the morning paper and drinking coffee, talking and laughing a little. They didn't pay any attention to me. They were confident, all right.

FIVE minutes after I'd returned to the lobby and my big leather chair, they came out of the shop. The woman went upstairs and Reese smiled at her and went out the front door and turned toward the garage. That was what he should do, check on his car and then come back and tell her when they could leave.

I sat in my chair, feeling fine. Reese returned in fifteen minutes, shaking the rain from his hat and shoulders, and went upstairs. It was just ten o'clock. I waited five minutes more, then went up to my room, and tapped on Bradford's wall. It took him a minute or two to wake up, and then he said, "Cavanaugh?"

"Open your door. I'm coming in."

I skidded around into his room and left his door open a crack so I could see down the hall.

Bradford looked better. He said, "How did they look?"

"Truthfully, they looked happy. They looked in the pink, Mr. Bradford."

"Ah," he said slowly, "I was afraid of that, Cavanaugh. I wanted to kid myself but it's no use." He looked up and his eyes got narrow and angry. "All right, follow them this morning and make sure of it, will you?"

"Anything you say."

I heard their door open and peeked through the door crack. They came out and locked their door and took the elevator downstairs. I said, "They're going out for a walk, most likely. I'll tag along."

"Don't lose them. Be careful."

"Sure," I said. "That's my business."

Bradford smiled ruefully. "Excuse me, Cavanaugh. I didn't mean to be short. I'm just worried."

"Forget it," I grinned. "I'll be up if anything happens."

So I went down and followed them all over town, into stores and along the river, and a malt in a corner drugstore. They fiddled around for two hours and finally stopped by the garage to check on their car at noon. It wasn't ready, I knew, because they came out and went to the hotel and upstairs, and Reese was angry. I heard him say something about slow work in these little towns.

I knocked on Bradford's door and went inside and looked at him. "All right, they've got it bad, I guess. Their car isn't ready but it will be. They won't stay much longer than tonight or tomorrow morning. What do you want to do, Mr. Bradford?"

"I saw them," he said. "From the front hall window. I've made up my mind, Cavanaugh. It's foolish to talk with her or reason with him. I guess I'll just let them go."

"You're the doctor." Sometimes I wonder how these guys figure their problems out. For that woman, me, I'd throw Reese into the river and drag her off by the hair and beat her until she got some sense. I said, "That about finishes this job for me, Mr. Bradford."

"One more thing." Bradford was mad about something. "I know this sounds childish, Cavanaugh, but she's got a few things with her that I consider mine, not hers. A turquoise ring my mother gave me, a necklace she doesn't appreciate, and that airplane bag. I want them."

People are like that. They can let big things get away, but they hate to lose the little stuff with the sentimental value. I've known them to kill for it. I said, "How do you get it, Mr. Bradford? You said you didn't want to see her?"

He looked at me and his mouth thinned out and his eyes touched on his door and came back to me. I said, quickly, "Hold up, Mr. Bradford. If you think I'm going to get it, don't count on it. That's breaking and entering and we don't do that."

"If you steal, yes," he said. "If you get something for the owner, what is it?"

"Don't split hairs on me," I said. "No go."

"Cavanaugh," he said coldly, "I want my bag, my ring and my necklace. She can go to hell with Reese but I want those things. The locks on these hotel doors are nothing but rubbish. You can open them with a skeleton key. Either you wait until they're out and get those things for me, or I'll do it myself."

He meant it. So there I was, worried about him because he might slip up and get himself in a bushel of trouble; and worried more about myself because I didn't do those things. But this guy was my client and he owned the stuff, that was a cinch. And Bradford was working under a big strain; he might crack any minute. He might have a gun in his Gladstone bag, and he could shoot both of them and nothing could stop him if he went batty.

"All right," I said. "I'll get the stuff for you. But you sit down and cool off, Mr. Bradford. You're working yourself up over nothing."

"I'll sit down, and thank you, Cavanaugh. I know how you feel, and I appreciate it."

I DROVE my car to the garage, honked, and came in under the rising door. The mechanics had the coupé off the lift and were giving it a final tuning. I said, "You about done with that one, fellas?"

"Another two hours," the big mechanic said. "She needs five new plugs and a fan belt. Maybe a new distributor."

"Could I get a grease job when you finish?"

"Sure," he said.

I got my check stub and walked toward the hotel, where Reese and Helen Bradford stood on the steps. Reese said something and started for the garage, meeting me and going on down the street. I swung up the steps and nodded to Helen Bradford.

"Nasty weather," I said.

"It is bad," she said. She had a deep, musical voice.

The coffee-shop hostess came out and the three of us stood on the top step out of the rain, talking. Reese returned, his face angry, and he and Helen walked up Main Street and I knew he was telling her the car would be late. They paused and looked across at the theater, and she nodded and they went over and bought their tickets and went inside. That was all I needed. I headed upstairs.

Bradford was at the door, holding it open for me. I said, "They went to the matinee. Keep your door open and

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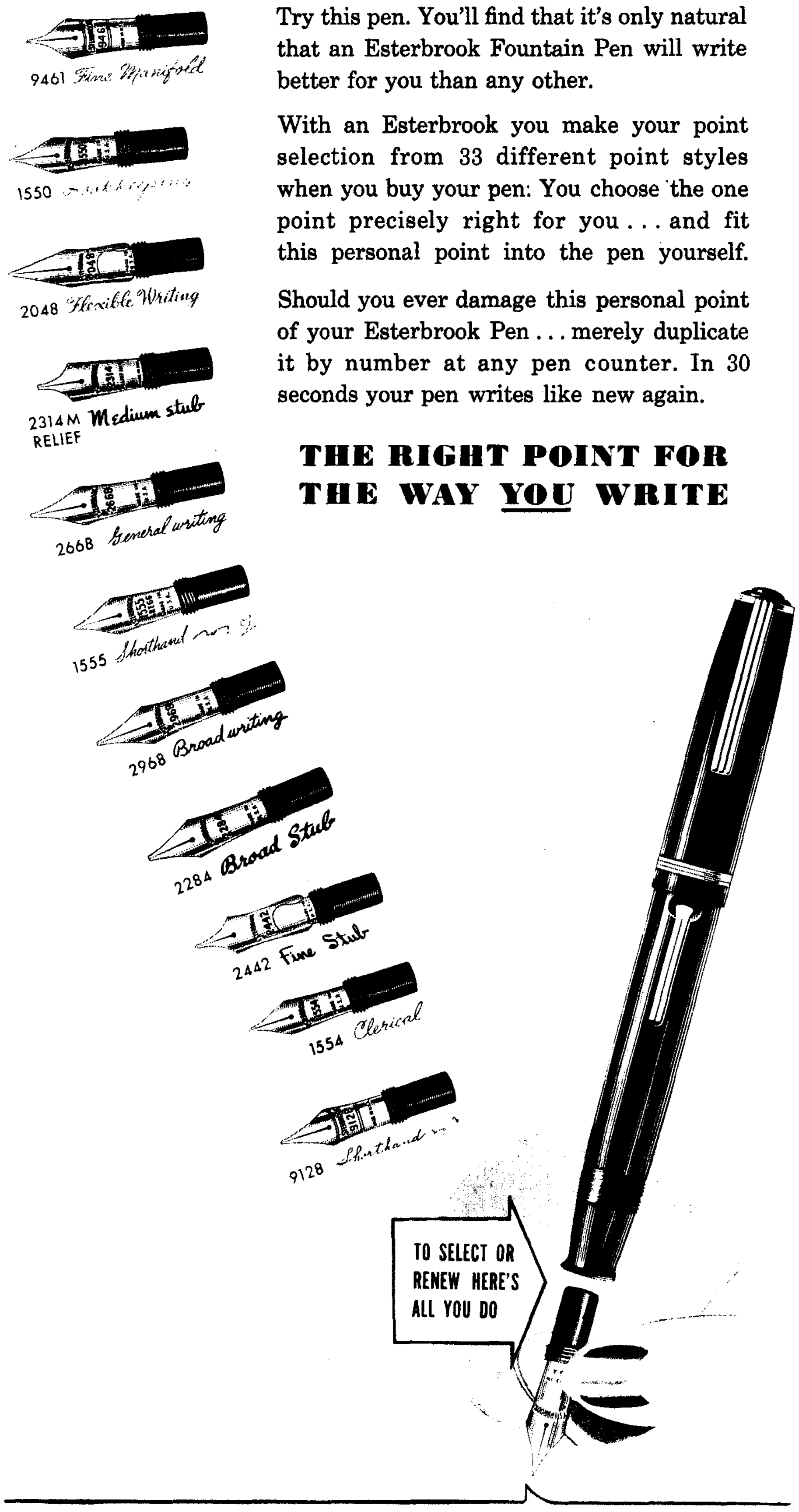

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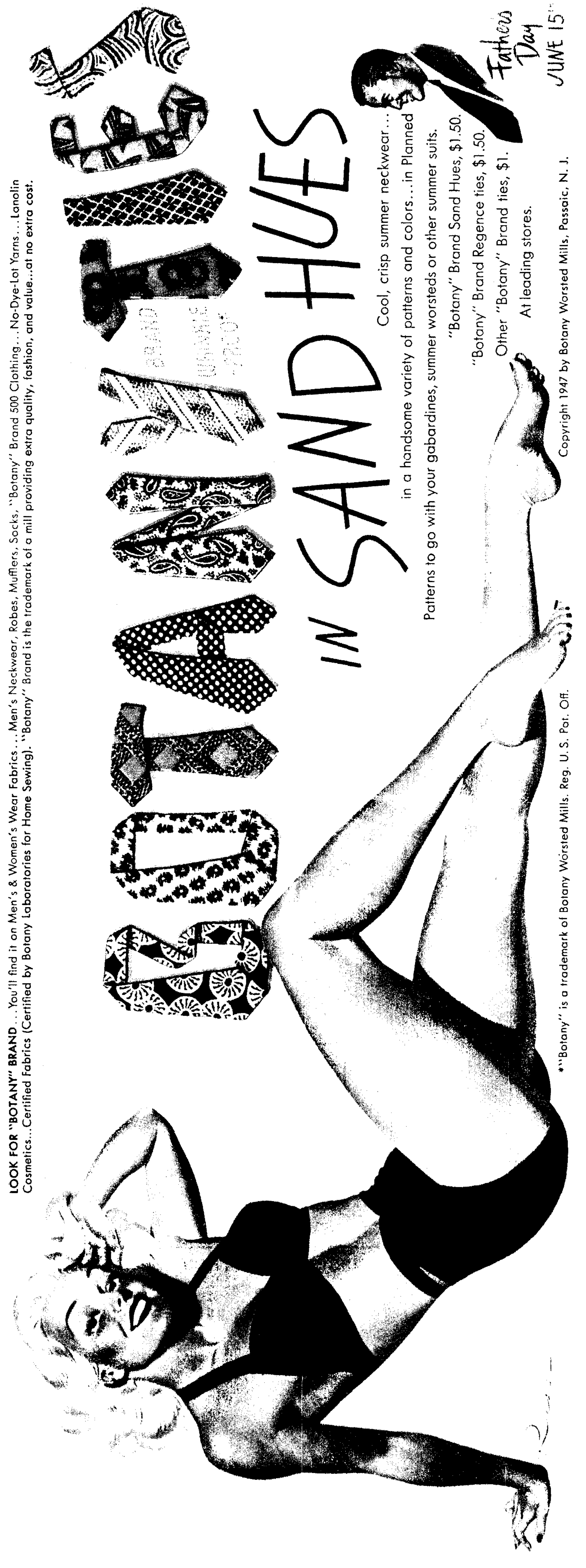
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watch the elevator for me. You can't do much but if they come back while I'm in their room, you'll have to explain. I'm not taking the rap for this."

"All right," he said. "Remember, a turquoise ring, a necklace, and my little bag."

I got the key ring from my bag, tried the keys on my own door, and finally found one that worked. I went out and stood in the hall, looking up and down. It was silent. I crossed to their door, tried the key, and turned it. The door opened and I went in, leaving the key in the lock and the door open a foot.

The necklace was on the dressing table, but the turquoise ring was not in the room. I emptied the little brown bag, placing the stuff on the bed. It had the usual things in it—lingerie, stockings, make-up. I started to close the bag when I looked down and something made me look twice.

MAYBE I was nervous, I'll never know, but I opened that bag again and looked at it a little closer. It was just another expensive plastic airplane luggage bag lined with soft red leather, with those light metal corners. Not much room in it. I lifted it again; it weighed like any other empty bag. I held it up, a side in each hand, and closed it slowly. I could see by holding it out from my eyes, the bottom outside and the bottom inside; and it looked thick.

"What the hell!"

I set the bag on the bed and went to work. It took me five minutes to find the tiny bump that levered up the false bottom; but the funny thing was, when I lifted one side, there was no space between the false bottom and the real bottom of the bag. And then I saw the little trough around the bottom, and the white cotton stuffed tight in that little trough.

I didn't have to pull the cotton out. I knew what it was. But I pried up a corner and felt, and then saw the diamonds, wrapped so neatly in cotton all around the bottom of this innocent little bag that Bradford wanted back because he hated to lose his sentimental trinkets. I felt like a fool. I packed the cotton tight, pushed the false bottom in place, closed the bag, and got out of that room. I locked the door and went to Bradford's room. He had his door open and me inside before I broke step.

I was mad. I hate to be played for a sucker. But I played it slow, trying to think. I said, "Here's the bag and the necklace, Mr. Bradford. The ring wasn't in their room."

He took the bag and the necklace, and his fingers trembled a little. "Thank you, Cavanaugh, thank you. She's wearing the ring, I imagine. You did your best." He wiped his face and smiled apologetically, like a man feeling ashamed of himself. "I know you think I'm a damned fool, but I think you understand."

"Sure," I said. "I understand. Now what?"

"I want to get out of here," he said wearily. "I'm afraid I'll do something foolish if I stay any longer."

"Me, too, Mr. Bradford. Look, you pack up—how about the bag? They'll recognize it."

He opened the big Gladstone and dropped the little bag in one side, threw in his toothbrush and toilet stuff, and closed it. The little bag didn't show. "Is that all right?"

"Good," I said. "Now, you go downstairs and check out, and I'll check out right behind you. Walk toward the garage and on past it. I'll pick you up in my car. We'll be in my town in five hours, six at the most. Did you keep your hotel suite?"

"Yes," he said. "My luggage is still there. I'll return with you and leave for New York on the night plane. I want to get away and forget everything."

"All right," I said. "Get going."

He put on his topcoat and hat and was gone. I followed on the next elevator trip. Bradford was just leaving the hotel. I paid my bill and the clerk grinned at me and said, "Leaving us so soon, Mr. Cavanaugh?"

"Come over here a minute, will you?" I said.

I went to the back lobby at the end of the desk. He came around and we stood behind the partition. I opened my wallet and showed him my identification papers. "Listen to me," I said softly. "This is important. When this Mr. and Mrs. Burke come back from the matinee, they're going to be down here asking you about a small piece of luggage, airplane stuff."

"I remember it," he said. "She carried it."

"Okay. When they ask about it, you suddenly remember and tell them you saw a tall man, Mr. Hanson, check out with it, but you weren't really sure, see. Hanson asked you if there was a short cut to Jacinto City that missed San Antonio. Describe him to them. You remember him?"

The clerk nodded.

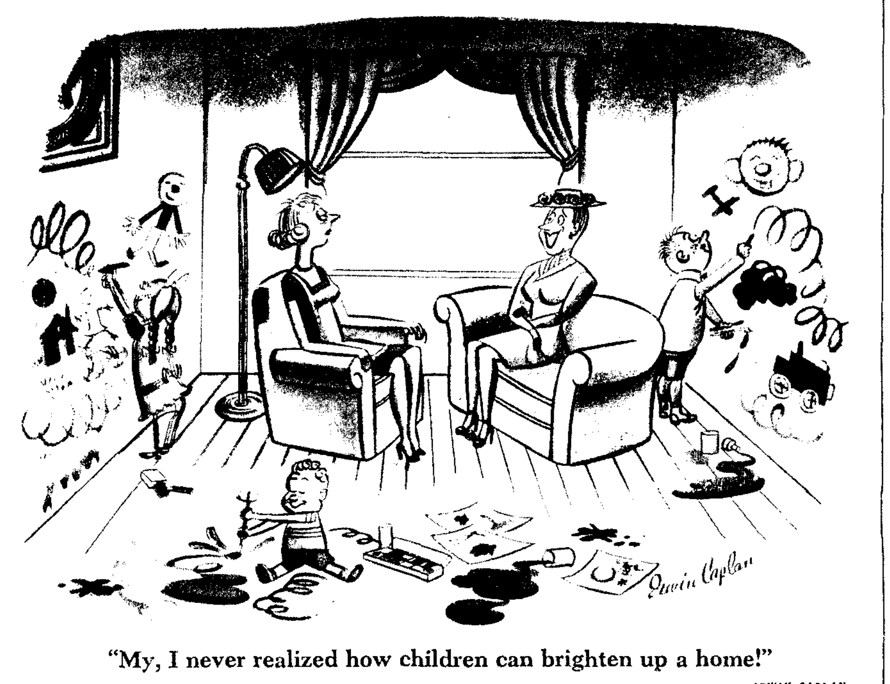
"Remember, he asked about that short cut and checked out. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'll do it."

"Good," I said. "They should be back in another hour. Play it well."

I took off for the garage. . . .

It was a fast ride. I made it to the Wellston through rain and light fog, by



"My, I never realized how children can brighten up a home!"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

NIL
The Odorless Deodorant
NIL that Odor

FORGET ALL YOU EVER KNEW ABOUT DEODORANTS...

New Scientific Discovery Kills Hundreds of Home Odors!

To Kill that Odor, just...

NIL that Odor!

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ENDS EMBARRASSING COOKING ODORS!

TAKES "B.O." OUT OF COATS FAST!

KILLS TOILET BOWL ODORS INSTANTLY

TAKE SMOKE, OTHER ODORS, OUT OF UPHOLSTERY

EASY TO DEODORIZE USED DIAPERS

ENDS GARBAGE ODOR WITH DAILY SPRAYING

DESTROYS PET ODORS QUICKLY, EASILY

Utterly New Kind of Odorless Deodorant Spray Completely Destroys These Embarrassing Household and Pet Odors—Quickly, Safely, Easily:

EMBARRASSING KITCHEN ODORS! Get them out quickly!—with a few swift sprays of NIL. A spray in air eliminates odors of fish, cauliflower, cabbage, onions, burned food!—spray upholstery, drapes—removes "cooking smell" from them, too!

EVEN DIAPER ODORS DISAPPEAR after a NIL treatment! Every time you remove a wet diaper, spray it with NIL before putting it in can or bag. No sour, "diaper-ish" odor around *your* house. Grandmother: buy or send, for grandchild's nursery.

OTHER NURSERY ODORS TOO! If child vomits or breaks training, spray NIL on soiled bedclothes or garments after removal. If child wets bed, NIL the sheet after removal; spray NIL on mattress and turn mattress over!

A CLEAN, ODORLESS TOILET BOWL is a sign of a fastidious housewife. Just spray NIL on and in bowl once a day, or as needed.

MILDEW ODORS EASY TO KILL NOW! Simply spray mildewed cloth, paper or other material and spray spot where it has been!

FRESHEN MUSTY BASEMENTS! Just spray on walls, floors, or directly on areas where odors originate.

MUSTY CLOTHES CLOSETS lose their odors in a few seconds! Use a light NIL mist on walls and clothes in closets. Results are immediate.

ODORS IN UPHOLSTERY and drapes caused by pets, spilled drinks, tobacco smoke, cooking odors, etc., vanish when fabric is sprayed lightly with NIL.

DOG OWNERS AMAZED with NIL's fast action in keeping homes free of animal odors. Spray NIL where dog lies or sleeps. Spray or dampen dog, or apply with plastic or rubber comb. If animal commits a nuisance, spray affected spot to deodorize rug, floor, upholstery, etc. Special blessing to dog, cat and other animal lovers in apartments!

NO MORE SMELLY GARBAGE CAN! Just spray the garbage in can daily—also spray inside, before and after washing out can.

STOPS SINK AND SEWER ODORS fast, with only a spoonful poured in the drain. Allow to stand a few minutes for best results.

ODOR OF DEAD ANIMAL GOES FAST with a quick NIL treatment. Spray animal, remove and spray area and air.

KILLS EVEN SKUNK ODORS! Soak affected garments in NIL; or wash NIL on skin and hair of dog till odor disappears.

SO MANY OTHER ODORS! Clothes-hamper odors: just spray in hamper as dirty clothes accumulate; odors in car: treat like home upholstery and rugs; bird-cage odors: spray paper in cage-bottom; trailer odors: spray drapes, rugs, upholstery, toilet. Read the NIL label!—for easy directions to kill *any* common home odor!

HOW YOU CAN GET NIL, if your dealer is not yet stocked: Mail $1.00 today for your pint bottle and sprayer ($1.00 includes postage and handling costs). Simply write name and address in margin of this page, place in envelope with $1.00 and mail to Skinner Mfg. Co., 1331 Jackson St., Omaha, Neb.

DEALERS! *Write today* for name of your nearest NIL distributor. Survey shows average NIL use almost half-bottle monthly, with rapid repeat and high satisfaction.

Keep a Bottle in the Kitchen — Keep a Bottle in the Bathroom — Available at Leading Grocery, Drug, and Department Stores and Pet Shops Everywhere

NIL that Odor!

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DRUG DIVISION, SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, NEBR., COPR., 1947

Why We Say NIL is the Really TRUE DEODORANT:

1. *It quickly destroys (oxidizes) objectionable home odors. NIL is patented—no other works like NIL.*
2. *It does not merely "mask" an odor with another odor.*
3. *It is completely odorless—has no odor, leaves no odor.*

Can You Name Another Deodorant Like This?

It's quite a surprise
When someone who flies
"Drops in" from out of the blue

But that day is here
So when friends just "appear"
Be sure that "Thompson's" there too!

Allan Clark

What to get out when friends drop in

Old Thompson, of course! It's different . . . smoother and tastes better because "Thompson" is WED · IN · THE · WOOD. Fine old Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits and then *put back into barrels to assure a perfect union* of these famous distillations. This method costs more, takes longer, but the difference sure tells in the taste. Try "Thompson!"

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Different because it's . . .

WED
·IN·THE·
WOOD
Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY · LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY eight o'clock. Bradford got his key from the clerk, and we went to the elevators.

I said, "Hope I didn't scare you, Mr. Bradford."

"Not at all," he smiled. "You're a fine driver, Cavanaugh." He snapped his fingers then and said, "You earned that bonus."

"Thank you. I'm sorry it turned out this way for you."

"It's life," he said sadly. "But come up and I'll get your money. We have time for a drink before I catch the plane."

"Be right with you, Mr. Bradford. I'll call Sam Brennan and tell him we got back okay."

He went into the elevator and I dashed for a phone. I let Sam say hello and cut in. "This is Mike. Listen, and start moving."

"Right," Sam said. "Talk."

"We're back. This is something big. Call the F.B.I. office. Have them down here fast. Get here yourself. Call Lieutenant Jackson, get him here with his boys. Get upstairs and cover Bradford's suite, both doors. Watch for Reese and Helen Bradford. They should be here within thirty minutes, maybe sooner. When they go into the room, come in on 'em. I'll stay as long as I can, in the room. If I'm still inside, cover me. I'll tell you then. No time."

I hung up and went across the lobby and saw Harrison, the house detective, motioned him along, and pushed him into the elevator. I told him as much as I could while we went up to ten. He said, "I'll be here when the boys come up. You need help?"

We stopped on ten and I said, "Not yet. But be awake."

I knocked and Bradford let me in, smiling. He motioned to the sideboard and the brandy bottle, and went back to shaving himself with an electric razor. I said, "That looks mighty fine," and poured myself a medium drink, said, "*Salud,*" and downed about a third of it.

Bradford finished shaving and put the razor and everything else in a bag. His luggage was ready to go: three bags, the big one he had the little one in, and two others.

"Now," he said, "I've an hour to make my plane. Have you your bill ready?"

"It's not itemized. I'll have to sit down and figure it for you."

"Never mind that," he said. "Give it a rough estimate and don't cheat yourself. You've done a fine job."

I pulled out my notebook and added up the expenses and the three days' work. "This is fairly close. Seventy-five for three days' work. Expenses were around three hundred. Call it three-seventy-five."

"One thousand, three hundred and seventy-five dollars," Bradford said. "Here you are."

HE COUNTED out thirteen one-hundred-dollar bills in my hand, found a fifty and three tens and said, "Never mind. The five's for cigars on me."

I wrote him a receipt and put the money in my wallet and shoved it in my hip pocket. My coat was unbuttoned now. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Bradford. I don't know whether we earned that bonus or not, but if you're satisfied, we are. I hope you remember us if you ever need anything again in our line."

"I will," he said. "I certainly will, Cavanaugh. And give your Mr. Brennan my regards."

I stalled for time. "Look, let me drive you to the airport. I sent the boy around with my car for gas. It'll be out front in five more minutes."

He started to protest and I said, "No trouble at all," and the knock sounded on the door.

He said, "Who is it?"

I said quickly, "Boy for your bags. I remembered you didn't ask for one so I helped out."

"Good. You think of everything."

I hoped it was who I thought it was. Bradford opened the door and it slammed back and Reese and Helen Bradford came into the room, pushing him toward the center. Reese had his right hand in his coat pocket and Helen stood behind him looking at Bradford.

Reese said, "Where is it, Joe?" and then he saw me. "Who—"

I wasn't a hero. I didn't know any cute tricks. This was the bad time. I drew from my shoulder and shot him in that pocket. My .38 made a loud smashing sound in that big room. The echoes weren't dead when Sam came piling through the open door with Lieutenant Jackson and a dozen cops and F.B.I. men. They grabbed Reese and Helen Bradford, and I grabbed Bradford.

Jackson said, "What's all this, Cavanaugh?"

"Yes," Sam Brennan said. "What is it, Mike?"

"Look." I ripped the big Gladstone open and pulled out the little bag and tore it apart. The cotton came out in long hanks, and diamonds fell on the floor. I looked at the F.B.I. boys and said, "You take it from here. I think you know what this means."

Just before Sam and I left, I turned to Bradford and said, "Bradford, this is Sam Brennan. You can give him your regards now, in person."

He looked at me and didn't say a word. We went out and shut the door in Bradford's face.

WE GOT the whole story later that night at the office. We waited until Jackson called and told us. It was simple, and that was why it was good. Bradford, Reese and Helen Bradford were three very good jewel smugglers. The F.B.I. checked on their tourist permits and found that they had declared only a few small items when they came through Brownsville customs from Mexico City. But they knew that the customs men can't go over everything with a fine-toothed comb because it makes legitimate tourists angry. And the idea of bringing in one hundred and thirty-two big diamonds in a little bag, right under the customs men's noses was so crude that it got past them. The funny thing was that the woman was really Reese's wife, not Bradford's. Bradford and Helen Reese went to the Wellston and registered as man and wife because Reese was the only one of the three with a record and he was afraid some detective might recognize him. He was supposed to take a bus to New Orleans and meet Helen and Bradford there.

But Reese and his wife couldn't stand prosperity. They decided to cross Bradford. While Bradford was taking a bath, she went into the living room and picked up his little bag and called to him that she was going out to shop. She met Reese at the airport and they chartered the plane to San Antonio. They planned to head northwest into New Mexico and hole up in some little town for a few months, then go on to Los Angeles to peddle the diamonds. When Bradford missed the bag, he didn't know how to play it. He couldn't go to the police and he couldn't call a detective agency right away because women sometimes take several hours to shop, and that would be playing it the dumb way. So he played it smart, and fooled me. He wanted those diamonds back and he would have succeeded, and got away clean, if I hadn't been lucky.

Sam counted the money we got from Bradford, and grinned at me. "I wonder what that detective in the article would think about this?"

"Sam," I said, "he'd probably throw what he calls a hunk of iron at a guy like Reese, and catch a small hunk of lead right in his guts. Not for me. I like mine the safe way."

THE END

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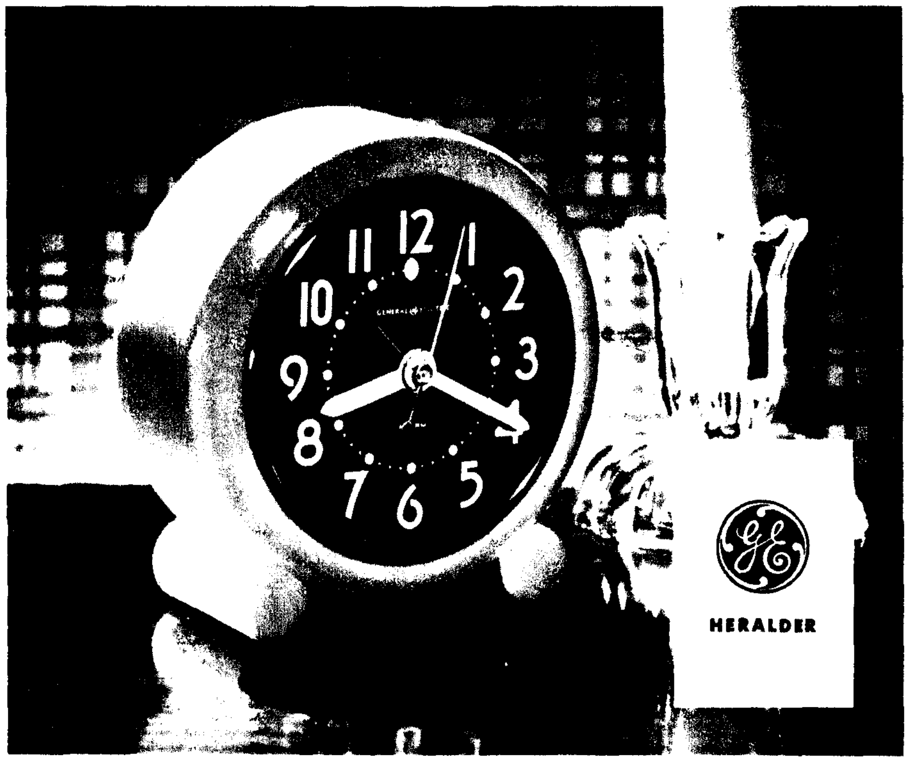

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Select-A-Larm is a new General Electric Alarm Clock feature controlling the alarm volume. Anyone owning the Heralder can select *his own alarm volume* to be awakened by!

For Tom, Dick, and Harriet!

Say Tom is a very light sleeper—one of those fellows who leaps awake at the slightest sound. Tom naturally sets the volume control to "whisper."

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Say Harriet is a gal who hears *nothing*. So Harriet sets the Select-A-Larm feature at a point which she *knows* will get even Harriet up. This point is the "HEY, YOU! WAKE UP AND NO FOOLING!" (Harriet wakes up, believe us!)

You can set the Heralder's Select-A-Larm feature at any of these three volume control points—*or anywhere in between* that you "select."

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Accurate—It is electrically checked by your power company with official Arlington time.

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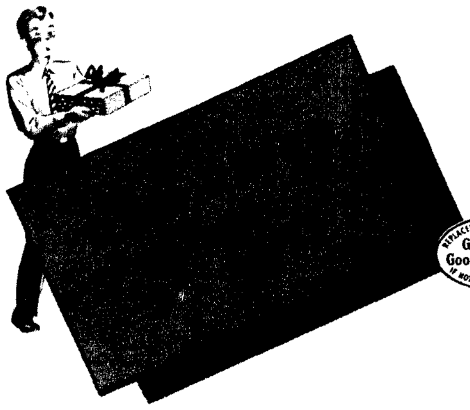

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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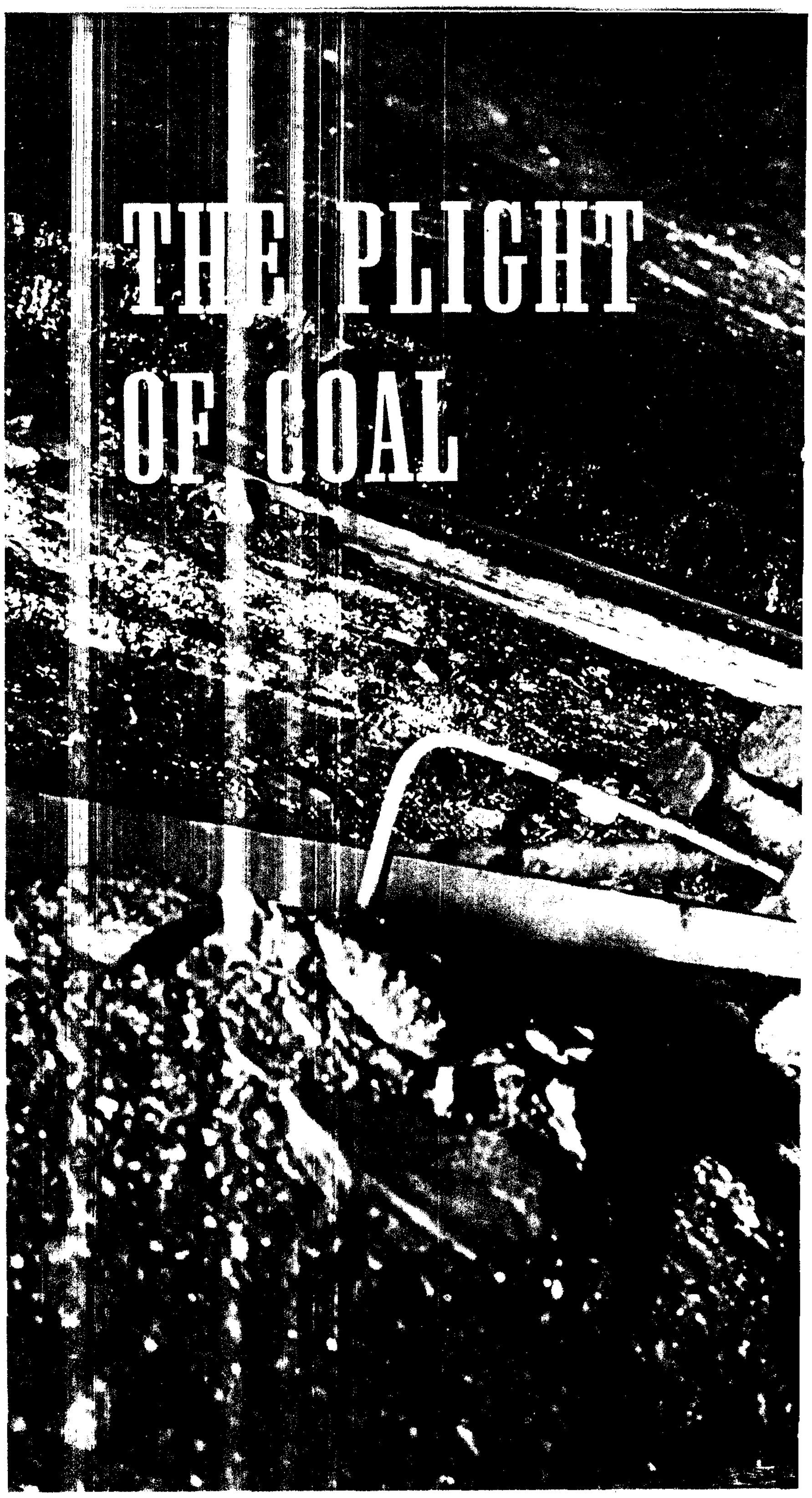

THE PLIGHT OF COAL

BY ANDREW B. CRICHTON

THE city has a population of about 100,000 and is in the heart of one of America's largest bituminous coal fields. There is coal under it, and mines are all around it, producing only mine-run coal for domestic consumers or industrial plants. Soon after the war the operator of a mine twenty miles away installed, at considerable expense, facilities for washing, double-screening, and dustproofing stove and stoker coal, and entered the local market with the new product.

A little later he attended a meeting of the National Coal Association, where he heard many of his fellow members gloomily discussing the inroads which oil and natural gas have made upon coal's traditional markets. He thought them unduly pessimistic, for he still regarded oil and gas as luxury fuels which only plutocrats could afford. He pointed out that the war was over, government regulations were being eased, there were no strikes at the moment, coal production was satisfactory and orders were plentiful, although it was true that in his home city the demand for his prepared coal wasn't quite as large as he had expected.

About a week after the operator returned home, the nursemaid who took care of his young children came late to work, explaining that a natural-gas furnace had been installed in her home and she was being instructed in its use. A few days later he overheard his laundress enthusiastically describing her new gas burner. Then he began to make inquiries. He found that within a year 1,600 householders in the city had converted from coal to natural gas, and that hundreds more were waiting for equipment.

Many commercial consumers—hotels, office buildings, etc.—were likewise changing over. Manufacturers of oil and gas appliances told him that they had the largest backlog of orders in their history, while the gas companies were publishing advertisements notifying the public that they would be unable to handle the large number of applications for service until new

A mining engineer foresees a serious shortage of coal, oil and natural gas. He warns we may wake up shivering one day if the situation isn't remedied

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID ROBBINS

lines and additional facilities had been installed.

All this was very disturbing, for it was clear to the coal operator that there would be little chance of expanding his new market. But there was more to come. The members of his luncheon club, numbering about 100 businessmen, had all been lavish in their praise of his new dustproof coal, which could be put in on washday without soiling the clothes. But when he questioned them, he learned that all but two had converted to oil or natural gas for heating their homes.

Then he found that his own sales manager was using oil, and that three other officials of his company were burning natural gas. And a hurried investigation of the industrial field disclosed an even more alarming situation; he found that manufacturing plants, in his own city and elsewhere, were rapidly changing to gas, and that the railroads, even those which depend upon coal for most of their freight revenue, were turning to oil. The railroads now have 3,000 oil-burning Diesels in service, and of the locomotives on order only 92 are coal burners, while more than 600 are Diesels.

Everyone to whom the coal operator talked gave the same two principal reasons for having made the change-over. One was the greater cleanliness and convenience of oil and natural gas, about which there can be no argument. This is especially true of natural gas, which is nature's purest fuel; it burns more efficiently than coal, is automatic in operation, and is paid for after consumption. And there are no ashes or coal dust, as is also the case, of course, when oil is burned. The other reason was the uncertainty of coal production because of the numerous strikes, and the consequent fear of being unable to obtain supplies when needed. In many instances this was the compelling reason, for gas is, after all, considerably more expensive than coal for domestic or commercial use.

The experience of this operator is

(Continued on page 112)

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MAIN STREET MOVES TO JAPAN

Continued from page 17

is chargeable to the Japanese, come the final reckoning of reparations and the signing of the peace treaty. Meantime, though the Americans feed, clothe and jeep themselves, making their occupation a relatively unburdensome one, everything else is worked by a wonderful occupation device called Procurement Demand.

PD is beautifully simple, at least on paper. Does the U.S. Army need 1,000 laborers? All it requires is a properly official demand, presented to the Japanese government through the Central Liaison Office; the CLO finds the right government official, the official finds a contractor, the contractor produces 1,000 laborers and collects from the Japanese government, which adds the bill to the unpredictable total item of reparations.

Or does the Army need furniture for 150 newly Westernized homes? PD is the answer. Does a general covet the fine piano he saw in the home of a Japanese industrialist? PD will get it for him (or did, in this case). Does an irate American housewife need 22 electric heaters to supplement her terrible furnace? The Army, via PD, will produce.

Comic-Opera Cost Accounting

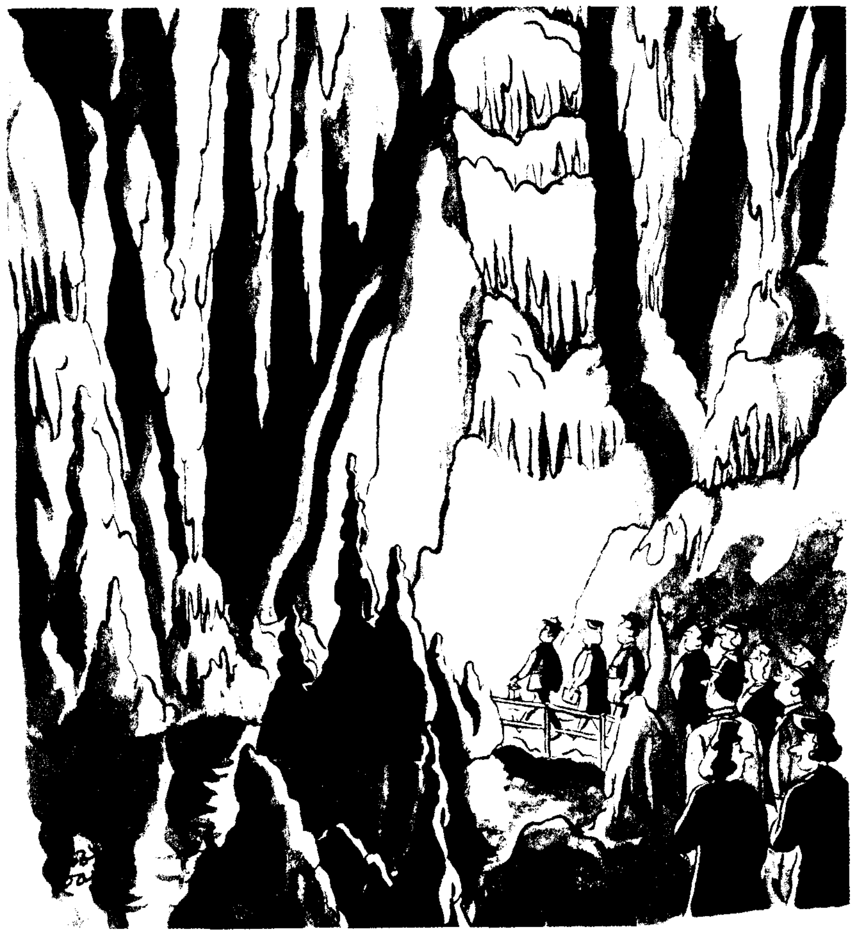
The PD business is more than a little tricky, on costs. American authorities take the position that it's purely a matter for the Japanese government to worry about, if it chooses to overpay a contractor, or to permit a merchant to charge four prices for a warehouseful of desks or a truckload of flowers. The Japanese, on the other hand, apparently assume that if they can present an occupation-costs total well in the stratosphere, it might be so much velvet on the reparations total. The Americans say it will be just that much extra, thank you.

At any rate, the system leads to fantastic charges. An American colonel, noting a contractor's bill for 26,000 yen (over $1,700 at the rate which was then legal) for "glass installations" in his home, discovered after some research that it was for a single pane of glass. Another family, whose mansion netted a contractor 426,000 yen (then $28,400) from his government, found it was for putting in one bathroom and sodding the lawn. No concern of the Americans, only of the Japanese government, is the official occupation line.

Even without PD, the Americans are all a flock of millionaires to the Japanese. A G.I. corporal gets $108 a month, the lowest-paid civilian at least $200 (minus no more than $45 for Army food, shelter and service). And worth its weight in yen if not gold is the individual ration of cigarettes, candy, snack-food and other PX items; a carton of cigarettes traded on the black market fetches a price legally valued at about $30 but actually worth about $5 in black-market trade. Army blankets, PX clothing (especially women's wear), food, gasoline and other occupation naturals fetch similarly high prices. But the Army thinks it has the black market fairly well under control, or at least limited to small-time operations.

That backbone of the American community, the G.I., has been getting a cleaner bill of health lately, too. G.I. crimes in the Tokyo area, major and minor, have decreased by more than 40 per cent in the last three months. Indeed, according to the Tokyo Provost Marshal, two-war veteran Brigadier General C. S. Ferrin, today's G.I. is a vast improvement over what he calls "last year's drugstore cowboys—the reluctant postwar draftees who just wanted to get home again, and to hell with it all."

The general had to admit, however, that some of the G.I.s, like some of the other American males, manage to make a firsthand study of the women of Japan. This avocation is easier, of course, for officers and civilians, since they may entertain women in their quarters, but no



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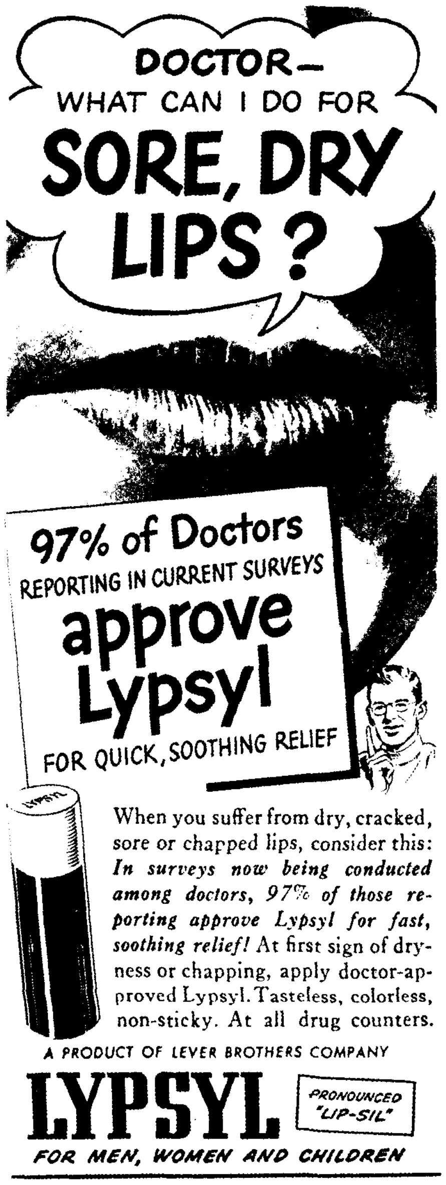
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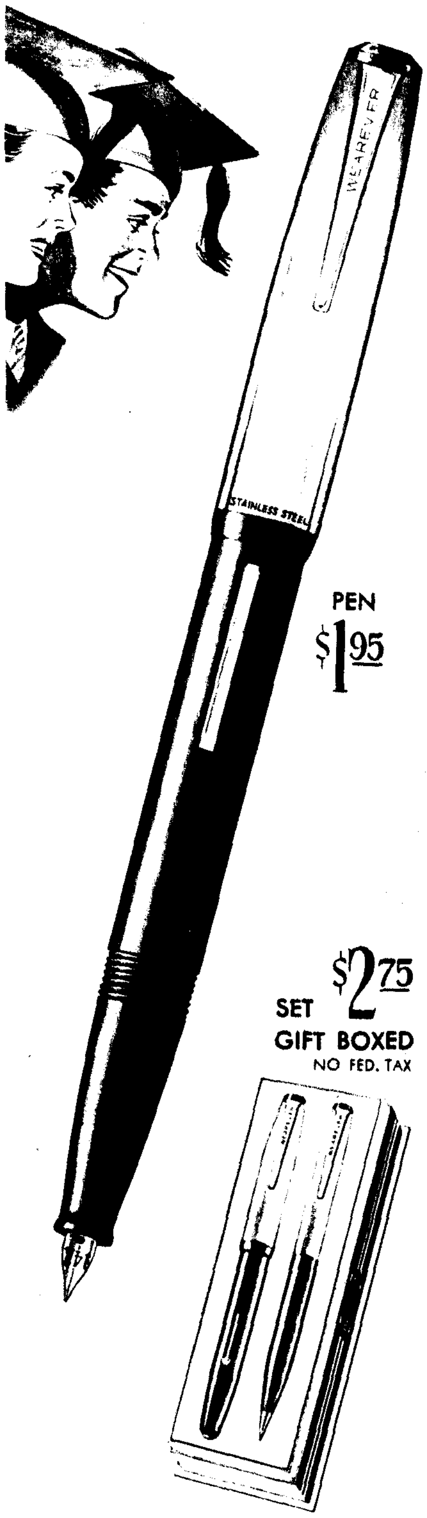

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COLLIER'S "I've gotten completely out of hand at home" JOHN MILLIGAN

one can deny G.I. ingenuity when it comes to Topic A. The Army has outlawed geisha houses and bawdier places, but the G.I. may visit in Japanese homes (he must leave by 11 P.M.), he may bring Japanese girl friends to company dances and he may find that a truck or a jeep is hard for the MPs to find in the parks.

Some of the Americans are more than enthusiastic about Japanese women. Nearly twoscore civilians last year, before the Army got wise and brought up a battery of directives forbidding it, married their Japanese "friend-o's."

At least one civilian, it should be reported, discovered that despite the high-minded directives of the Supreme Command (SCAP), it is still possible to buy a girl on the more or less open market. Charmed by a shapely Oriental miss he met in a dance hall, he acquired permanent possession by contracting to pay her owners a round 10,000 yen—on the installment plan.

He installed his girl in Japanese quarters, but soon thereafter found his duties required him to go to Korea for a while, and missed out on a couple of installments. When he returned he found the girl's owners had not merely repossessed her, but had hidden her away in the wilds of the far north, in Hokkaido. He paid up the contract in full then and got his girl back. According to friends, both he and the slave girl are quite happy about it all.

Singularly undisturbed by the rumored attractiveness of the Japanese women are the Government Girls, perhaps the happiest of all the Americans in Japan. In their scant thousands (currently about four) they figure, as one blond young miss from San Francisco put it, that numbers alone give each one, no matter where she may be stationed, about 20 eligible American males.

"Of this number," said the Californian, smiling sweetly, "about 15 will be as enthusiastic about the American girl as the other five will be about the Japanese. A problem, really. Even the plainest of us can be rushed, if we like it. It's so easy that a lot of the girls skip the dating business occasionally in favor of lectures or concerts or stuff."

Since the visible pattern of American night life in Tokyo or anywhere in Japan is fairly monotonous, it can be understood why some of the girls are driven to intellectual pursuits on occasion. It is invariably cocktails, dinner, movies, and dancing (the Japanese supply rather good orchestras) at one or another of the dozens of Army hotels or enlisted men's clubs. But plenty of the girls never tire of the routine, or its variations—like bussing out to an EM dance 60 miles away ("just sign on the bulletin board—the bus will call at 6"), or week-ending at a skiing resort or beach hotel. They work on a five-day, 40-hour week, and that leaves time for everything.

They occupy ten of the best Army-run hotels in Tokyo, from the prosaic Park and the Riverview to the more exotically named Surugadai (with heated swimming pool), Dai Iti Roikan, Naka or Shiba Park, and the Japanese servants take care of them as Mother never dreamed of doing. Rank has little meaning, except that the top-notchers get their choice of suites or rooms with bath, while the lowlier may be grouped three to a room.

Room Service De Luxe—Doubled

All can depend on efficient room-girls to wake them up, bring them tea, do their pressing or laundry, clean their shoes, and, on request, massage their weary bodies or help them bathe. Home, they say, was never like this.

The lobby of any one of their schools, come six o'clock of an evening, looks like a women's college dormitory lounge. Callow PFCs, sophisticated colonels, blasé civilians, some with PX flowers in hand, loll about, waiting impatiently for the girl of their choice to descend. No male may mount the stairway; G.I. sentries are there to prevent it. Late in the evening, for some reason, they fix bayonets and look somewhat grimmer.

The girls sweep down, some in evening clothes, and are off for their fun. No mere male may enter their hotel lobby after 1 A.M., but they themselves may stay out as late as they like.

But extremely late hours aren't too widespread according to one of the senior counselors on employee relations in SCAP.

"Most of the girls," she said, "find it easy to be well behaved. Most of them have interesting jobs and like their work, as well as their play. All have to be 21 or over before they come here, so they're likely to be better-adjusted types than the youngsters back in Washington, say. More interested in travel, or work, or marriage, or all three, than in playing around."

Some months ago, however, as SCAP officials will admit, there was a beautiful sort of Hollywoodish confusion in the realm of employee relations. Beautiful girls moved from one job in SCAP to another, sometimes with dazzling rapid-

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JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
BLUE RIBBON DAD!

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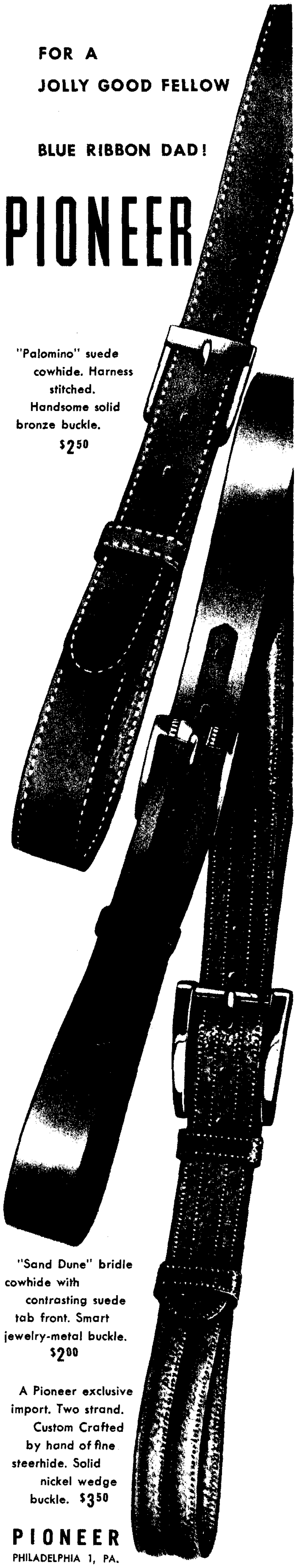

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Remember Father's Day, Sunday, June 15

ity, always with a higher civil service rating and more pay. Some vanished from job-sight for weeks, looking for better connections, and had to be tracked down by the MPs. Did a VIP covet the services of a beautiful but lowly file clerk (CAF-2; $2,442.50 a year)? He had just the job for her: CAF-7, at $4,246.50. They could talk it over in Nikko, during the week end.

SCAP and the civil service moved in on this racket, however, and the girls with the long eyelashes are now job-frozen behind mountains of protective if disappointing red tape.

"We march each new shipload of girls into the Dai Ichi auditorium the moment they get here," the senior counselor said, "and give them the word—no offer of a job made after 5 P.M. is to be entertained seriously. Nowadays a job has to be established, allocated, and approved, meaning we work through *several* channels, and the job wolves are pretty much at bay."

Case History of a Counselor

The counselor herself, a shapely strawberry blonde, is fairly typical of the happier Government Girl in Japan. She was a high-school teacher in North Dakota, Wyoming, and Washington State before the war, then she enlisted in the WAC. An Army captain in the military government, a former New York lawyer, convinced her in a three-week courtship that marriage and a career were not only possible but wonderful.

The captain and his bride, however, have their share of occupation troubles. Due to the shortage of Western housing, they are still on a waiting list for quarters; he lives in the Dai Ichi Hotel, she in the near-by Osaka.

"I visit him in his hotel," said the counselor. "Not perfect, but all right. We expect to get our own place soon. It'll have to be an apartment, with a central mess—because I can't cook!"

Which takes us back to the Smiths, and the thousands of dependent families like them. The suspicion of the Smiths that the Japanese have a deep-laid plot to make plumbing and American life so uncertain that the occupation will end quickly is not the complete answer. Many a householder shares it, particularly when Japanese workmen smash up truckloads of furniture in unloading it, when six electricians come barging in at dawn to repair wiring systems that don't need repairs, when houseboys resign because they have lost face with the cook, or when the family's coal ration is unloaded at midnight in a neighbor's back yard.

Language difficulties are part of the answer, particularly when so many of the Japanese imply that they understand English when they don't. This sometimes leads to pork gravy on ice cream, or steak for breakfast.

But the real story, it seems, is that many of the servants have never been servants at all before. They are the nieces or nephews of famous Japanese generals, the daughters of diplomats, the sons of the middle and the upper crusts. It could happen only in Japan, but it's true; like the Japanese naval officers who served as houseboys for our brass in Honolulu or San Diego, the "required personnel of the Occupational Forces" are charged with a sacred mission by the Japanese government.

That mission, in the words of Mr. Fumitaro Ito, a CLO official given to lecturing the domestics publicly, is "forming the basis for the future reopening of diplomatic relations . . . the responsibility is great. They (the servants) must bear in mind that we are a defeated nation, and exert themselves to win confidence."

It's a cinch that the Japanese, contrary to the reports of those Yankees completely taken in by excessive politeness or servility, have not exactly fallen in love with us. They have heard of some of the new Lords of Japan, the Pukka Sahibs of the 20th century, who work on the Japanese police belief that the only way to get the truth out of a thieving servant (or a suspect) is to beat him (or her, or several) a bit. They have heard, too, of very kind families, of G.I.s who teach Japanese Sunday-school classes, of amiable Americans so spoiled by the good life in Japan that they can never feel at home at home again.

But they can still produce the smilingly innocent Japanese who was trying to sell Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kalischer, of United Press, a very fine police dog.

"Fine dog," said Suzuki-san. "Very fine. War dog. Two medals."

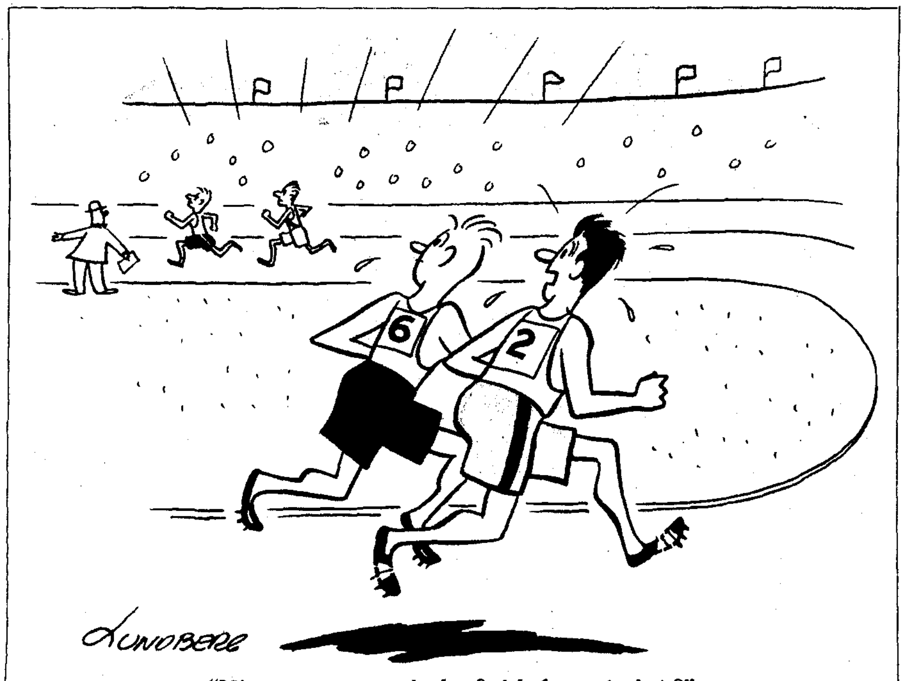
"Two medals for what?" chorused the Kalischers.

"Eating two Americans," replied Suzuki-san, smiling more brightly and hissing politely. "But demobilized now, maybe safe." The Kalischers, taking no chances, bought a cub instead.

Maybe safe, maybe not, the way the demobilized Japanese think of the study-worthy Americans. Time will tell. For the moment, Mr. Ito himself, in his lecture to the diplomatic-domestics, gives a minor tip-off:

"I advise you," he said, "to respect American manners and customs. However, to respect is one thing, and to imitate, another."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Nice spot to watch the finish from, isn't it?" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"It's none of my business..." said the Tycoon

As reported by The Old Conductor

"... BUT HOW CAN a young fella like you afford such a special tobacco?" "Doesn't *cost* so much," said Joe. "It's the borrowing."

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"WELL, I LEND 'em some. It's so mild they can inhale it, yet rich and full bodied. Soon, *they've* changed to Bond Street, too."

"AND THEN IT'S my turn . . . I borrow back from them." The Tycoon lit up his briar. "With interest, I trust," he admonished.

"change to BOND STREET ...for fragrant smoking!"

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PAY-OFF FOR PA

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Dad may argue that he wants no Father's Day gift, but pay no more attention to him than you usually do. He'll be pleased

FATHER'S DAY falls this year on Sunday, June 15th, and everyone should try to make it something that Father will remember, for on the 16th he goes back to work and becomes the old man again. Be nice to him. Call him "Dad" and "Pop" instead of "Hey!" Give him first crack at the Sunday papers. Tone down the family debates. Cook his favorite dishes. If he wants to use the car, don't argue; let Junior walk for a change.

And above all, see to it that he receives a gift, for no matter what anybody says to the contrary, he expects one. If he protests that you are making too much fuss over him, and that you shouldn't have given him such a fine present, remember he's only trying to express his pleasure. Quiet him by saying: "Now, Dad, you deserve it. And you won't have to pay for it until the first of next month."

Probably the best way to solve the problem of what to give Father, or Dad, is to figure out what sort of person the old man, or Pop, is. If he is the "business executive" type he will appreciate shirts, plain or conservatively striped, or dignified ties, or dark socks of wool, lisle or cotton. Of course, if he needs shirts or ties or socks, he'll appreciate them no matter what type he is. And he can always use garters, suspenders and belts. Sometimes these executive types have little hobbies of which they're proud. Try to get him something to help it along—a stamp album, a pipe or books. Or maybe that tool chest Junior's been wanting for so long.

If Father goes in for sports, the thing's a cinch. A fisherman is a pushover for anything that has to do with fishing—he'd be tickled to death to get a new collection of trout flies, a rod, creel or reel, a wading vest, rubber hip boots, a landing net or a fisherman's hat. If Pop is a golfer he can always use golf balls, a new bag, a poplin golf jacket, a sweater or a sport shirt. If he goes in for fancy raiment, think about a pair of monogrammed cuff links, a white muffler, or a striking smoking jacket.

Stay-at-home dads will appreciate such things as comfortable lounging slippers, a good cigarette lighter, a new pipe or a smart robe. But before giving Dad anything that might tend to keep him home nights, better consult Mother, or Mom. In some families, Mother finds it difficult enough to get him out as it is.

Gadget-minded dads are usually easy to please, and gifts for them are not too expensive. Look for something tricky, which he can show his simple-minded friends and boast, "Little thing the kids gave me for Father's Day." Fountain pens, special ones, are okay for dads of this type; and so are a trick lighter, a door key that lights up the keyhole—excellent for use on lodge nights—a new type of clock, a desk calendar, a wallet that will hold everything but the family silver, even a package of toiletries.

And if you reach the point where to save your life you just can't think of anything Father might like, give the old boy a hat certificate and let him pick out a headpiece to suit himself. If Dad has been a good scout all year, has kept his nose to the grindstone pretty well, and hasn't been too difficult about radio programs and such, you might decide that he deserves something really fine. In that case you might give him a watch, or a gold link key chain, or a piece of luggage. But whatever you give him, be sure that he can afford it. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

Betty Lou, who is three and a half, is teaching Dad Bob a thing or two about fly casting. Red being Betty's favorite color, she gave him that hat and bold plaid shirt, which any fisherman would welcome. Any dad who goes in for sports will be glad to get Father's Day presents that contribute to his hobby

Actually that snappy golf bag is the contribution of Mrs. Robert Young, but Bob is showing off some of the things that all golfers like: slacks, sport shirt, new clubs. Below, he demonstrates a lot of other useful gifts: a fancy robe, plaid socks, lounging slippers and books. Barbara Queen is proffering a new pipe

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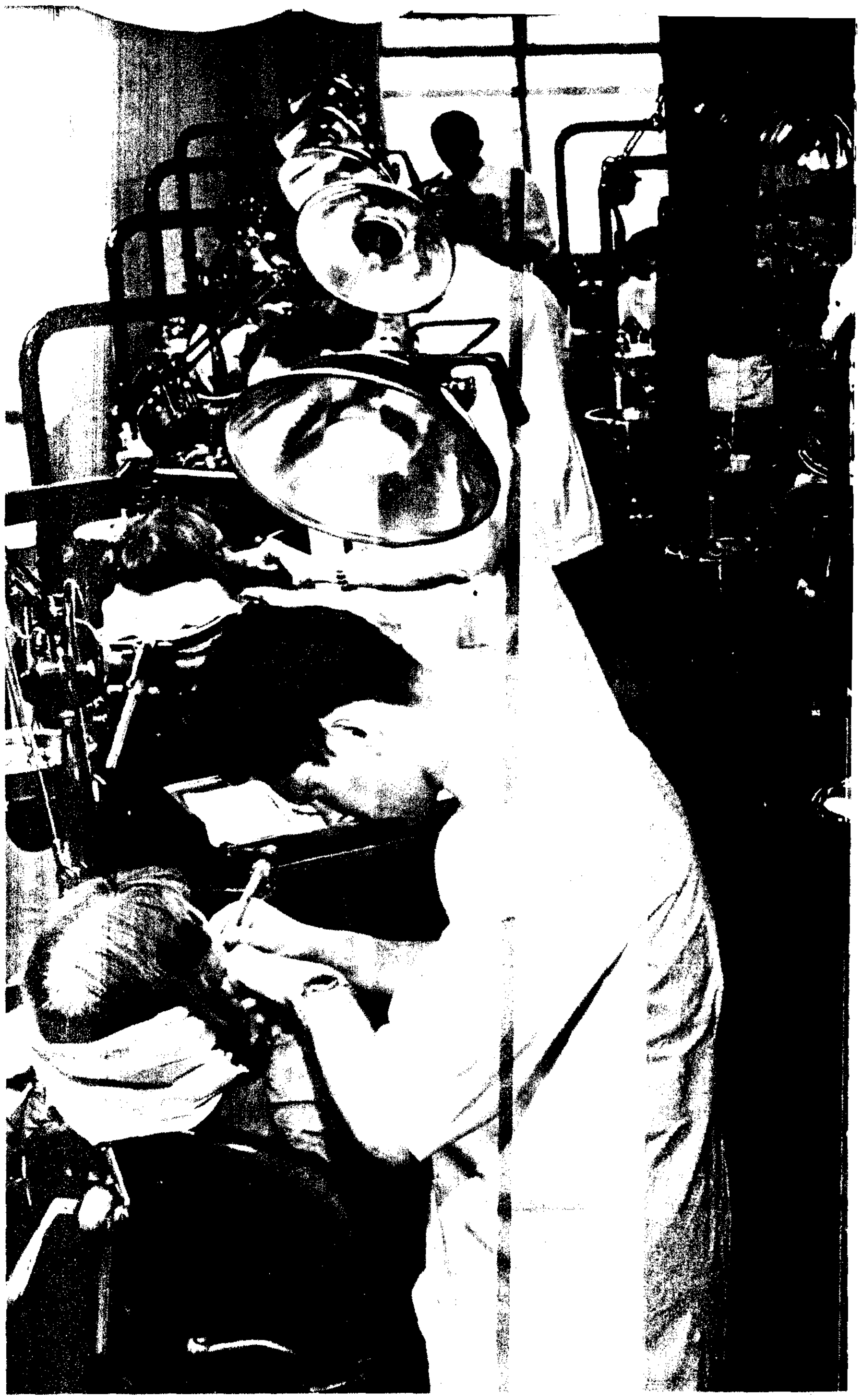


THE BABY BITE

BY SIDNEY M. KRONFELD, D.D.S.

AS TOLD TO MORTON THOMPSON

THE mother smiled at the dentist and stepped out of the chair. "I brought Johnnie. I wonder if you'd have time to take a quick look at him?"

"Wouldn't you rather make an appointment?"

"For Johnnie? Oh, no—just a quick look. Just to see . . ." She gestured vaguely.

Some minutes later the dentist turned from the five-year-old boy.

"Have a look," he invited. "He's got six cavities. And they should be filled."

"Six! Six cavities!"

"If they're not filled, he'll probably lose those teeth."

The mother calculated rapidly. Six cavities at so much a cavity. . . .

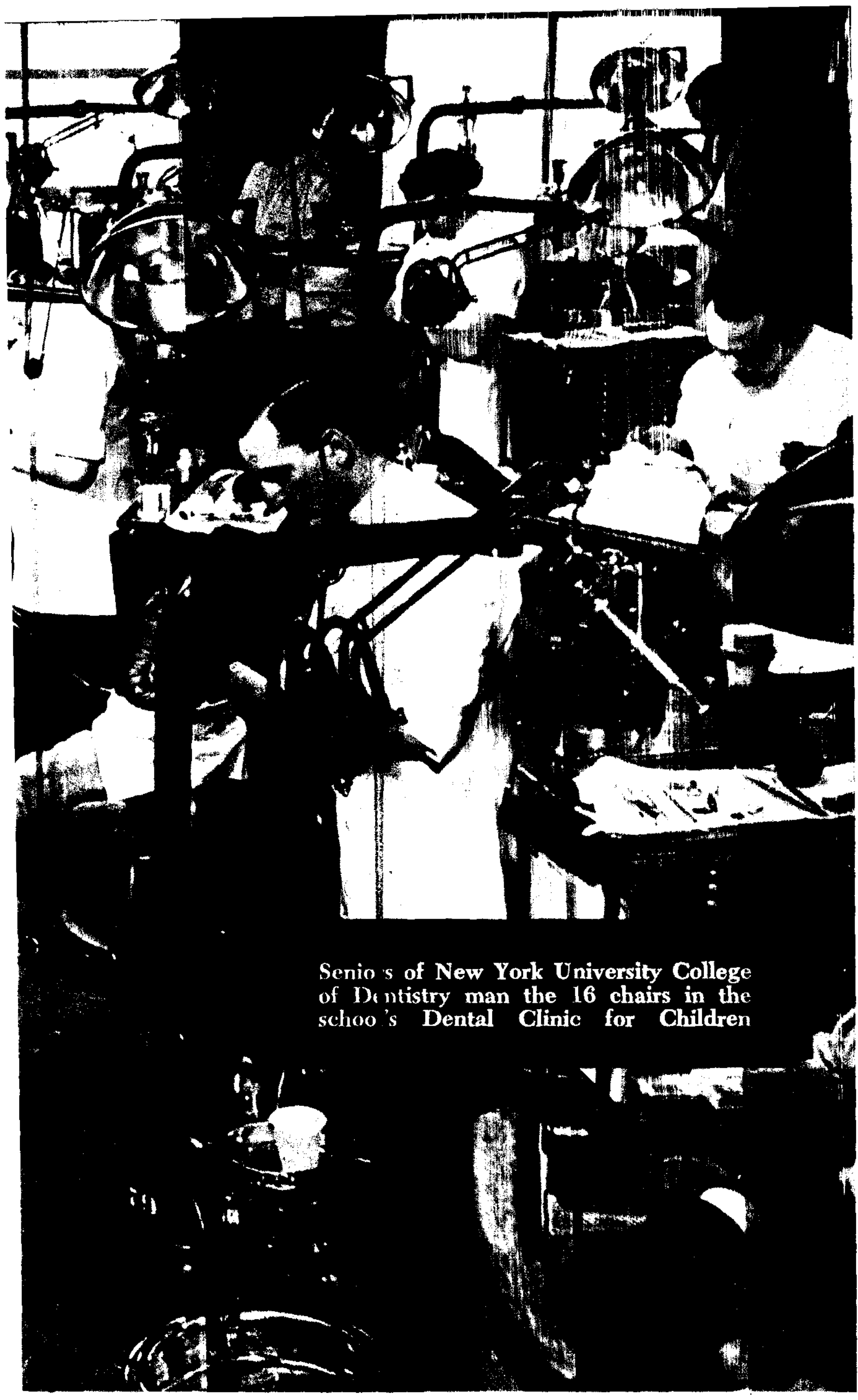
"But aren't they just milk teeth?" she asked. "Won't he lose them all, anyway?"

"Yes," began the dentist. "But it's the time element that counts—"

"Oh, well, then! What's the difference if he's going to lose them, anyway . . ." She gathered up Johnnie. She made an appointment—for herself—for next week.

That mother represents the majority of parents, who pay little attention to children's teeth before the age of six years, except to insist on brushing. This time-honored attitude toward the baby or foundation teeth, modern dentistry has discovered, can be a grievous blunder, and in many cases a costly and irretrievable one.

The chances are excellent that, in the case above, Johnnie will grow up with a malformed jaw. You have only



Seniors of New York University College of Dentistry man the 16 chairs in the school's Dental Clinic for Children

Your child's future dental health—and even his looks and personality and happiness—can depend on the care you give his first teeth

to look about you to see how many grown-up people already own such jaws. Because his foundation teeth are being neglected, the chances are fine that in a few years Johnnie will be back in the same chair his mother just quitted—and this time *he'll* be paying. In fact, the chances are remarkably good that his mother might not be making an appointment for next week if *her* mother hadn't said, "Milk teeth'll drop out, anyway."

Studies emphasizing this phase of child dentistry, and confirming the already imposing and convincing evidence, are being made in such institutions as New York University, whose child dentistry department is among the foremost in the nation; at the University of Detroit, the University of California and at other notable institutions elsewhere in America.

Take the case of Jimmy. When Jimmy was first examined by a dentist he was five. He had six teeth that needed filling. Four of these teeth that needed filling were second deciduous molars or so-called "milk teeth." The fee would perhaps have been $30.

Mother said no.

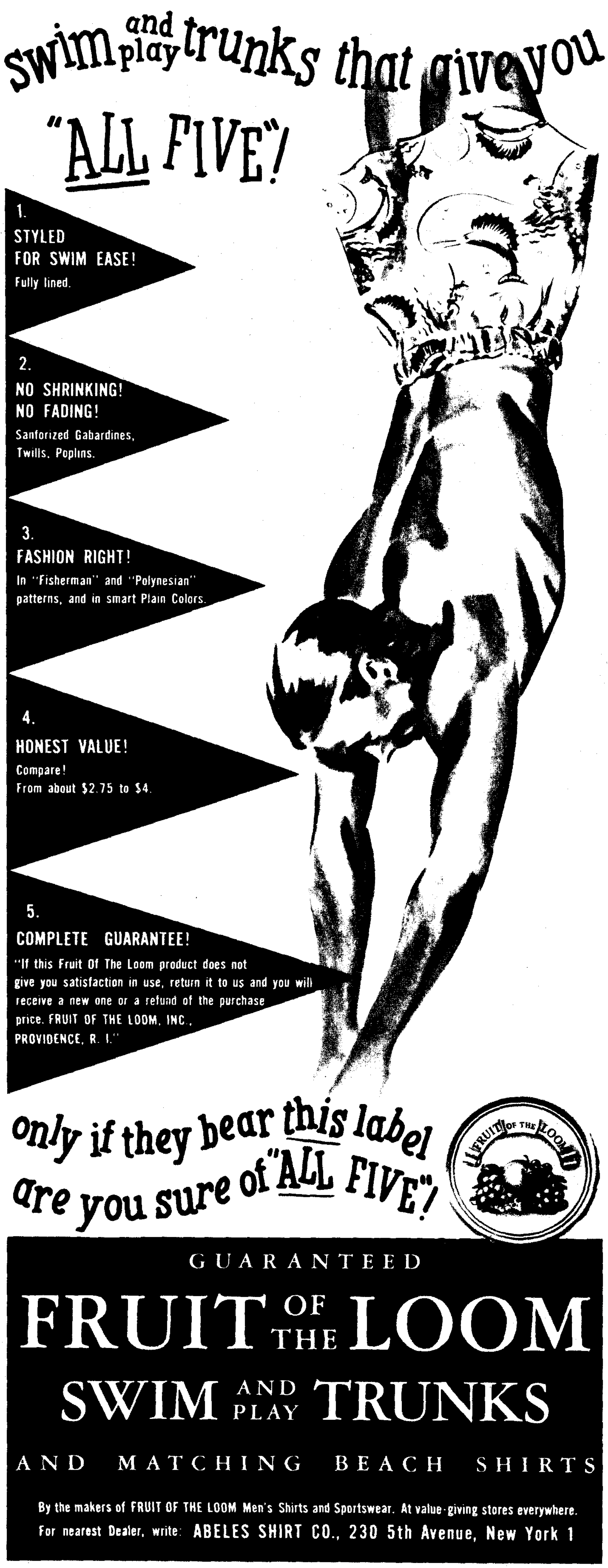
She brought Jimmy back a year later, and the four molars had to be extracted. Decay had gone so far in the other cavities that Mother reluctantly figured maybe they'd better come out, too. The bill was about the same as it would have been the year before—except that now, of course, Jimmy was prematurely minus six teeth.

The dentist didn't see Jimmy until four years later. Something strange had happened in his mouth. All four second bicuspids were impacted—and the dentist wasn't surprised when the X ray revealed signs of a cyst developing around one of the impacted teeth. Jimmy's mother was horrified. She rushed Jimmy to an oral surgeon, a specialist, who removed the encysted tooth. The operation was a little costly. It came to twice the sum the fillings would have cost when Jimmy was five. And that sum added to the cost of the other extractions brought the total to date to $90—three times the original figure.

That's just money, of course. About the toll of seven teeth, well—

(Continued on page 116)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN



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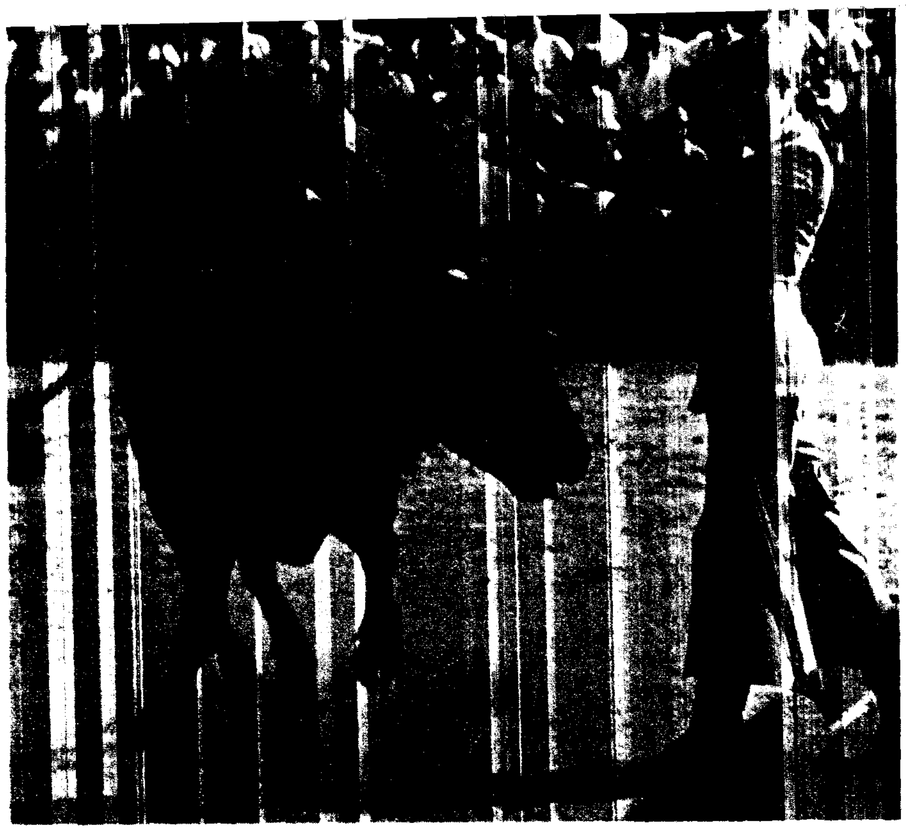
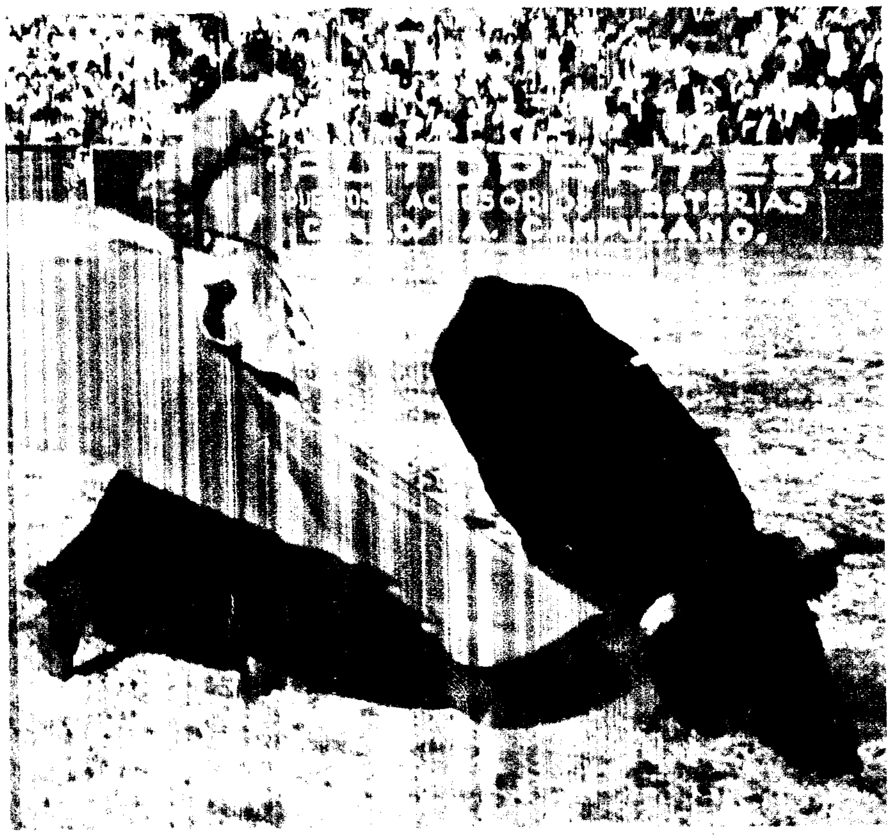


Conchita stands motionless with her small red cape as the angered bull charges. As if by magic the bull lunges past, missing her only by inches



The bull hurls himself at the flashing red cape, only to find that the agile Conchita, moving with split-second timing, has whisked it away from him

BEAUTY IN THE BULL RING

Continued from page 25

each commemorating the date of a notable victory in the bull ring.

She laughs with icy eyes when you ask her about her most exciting fight. Once, in Palmira, a bull's horn ripped her back, missing the spine by a fraction of an inch. Severely hurt, Conchita insisted on fighting. She killed the first bull and then the second. But back in her dressing room she collapsed. However, she returned within two weeks to score a notable triumph—still swathed in bandages.

On another occasion, Conchita was fighting a tough bull in a Mexico City ring. Her horse, attacked suddenly, was thrown and Conchita was flung high in the air. As she fell, the horse kicked and Conchita's leg was broken. Fortunately, she was saved from being gored when her *picadores* distracted the bull in time. Conchita has suffered many injuries, has been plagued with *cornadas,* or horn wounds, but she takes them in stride.

"What of it?" she shrugs. "They are the life of every bullfighter. They are nothing." And even after the most exhausting and frenzied fight, she neither smokes nor drinks.

Her *aficionados* go to any lengths for her. One day when she was scheduled to fight in a Peruvian town, the bulls were delayed and arrived late in the evening. It was decided that extra lighting was needed for the bull ring. But if folks at home used lights at the same time, the power in the town might fail. The mayor issued a decree that anybody caught using electricity at home during the bullfights would be executed in the morning. The order was obeyed so literally that Conchita required two hours to find her way back to the hotel in the dark. Conchita was born in Chile in August, 1922, but is considered a Peruvian because she lived fifteen of the first seventeen years of her life in Peru. Her home is still there but she travels in the other South American countries, in Central America and in Spain and Portugal a good part of the year.

Her father, a Spanish-descended Puerto Rican, who now lives in Lima with her fourteen-year-old brother, David, had military training at West Point. He loves horses and bullfighting, but at first was opposed to Conchita's considering it a career. Eventually, he gave her his blessing. Her mother was an American, the former Loyola K. Verrill of Connecticut, and Conchita had a grandmother, on her mother's side, who was a McCarthy. Young Conchita, reared in the wide open spaces of her parents' rancho outside of Lima, proved to be a tomboy from the start.

The most decisive ingredient in the making of this lady bullfighter was her meeting with Ruy da Camera. He had lived in Portugal before he came to Peru and was considered the outstanding *rejoneador* of his time. A *rejoneador* is one who fights the bull from the horse as contrasted to the matador who fights him on foot. Ruy opened a riding school. At eleven, Conchita, who used to ride all over the range in Indian and cowboy suits—she did not go in for dresses until she was fourteen—joined the Da Camera riding academy.

The Portuguese maestro taught her all he knew. He drew maps of bull rings, emphasized where it was best for the matador to be and where it was to the advantage of the bull. Conchita learned truisms like the one that the bull always tends to return to the door by which he entered. Recently, in watching a Bolivian fight, she predicted that a certain novice would be caught by the bull because he was standing in the wrong place. Thirty seconds later, her prediction came true.

When Conchita was only thirteen she visited Lisbon, Portugal, while an international horse-jumping competition was being held. Army officers from all over the world were entered. The sober-faced South American girl insisted upon competing and, to humor her, officials let her in the event. She placed third against hardened veterans of Olympic caliber.

That same season, Conchita made her first appearance in a bull ring, in a charity event at Lima. She was supposed to fight two small bulls, but by error a large bull was sent in after the first small one had been dispatched. That did not bother Conchita. Fighting Portuguese-style from the horse, she was victorious.

At fourteen, Conchita Cintrón was in Portugal on vacation with her mother and Ruy da Camera and his wife. Ruy told his old cronies about what a fine bullfighter he knew—a girl! Let us see her, they challenged. So she made her professional debut in Portugal, fighting on borrowed horses.

Conchita was so brilliant that Da Camera determined to manage her—and for nothing. As a true esthete, he feels that he is being repaid every time he watches her fight.

THE END

A dynamic showman in the bull ring, Conchita is quiet and demure once the fight is won, and shows little interest in feminine frills

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THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

THE PLIGHT OF COAL

Continued from page 101

not unique, and it well illustrates the plight of the coal industry. From a competitive standpoint the situation was never worse. In the past, competition has been mostly within the industry, between individual mines and companies, and between districts. But now coal must compete with other fuels, and is finding it increasingly difficult to do so.

Several factors have combined to put coal in a bad position. Wages have doubled in the past few years, average earnings now being $70 weekly, compared with $47 for all manufacturing workers. Portal-to-portal pay added 25 per cent to labor costs in some cases. With increased cost of supplies, higher taxes, etc., the cost of coal has more than doubled in the past few years, losing its price advantage to gas.

But the fact the consumer has been paying steadily increasing prices for coal doesn't mean that the mine operators have been making huge profits. Every year, from 1923 to 1939, the coal industry suffered substantial operating losses, aggregating more than $400,000,000. Only since 1940 has the coal industry as a whole been in the black, 1943 being the peak year. But even for this period of comparative prosperity the average return on the estimated investment will not exceed one and one-half per cent. In the past ten years the coal industry has invested over $400,000,000 for new mechanical equipment for mining and preparing the coal. It has eased the miner's task, relieving him of most of the hard manual labor and increased the man-day production 30 per cent, but the benefits have gone almost entirely to the miners in increased wages. In 1940, a man produced 9.1 tons of coal for ten dollars earnings; in 1945 only 5.7 tons; and now it is much less.

No. 1 Salesman for Oil and Gas

As far as the coal operators are concerned, there is more truth than humor in the quip that John L. Lewis is the best salesman the oil and gas interests have ever had; that he has done more for them than they have done for themselves in converting consumers from the use of coal to gas and oil.

The last two coal strikes have done the industry more harm than anything else that has happened within the past fifty years; they turned the thoughts even of sympathetic coal users to other fuels. And the gas and oil interests, particularly the former, have taken full advantage of the opportunity. The consumption of natural gas in the United States has now risen to some five trillion cubic feet annually, about double the quantity that was used ten years ago, and a great deal more than was consumed even three years ago. Every year gas displaces at least 200,000,000 tons of coal, while 100,000,000 tons are displaced by oil.

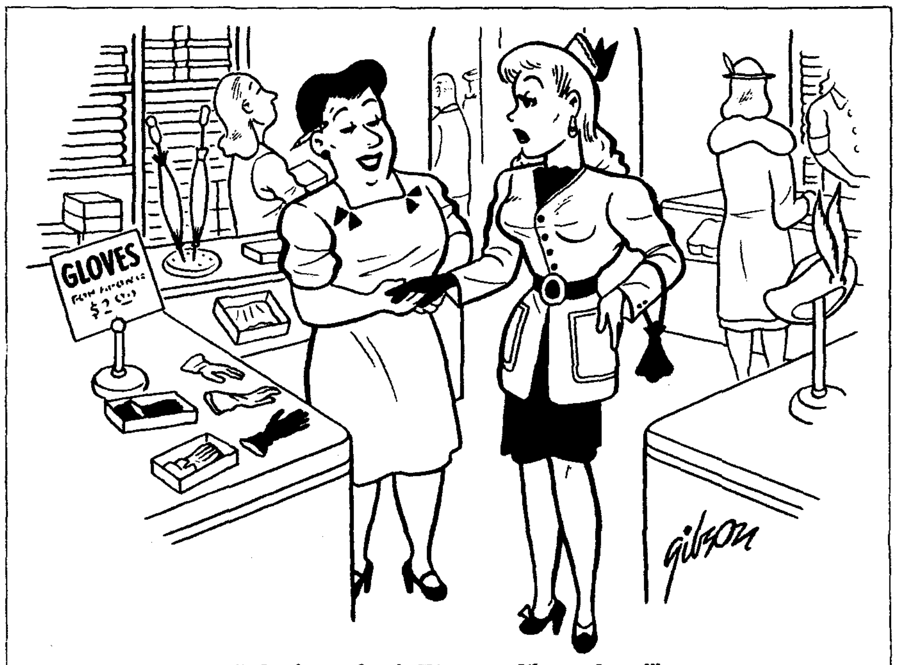
In 1929 bituminous coal supplied 52.8 per cent of the total energy from mineral fuels and water power, and natural gas only 7.7 per cent. By 1945 coal's share had declined to 42.2 per cent, while that of gas had risen to 11.6 per cent. The final figures for 1946 are not yet available, but they will show a further substantial increase in the use of gas.

More than 50 per cent of the natural gas used in this country is burned for industrial purposes and the generation of electric power, and is consumed, moreover, in areas where there are ample supplies of coal. The gas interests have captured this market by selling gas below cost, at prices which have no relation to value, and by charging domestic and commercial consumers enough to make up the losses.

In 1943, for example, 42,000 industrial consumers used one and one-half trillion cubic feet of natural gas at an average cost of 16.7 cents per thousand cubic feet, while domestic users paid 70 cents and commercial consumers 42.8 cents. This industrial consumption was equivalent, in that year, to 60,000,000 tons of bituminous coal at $4.28 per ton, delivered, so that the price advantage of natural gas amounted to 61 cents per ton.

By 1946 the cost of coal had increased so much that the price advantage of gas was greatly increased. Most of the contracts between the gas companies and industrial consumers contain escalator clauses, so that gas will be much cheaper than coal no matter whether the price of the latter goes up or down. The reason given by the gas interests for these low rates is that they must have a summer outlet to maintain a reasonable load factor. Otherwise, they say, gas for domestic and commercial consumption during the winter months would cost even more than it does now.

Whatever the reason, it is nothing less than dumping, and it involves a reckless waste of one of our most valuable natural resources, which cannot be replaced and is a great deal nearer exhaustion than most people suppose. No one believes that the coal mines, a great basic industry upon which from eight to ten million



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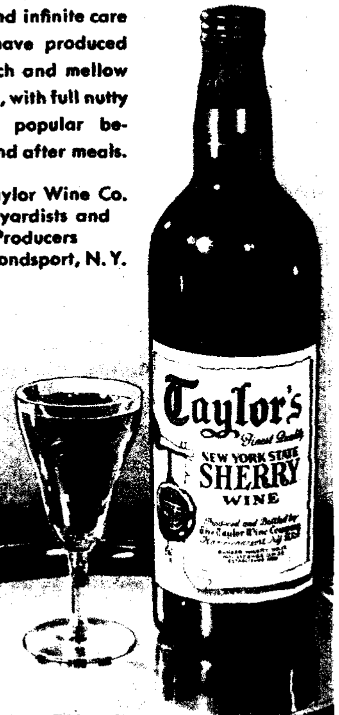

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people depend in one way or another on their livelihood, can be put out of business even by this sort of cutthroat competition. But high prices and the continued dumping of natural gas at less than the cost of production are bound to result in the displacement of increasingly large quantities of coal every year.

Eventually this must have a serious, perhaps disastrous, effect upon the national economy; it will bring closer by decades the time when the United States will have exhausted three of its most important natural resources. The Federal Power Commission has asked Congress for authority to regulate industrial rates and direct sales of natural gas. Unquestionably the commission should have this authority, both in the interests of conservation and to prevent the present discrimination against the domestic and commercial consumer.

A Dilemma for Mine Owners

One aspect of the displacement of coal by oil and gas has already assumed serious proportions. The fight for existence has, of necessity, increased mining losses, and large areas of valuable coal once developed and under operation have been abandoned because the operators could not afford to spend the few cents per ton extra to recover the coal. Millions of tons of this coal can never be recovered, for the cost of reopening the mines would be prohibitive.

In the matter of taxes the coal industry has long been discriminated against. Since 1926 the tax code has allowed the oil and gas interests a percentage depletion deduction of 27½ per cent of gross income, up to 50 per cent of net income, as an expense before figuring the income tax. But it was not until 1933 that the coal industry was allowed a 5 per cent depletion allowance, and every year they are threatened with the loss of that.

The oil and gas companies are also allowed to deduct all exploratory expenses, such as dry holes, and the intangible costs incidental to drilling a well and preparing it for production. The coal industry is not allowed the most trifling development costs, if it can be said to benefit more than a year's service. The oil and gas interests pay no taxes on reserves in the ground, while the coal industry pays, in some cases, high taxes on unmined coal; each separate seam is often assessed at much above current values, and taxed at rates of 5 to 6 per cent annually.

The oil and gas interests have a peculiar slant on conservation; they seem to be much more interested in immediate profits, and to get them as quickly as possible have embarked on a gigantic spending spree. More than two billion dollars have been invested by the gas companies in 218,440 miles of pipe lines, and they say they're prepared to spend as much more for additional facilities, intending to cover the country with a network of pipe lines and make gas available at every crossroads. To supply the tremendous prospective demand the gas interests claim to have 144 trillion cubic feet of proven reserves, in addition to little odds and ends which may add another trillion.

This is about 105 trillion cubic feet more than the estimate made at the Third World Power Conference at Washington in 1936, but since that time the oil and gas companies have carried on a tremendous drilling campaign. They have put down 1,150,000 wells, some to depths of more than three miles, and have left little of the country unexplored. Not much oil has been found in new fields, but the gas reserves have been materially increased. The gas companies say that these reserves are sufficient for from 25 to 35 years at present rates of production. They blithely ignore the fact that if their plans are carried out production of natural gas will at least double in the next

"With all my worldly goods
I thee endow"

Their wedding day . . . and as the familiar strains of Lohengrin's wedding march fade softly into the background, their hands and hearts are joined before the altar. Then those solemn words are spoken . . . "with all my worldly goods, I thee endow" . . . the age-old promise of a lifetime of love and devotion for one another. Those few short words hold a world of meaning. They are his pledge to his wife that she shall always have the best that life has to offer.

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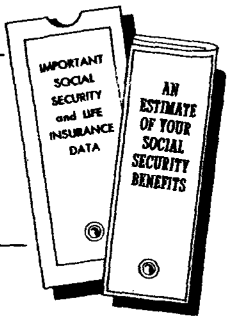
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five years, thus substantially reducing the reserves.

Also, they seem not to realize that there will be serious production shortages long before actual exhaustion occurs; it is not reasonable to suppose that the natural-gas fields will yield bountifully at top production rates for a given period of time, and then suddenly stop yielding at all. It would seem that twelve to twenty years is a much better guess at the life of our natural-gas reserves.

There seems to be good reason to believe that the estimates of the gas interests as to reserves are somewhat on the optimistic side. The method used in computing these reserves is to determine the thickness and porosity of the sand, the gas pressures and, of course, the areas involved. But to assume a regular thickness or porosity over large areas is risky, to say the least, as conditions change rapidly and cannot be predicted with any certainty. Gas, like gold, is where you find it, and quite often it is not where it was expected to be.

Many Gas Fields Exhausted

California was once supposed to have inexhaustible reservoirs of natural gas, but it was wasted, and production has now declined to such an extent that gas is being piped from Texas to supply Los Angeles. There have been numerous examples of the exhaustion of gas fields thought to contain substantial reserves, in California, Ohio, Michigan, Louisiana, New York and several in Pennsylvania. A recent case is the Tioga field in New York and Pennsylvania, where gas was discovered in 1930 and developed on a large scale in 1936. Within four years the field was practically exhausted.

Oil is in pretty much the same position as natural gas; the end of our reserves can be clearly seen, and may come much sooner than most people suspect. Executives of some of the large oil companies, who seem to have become mysteriously endowed with great wisdom and knowledge the moment they assumed office, have said that there is enough oil in the United States to last for at least 100 years.

Competent oil geologists say that this is simply wishful thinking, and not in accordance with the facts. The oilmen confuse the general public, and perhaps themselves as well, by speaking more or less interchangeably of reserves and resources. By reserves they mean the proved oil reserves of 20.8 billion barrels, or about twelve years' supply at present rates of production; and by resources they mean the vast discoveries they hope to make at some time in the future, in the area of possibilities yet undrilled.

Well, these discoveries are overdue; the great drilling campaign which has been in progress for more than a decade has developed no new fields of much account. The discovery curve, in fact, has been going down for many years. During the 25-year period which ended in 1936, only Arkansas, New Mexico and Montana joined the oil-producing states, providing less than one billion barrels of reserves. Since then Mississippi has added 267 million barrels, and Florida, Missouri, Tennessee, Utah, and Virginia, where many wells have been drilled, have added a total of 307,000 barrels.

A little more than 16 billion barrels have been added to proved reserves since 1937, but this was mostly due to extensions of known fields, and to upward revisions of recoveries to be expected. Some years ago oil producers were recovering only 20 per cent of the oil in the ground; now, they say, they are recovering 40 per cent. In effect, this has doubled the reserves, but the fact remains that unless important new discoveries are made there is no oil in sight, or in prospect, for more than a dozen years. From 1937 to 1945 nearly 13 billion barrels of oil were produced, and only 4.2 billion barrels discovered in new fields. And long before the end of that dozen years there may be serious shortages in production.

In almost every statement made by the oil and gas interests and by the Federal Bureau of Mines as to oil and gas for the future, the country is assured that there will always be ample supplies of gasoline and lubricating oils; and that these supplies will be obtained, if not from oil and gas or oil shales, then from coal. And they always add, comfortingly, that the United States has sufficient reserves of coal, including the Western deposits of lignite and subbituminous coal, for from one thousand to three thousand years!

Arno C. Fieldner, chief of the Fuels and Explosives Branch, Bureau of Mines, said in New York in December of 1946, "All reserves of solid fuels can be used to supplement declining reserves of natural gas and petroleum for many years, certainly not less than 1,000 years, and probably 2,000 years."

This and similar statements by Bureau of Mines officials have been widely quoted. Unfortunately they are so erroneous as to be fantastic; they are based on estimates compiled by Dr. Marius R. Campbell of the United States Geological Survey from rather meager data as of 1907. Comparatively little information was available, and the work was not well done. In forty years the Bureau of Mines has apparently done little or nothing to check Dr. Campbell's figures, and in that time much has happened in the way of mine development and prospecting.

It can be proved with little difficulty that in the East, which produces 92 per cent of our coal, there is not 100 years' supply at present rates of production. The figures compiled by Dr. Campbell from data collected 40 years ago, and still used with only slight changes by the Bureau of Mines, include seams 14 inches thick and seams lying at a depth of 3,000 feet, all of which could be recovered only with great difficulty and at great expense, if at all. It can be shown that in nearly every coal-producing state the figures of Dr. Campbell and the Bureau of Mines grossly exaggerate the situation.

For Maryland, the Bureau of Mines estimate shows reserves of eight billion tons, but reliable and much more recent surveys indicate that there are not more than 200,000,000 tons in the entire state.

Estimates for Pennsylvania

The Campbell figures estimate the Pennsylvania reserves at 112 billion tons of bituminous coal, which the 1946 report of the Bureau of Mines reduced to 103 billion tons. The Pennsylvania State Geological Survey of 1927, which was more carefully done, estimated 44 billion tons of recoverable coal in Pennsylvania. But that was twenty years ago, and many famous seams thought to contain huge supplies have since been worked out. In the opinion of mining officials who are in a position to know, the recoverable coal in Pennsylvania, including seams now being mined and those not yet developed, will not exceed 10 billion tons. At present production rates this would last about seventy years.

The Campbell figures give Ohio 86 billion tons of coal reserves, and the 1946 Bureau of Mines report has increased this to 96 billion tons. The report of the Ohio Geological Survey, made some years ago, estimated the state's reserves at 10 billion tons. To many mining experts who are familiar with the Ohio fields, an estimate of six billion tons would seem very high.

The estimates for West Virginia are even more fantastic; apparently every black showing is called a seam of coal. In one county, 31 different seams, each estimated to contain millions of tons of coal, are included in the astronomical figures. The 1946 estimates of the Bureau of Mines give West Virginia reserves of 155 billion tons, but the West Virginia Geological Survey reduces this to 116.6 billion tons, an estimate which the state geologist admits is high.

Recent mine developments and diamond drill prospecting have shown in nearly every important coal-bearing area of the state that many seams estimated to contain millions of tons are either nonexistent or too thin to be of any economic value. The New River and Winding Gulf fields are well on toward exhaustion. Few of the large producers have a life of more than twenty years, yet the Geological Survey credits them with reserves of six billion tons, enough for almost 200 years. There are very few operations in the state that have coal reserves for more than 75 years. The best information available indicates that the actual coal reserves of West Virginia will not exceed eighteen billion tons at most.

The need for a prompt and accurate survey of our coal resources was never more apparent. Another serious depression in coal will result in the loss of additional millions of tons of coal, which might soon seriously reduce our ability to produce the country's requirements.

The Bureau of Mines says that when the bituminous coal reserves are exhausted, and our natural gas and oil are gone, we can get gasoline and lubricating oils from the "enormous proved deposits" of lignite and subbituminous coal in the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas.

Both of these fuels possess serious disadvantages, no matter how they are used, and even if we admit the existence of large reserves, we should be informed as to the cost of replacing in small measure what we are foolishly wasting in the East. As mined, lignite contains from 28 to 45 per cent moisture, and subbituminous coal from 15 to 28 per cent, as compared with the 2 to 4 per cent in Eastern coal. When exposed to air, the moisture evaporates, and the lignite and subbituminous coal disintegrate, breaking into small pieces. Moreover, these fuels have a bad habit of igniting spontaneously, so that it would be very difficult to ship them.

The Bureau of Mines plan is to process them in the West, after solving such problems as lignite's low heating value and extremely high ash content, and ship the liquids to Eastern consumption centers. This would be very expensive, as the Bureau of Mines says the cost to produce gasoline from coal by hydrogenation will be 10 to 15 cents per gallon *more* than from oil, and the cost to produce gasoline by the Fischer-Tropsch process, *if future improvements contemplated are a success,* will be six to eight cents more than gasoline from oil.

The Bureau of Mines seems to be primarily concerned in assuring ample supplies of gasoline, Diesel oil and lubricating oils. Except to talk vaguely about atomic power, government officials have very little to say about the sources of our future fuel for heat and power in the highly developed industrial East. But there are many different opinions about the feasibility and cost of atomic power.

Atomic Heat and Power Problems

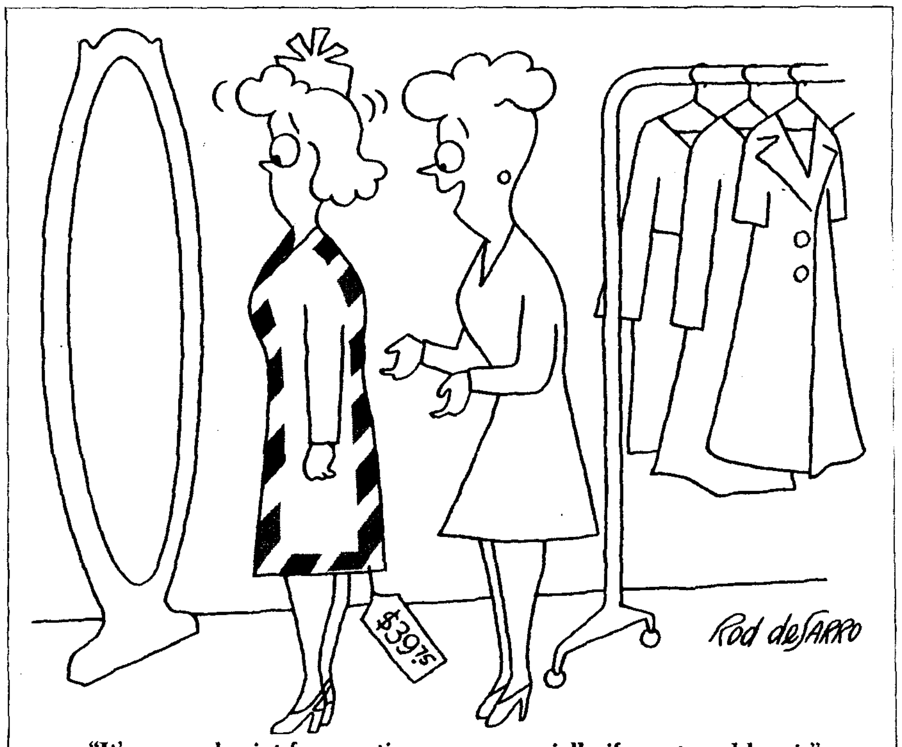
The Baruch report indicates nuclear power plants in large units can compete, eventually, with coal at ten dollars a ton, but that our scientists must first solve the problem of handling and controlling the radioactive elements. The use of atomic power in small industrial plants, or for domestic and commercial heating, or in movable equipment, apparently is not contemplated.

All this, then, makes up the pretty picture of one of the world's great nations facing the comparatively near exhaustion of three of its most valuable natural resources. It is high time that the national interest be considered, and that something be done to stop the appalling waste that is now going on as a result of cutthroat competition.

Regulation for profits is no longer enough; conservation must be given first consideration. The dumping of natural gas for industrial use in the summer, and the dumping of oil in the winter, must be stopped. These valuable and rapidly vanishing resources should be reserved for the higher uses, such as gasoline, lubricating oils and perhaps domestic heating, and not allowed to be dumped where coal can as well serve the purpose.

But the time is now here when all coal should be processed, converting it to oil or gas for more convenient use and saving all of its many and varied by-products now being wasted in the inefficient combustion methods now in use. If some measure of control is not adopted for coal, oil and natural gas, if strikes and the disruption of industry by foolish competition are not prevented, then ultimately chaos seems to be the only sure thing in prospect for the coal operators and miners, and for the oil and gas interests as well. And ultimately, for the nation.

THE END



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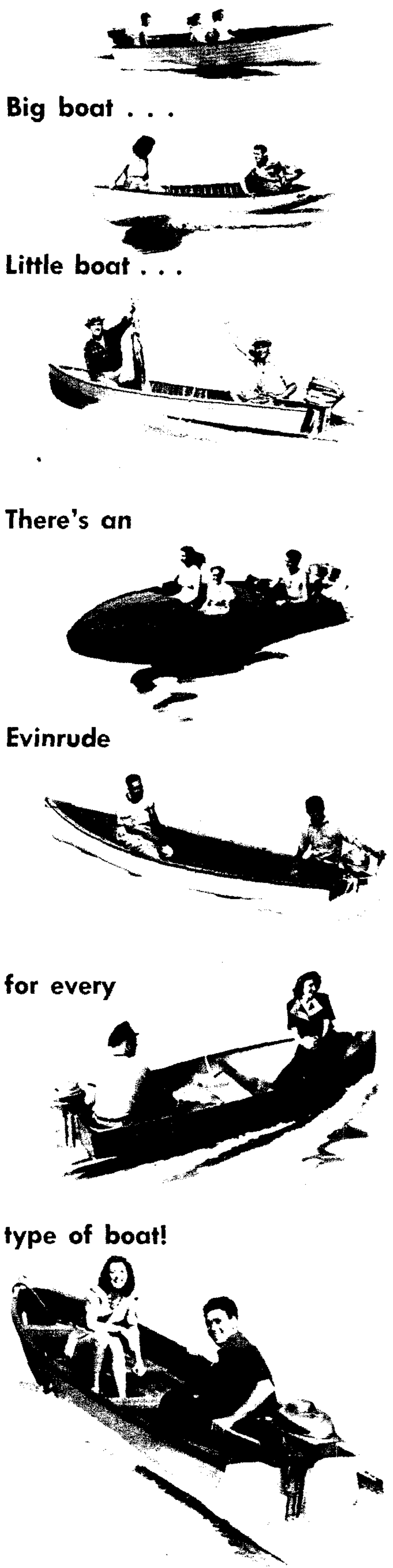

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A satisfied patient this child proudly displays her new smile after corrective measures have been taken to prevent her face being misshapen in later years

THE BABY BITE

Continued from page 109

At 16, Jimmy's poor bite inevitably caused more decay—that's a nasty, proved fact about a poor bite—and all Jimmy's molars now have cavities on the sides. Malposition and drifting caused them. Jimmy's at the dentist's again. And now the costs are beginning to mount up in deadly earnest.

He needs onlays and he needs inlays. He needs a lot of work. Say three hundred dollars' worth. That's ten times the original cost of filling those six foundation teeth back when he was six. Thirteen times—counting what it's cost so far. Even so, there's no guarantee that with all the money spent, the teeth lost, the time in the chair, that Jimmy's teeth will last too long. So-called pyorrhea is already well established. The dentist sighs. On the bottom of Jimmy's card he writes: "Prognosis—Poor."

The unfortunate fact is that the vast majority of all children have dental decay.

Equally unfortunate is the fact that *one* baby or foundation tooth is the most vulnerable of all to decay. That luckless tooth is the second deciduous molar. If five-year-old Johnnie will open up for you, it's easily seen. It's the biggest tooth in the back—assuming he's still got it.

And the premature loss of that one tooth—the most vulnerable tooth in a mouth almost certain to show decay—is more dangerous to Johnnie's dental welfare than all his other foundation teeth put together.

From the loss of that one tooth can result jaw deformity, impactions, vastly impaired efficiency, and costly dental bills. Thus it can be seen that the so-called baby teeth are really the foundation for maintaining the health of the mouth and jaws of the child. That is why these teeth are referred to by the dental profession as "foundation teeth."

Foundation teeth don't come and go haphazardly. They fall out and permanent teeth come in, on a definite natural timetable. Above and beyond the time element there is an added relationship: The disappearance of the baby tooth is a factor in the appearance of a permanent tooth. It is not known whether the permanent tooth erupts in response to the baby tooth shedding, or whether the baby tooth is stimulated to drop out because the permanent tooth is pushing at it.

Whatever the cause, the timetable is all-important. When a child loses a tooth prematurely, nature's timetable is scrambled. And in the majority of all untreated cases, malformation can confidently be expected when he loses that second deciduous molar prematurely.

The loss of the one tooth a child is most likely to lose is the most constant potential source of deformity any child faces.

The jaw grows in a "backward" direction. And one thing that makes the jaw grow is the stimulation provided by the eruption of the last tooth. That's the one which, at five, is under the gum, away back. As this last tooth works its way through the gum, the erupting process excites the jaw to grow to make room for the upcoming tooth. The jaw grows to its normal size—providing Johnnie hasn't lost that second deciduous molar. If it's gone, the tooth back of it leans forward to fill the empty space. And when the last tooth leans away, the jaw isn't pushed, it doesn't get the necessary growth stimulus.

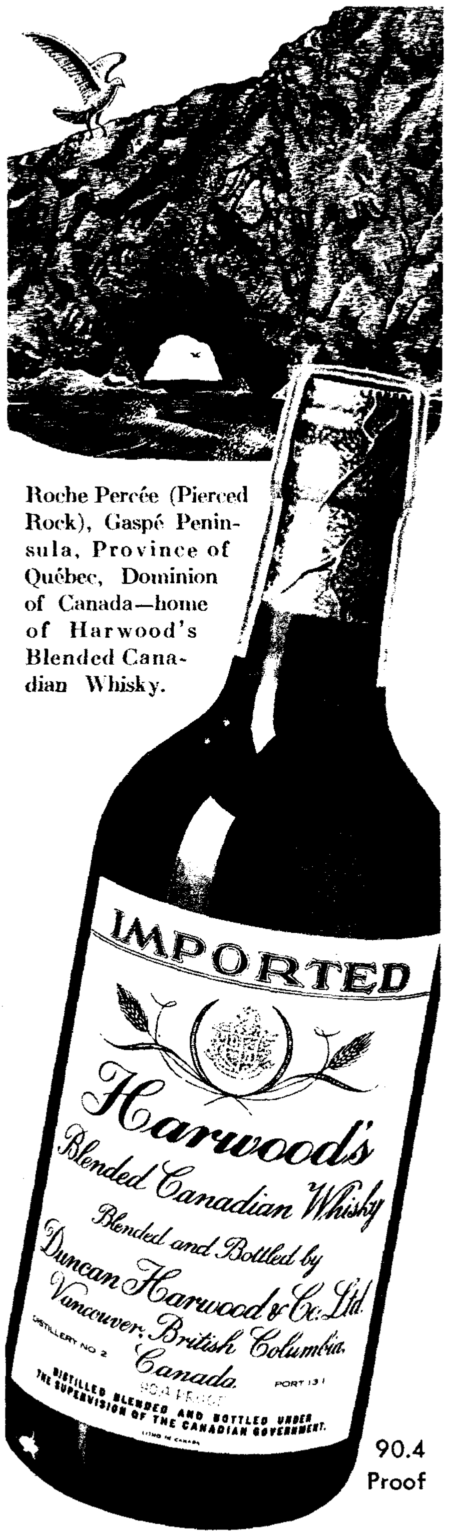
Hence the jaw doesn't grow as much as it should. The results are permanent disfigurement, impaired dental efficiency, a snowballing sum of cause and effect warping the whole mouth. Jimmy is a typical case. We've already seen the results in terms of cost. Let's consider them in terms of a person's appearance and what this means to morale, schoolwork and personality development.

Let's take Mary G., for instance.

Lena the Hyena, some of her schoolmates call her.

At the age of four, when her mother first took her to the dentist, she needed

One of the **TREASURES** *of all time*



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only two fillings, both in her lower foundation molars. The notation on Mary's card reads: "Mother refused treatment."

At five, Mary returned to the dentist. The two teeth had to be extracted. The dentist explained about a new device called a space retainer.

"All that work—for just milk teeth?" the mother asked.

The dentist said that it wasn't much work and it wasn't expensive.

"But won't they drop out, anyway?"

The dentist pointed to a chart. He explained the timetable. He showed what might happen if teeth crowded out the yet-to-come permanents. But the tradition that "milk teeth don't matter" was too strong. Mama decided against the space retainer.

Drifting Molars Mar Beauty

At seven, Mary was back. Her first molars had erupted. But either prior to, or shortly after eruption, they had drifted forward. They now filled the space left by the extracted teeth. Mary had reached an age where she was conscious of her appearance. She had been a very pretty ittle girl. She wasn't so pretty now. Something seemed to have happened to her face. Twisted, somehow. Shorter, maybe.

At the age of ten, Mary needed orhodontics. She needed it badly. And orthodontics can achieve near miracles —especially in cases like Mary's. But orthodontics, and especially extensive orhodontics such as Mary now needed, can be expensive. Mary's father couldn't afford it. It was all he could do to keep his amily housed and fed.

Mary had to finish the rest of her chooling. At nine, because of the way her upper teeth jutted out, some of her crueler schoolmates were mocking her with the nickname of "Prehistoric." At en, Mary hated school. At 12, she feels ike a social outcast. She is a very miserable little girl. She's getting complexes any psychiatrist would recognize.

Unless her character comes in better han her teeth, her aesthetic future and he future of her morale are bleak. For he won't get any prettier. If she wants orthodontics, she'll have to get it herself. The family's finances haven't improved. She'll have to pay for it with the money he earns when the time comes for her to show her face to the world and earn a living. Naturally, when that time comes, the treatment she needs will require more time and cost much more.

It's a grim picture. That risky second foundation molar is a bad gamble. The tragedy is that most parents don't know about remedy and prevention.

Dentists could always try to preserve the second foundation molar—if the parents would let them. Now they have a way to prevent trouble when it's gone.

It's that appliance called a space retainer. The dentist can install it in a child's mouth in two half-hour visits. It requires, roughly, 45 minutes of laboratory work to produce it. The space retainer—the one pictured is known as a modified Willett—is not expensive. It can easily be afforded by most parents, and can be obtained at a nominal cost at clinics.

The appliance is anchored to a tooth or teeth by crowns. A gold bar projects from the crown across the toothless space. The end of the gold bar contacts the tooth on the other side of the space. Thus the teeth on either side are prevented from leaning toward each other across the space where the second foundation molar ought to be but isn't. Now the permanent tooth can come through as nature meant it to, straight and efficient. Now it won't be impacted for lack of space. Now the tooth farthest back won't be able to drift forward. And the jaw grows as it should, to its proper size.

Barring other and unusual causes, the child will wear the face he was born with. He will chew with the teeth nature gave him. And in his dental future he has assurance of a minimum of bridges, dentures and all the other expensive and unpleasant consequences of neglect of his "unimportant" foundation teeth.

Of course, in the final analysis the space retainer must be used because the tooth is missing. And it's missing because of untended cavities. And the cavities came because of caries. Everything was preventable up to this point. The tooth needn't have been lost. The cavities could have been filled. But the word caries is like a policeman's upflung hand. Dentists can't prevent caries—decay—because nobody knows exactly what causes it.

The average child who reaches six years without dental care has an average of six cavities. And there are few children

Dentist installs a removable space retainer to give permanent tooth enough room to come through as nature intended before foundation tooth was lost

What's hidden in his handwriting?

"Lots of love to Mom and Dad"

The wide loops on his m's and l's show a sensitive nature. Little things are important to this boy—even in a fountain pen. He'll love the flexible Moore Fingertip point . . . the floating way it writes to gentle pressure . . . the way this pen-point pen shows up his own personal way of writing. And what swell colors!

"To Bob - The future All-American" - Ted

The way he closes his o's and a's nice and tight shows this boy is the mechanical type. He's a stickler for things being *mechanically right*—like the Moore Fingertip. It's a pen with a clog-free ink flow . . . a pen that doesn't blotch or leak.

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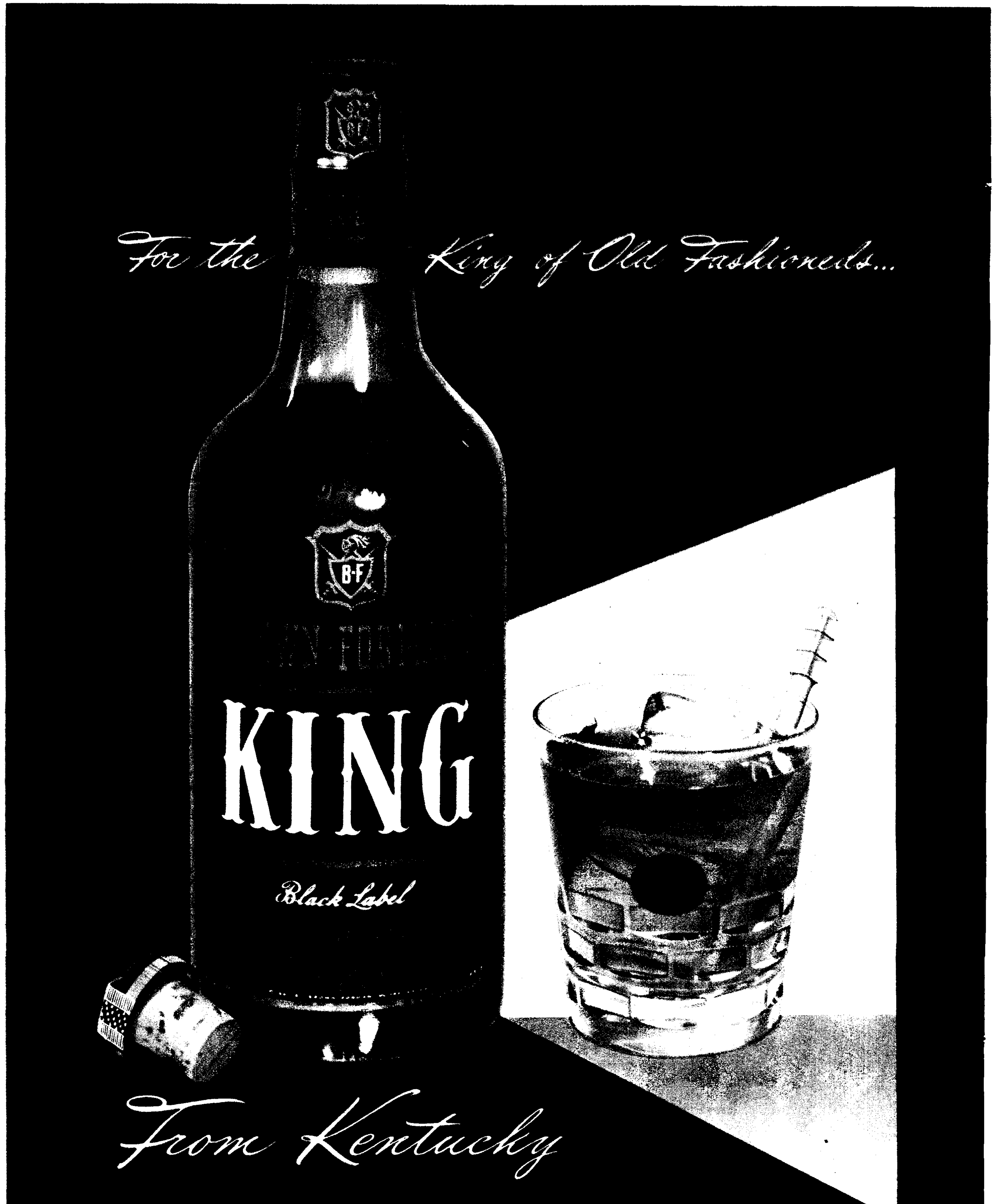
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First step in preparing mouth for a space retainer is grinding adjoining teeth. This operation, here being performed on a 7-year-old, is painless

who don't need that second foundation molar filled. We are teaching tomorrow's dentists to look for that weak spot right away. For if a child can hold on to that molar until the proper time for shedding it rolls around, the teeth on either side won't drift in to fill up the vacant space, and the permanent tooth underneath will have a chance to come through normally.

Dental decay can come at any time.

Only 5 per cent of the population is believed immune to caries. And while the cause is definitely unknown, it's been observed that children have a sudden increase in dental decay as they approach their adolescent period. Tall, thin boys and girls in their teens suffer more from tooth decay than any other age group in America, according to Maury Massler, director of the Child Research Clinic of the University of Illinois College of Dentistry.

The acid theory has many supporters. This theory holds that food debris, fermenting on the surface of the teeth, forms an acid that dissolves the calcium and phosphorus from the enamel, leaving exposed the protein matrix which is then readily destroyed by protein-dissolving bacteria normally present in the mouth. We know, too, that folks are pardonably vain of white teeth. But the whiter your teeth are—the more susceptible you seem to be to caries. Teeth of low-caries susceptibility have a basic yellow shade.

Contributory Causes of Decay

The shorter the crowns of the teeth, the lower the cusps, the shallower the grooves, the less susceptible the teeth are to caries. Finally, and surprisingly, it *has been found that a comparatively thin* enamel is better protection against decay than a comparatively thick enamel. A great deal seems to depend on diet. If, for instance, we could have deprived Johnnie of all carbohydrates, he might not have any caries. On the other hand, we probably wouldn't have Johnnie, either. For carbohydrates are a vital necessity in diet. A very well-known carbohydrate is sugar.

Probably candy causes more child caries than any other factor. Drs. Bunting, Jay and Hard, experimenting in three Michigan institutions, reduced caries some 80 per cent. Their child subjects were given no sugar on cereal or in beverages. Little or no candy was allowed and next to no pastry. They had a quart of milk apiece every day, some green vegetables and fresh fruit. No cod-liver oil was given. In addition, the children's mouths were washed out daily with a solution of one part of hexylresorcinol and three parts water.

Lack of knowledge as to what causes decay doesn't help Johnnie, much. It's just another obstacle the fates have stacked against him. It's another reason why Johnnie's foundation teeth have to be given every chance, every care.

There's no such thing as an "unimportant cavity." And there are no cavities too small to be filled. Possibly the most dangerous cavities are the ones that can't be seen except with the aid of X rays. Too much importance cannot be placed on the diagnostic use of X rays, especially in the case of the second foundation molar.

The premature loss of Johnnie's teeth, the premature loss of the second foundation molar, the tooth he can least afford to lose prematurely, isn't always the parents' fault. Until very recently there were occasional dentists who didn't particularly want children as patients. They'd gotten accustomed to the fact that parents had a fixed idea of the unimportance of Johnnie's teeth. Besides, children were supposed to waste an appalling amount of profitable time.

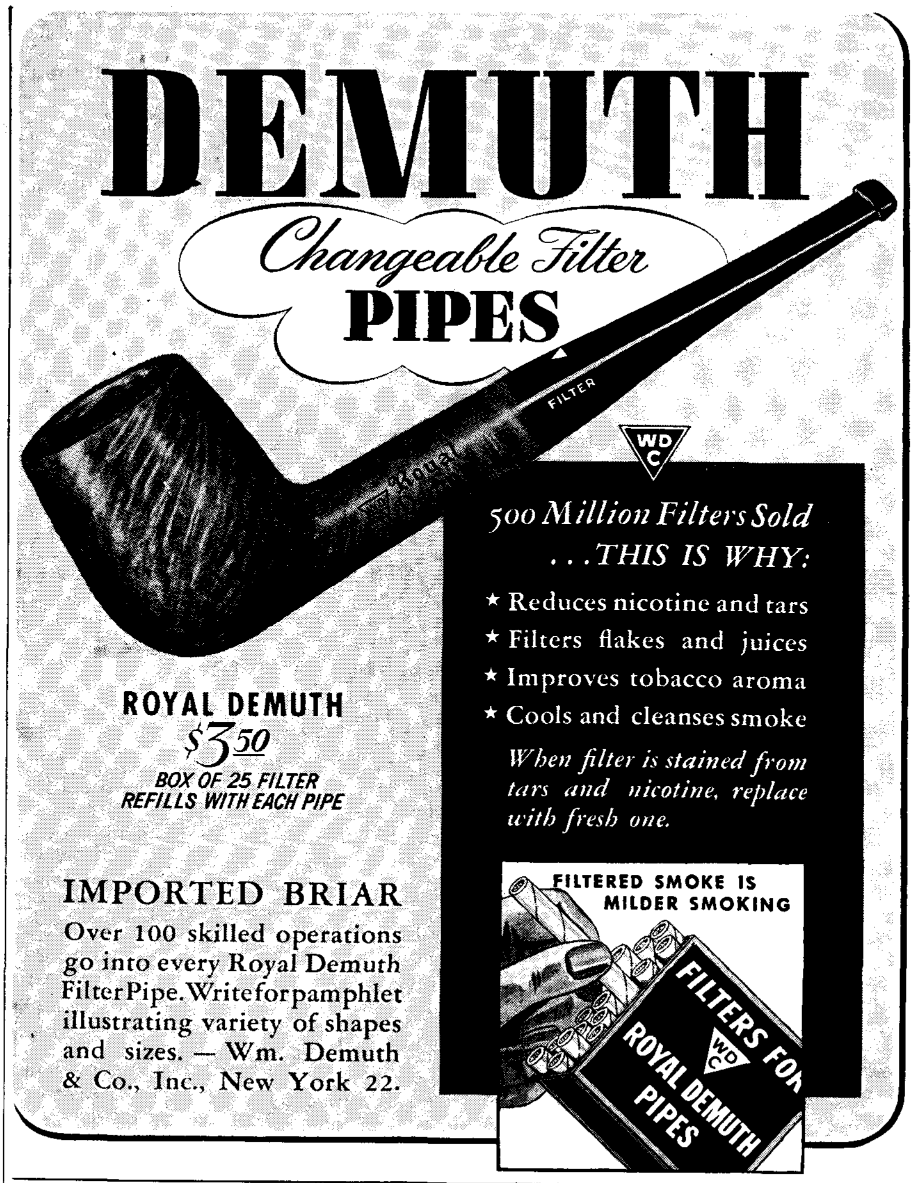
Such departments as NYU's dental clinic and kindred clinics and schools over the nation are rapidly changing the dentist's outlook on children's dentistry. They have voluminous records, statistics which prove that children *can* be the best patients. And that children's dentistry can be almost painless.

"Our studies have demonstrated conclusively that children, properly trained, make far and away the best dental patients," says Dr. Harold K. Addelston, chairman of NYU's department of pedodontia.

"This is a peculiarly fortunate circumstance. The attitude toward children's teeth, and particularly toward the foundation teeth, for many centuries has been one of the layman's most constant and most dangerous rituals of neglect."

This much is certain: Future dental needs can depend on the care taken of baby teeth. Foundation teeth in general *do* matter, vitally—and the second deciduous molar in particular can matter beyond reckoning. Baby teeth come first.

THE END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THOSE ROWDY REGATTAS

Continued from page 21

the Hudson up to that time. The eight-oared shells to be used at Poughkeepsie this year are from 24 to 25 inches wide and about 60 feet long.

When articles for the Young Strangers-Biglins race had been signed, each of the sponsors bought his crew a new boat, and training camps were set up at Poughkeepsie. The citizens who had protested against the race being held there were talked down, and the town's merchants began preparing for the great event, laying in huge stocks of food, beer, hard liquor and chewing tobacco. A week before the race the rowing fancy began to arrive. Soon the few hotels and boardinghouses were filled, and latecomers slept in the streets and in the saloons, which considerately kept open all night for their convenience. Many took up quarters in tents and temporary shacks erected in vacant lots and on the outskirts of the town.

Dance-Hall Delegation Arrives

Ladies came to Poughkeepsie in large numbers. There was a delegation from the Water Street dance hall operated by John Allen, a former theological student. Allen's girls got off the train clad in the costume which helped to make the dance hall such a gay and abandoned place—red-topped boots with little bells affixed to the ankles, striped stockings and bright-colored skirts, the latter very short, and black satin bodices cut precariously low.

In the wake of the ladies came fancy men, too, and thousands of hoodlums and strong-arm boys, known as "roughs and shoulder-hitters." This was the period of such great New York gangs as the Dead Rabbits, the Plug Uglies, the Bowery Boys, the Roach Guards and the Shirt Tails, the latter so called because they wore their shirts on the outside of their pants in the manner of the modern college girl.

The main business of these gangsters was brawling and fighting, but each gang possessed a large core of professional pickpockets and sneaks and burglars, and all the gangsters were thieves whenever opportunity offered. They always attended sporting events, and always caused trouble. They came to Poughkeepsie by the thousands; several hundred arrived on a special train on the morning of race day. With them came also the free-lance pickpockets, footpads and crooked gamblers.

During the three or four days which preceded the race there was probably not an hour in which a riot was not in progress in some part of the little town. Most of the rioting grew out of fights between partisans of the rival crews. Two men would get into a row in a saloon, others would join in, and within a few minutes twenty to a hundred men would be battling in the streets, slashing with knives and slugging one another with clubs, blackjacks and brass knuckles.

But Poughkeepsie was badly frightened. Decent women and children stayed at home behind locked doors, and every family that owned guns loaded them and kept them in readiness. Merchants boarded up their stores; a great deal of their stocks had already been stolen, anyway. Few respectable men tried to attend to business; most of those who did were held up by gangs of hoodlums as soon as they stepped across the thresholds of their barricaded homes. Pickpockets reaped a harvest.

By late afternoon of race day it was estimated that $100,000 had been bet, and the excitement was intense. The Young Strangers and the Biglins rowed their boats to a sloop anchored at the starting line, aboard which were the judges and the referee, Charles Gausman of New York. The signal for the start was given by a cannon atop Kaal Rock. The Biglins immediately forged ahead by a length, and held the lead around the stake boat at the halfway mark. There the Young Strangers raised their stroke and began to overhaul the Biglins, when something happened which has never been clearly explained.

Many spectators said that the Biglins had turned squarely into the course of the Young Strangers, and that the latter had stopped rowing to avoid a collision. In any event, the Biglins were a dozen lengths ahead before the Young Strangers could get under way again. It was obviously impossible to make up that distance, so Willie Stevens steered his boat to the judges' sloop and made a claim of foul. The referee ordered the Young Strangers ashore, and said that he would confer with the judges and announce his decision later.

Immediately rioting broke out among the spectators. Men who had bet on the Young Strangers shouted that they had been robbed, while the backers of the Biglins insisted that they be paid. The stakeholders ran for cover, refusing to pay anybody. Many went on to New York, taking the stakes with them.

Followed by an angry crowd screaming threats, Gausman and the judges made their way to the Poughkeepsie Hotel and locked themselves in a back room. But the mob broke down the door and smashed the windows, and a dozen angry men surged into the room. One brandished a knife under Gausman's nose, while others thumped the table with blackjacks and clubs to emphasize their arguments and threats. Gausman immediately ruled that the Biglins had won the race, and then he and the judges fled from the hotel.

In New York a few days later Gausman said in an affidavit that he had been forced by threats of death to make the ruling.

Poughkeepsie had had enough. Next year when there was talk of holding a big professional regatta on the Hudson, the irate citizens threatened to resist the invasion with guns. For 30 years rowing at Poughkeepsie was confined to local amateurs, with occasionally a few visiting crews from towns up and down the river.

An Ideal Spot for Boat-Racing

Because of the physical advantages of the course—a straight stretch of muddy tidewater between Crum Elbow on the north and Blue Point on the south—rowing has always flourished at Poughkeepsie. However, the sport did not start there. Long before the Revolution there were pickup matches between the crews of ships anchored in New York and other harbors, and among the barges and other small boats used as ferries on the East and Hudson rivers. The first recorded match race between regularly organized crews was held in New York in 1811, when the Knickerbockers of New York defeated the Invincibles of Long Island in a contest of light barges.

For the next several years all rowing was done in heavy pleasure boats, but the boatbuilders soon began to turn out light craft especially designed for racing—gigs, barges, wherries and other types for singles, paired oars, and four- and six-oared crews. The eight-oared boat, used in the big races of today, did not appear for several years. Compared to the modern racing shell, all of these early boats were heavy and cumbersome, standing high out of the water. The oars were flat in the blade, and tholepins were used instead of oarlocks.

The sport soon became popular, and many boat clubs were organized, membership in which carried considerable

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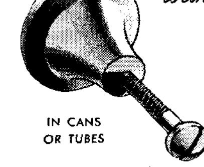

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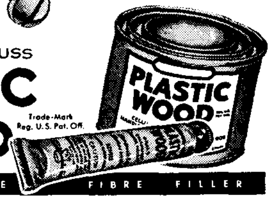

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social prestige. By 1834, several New York clubs had combined under the name of the Castle Garden Boat Club Association, which probably held the first regattas in America, although confined to member crews. Yale became interested in rowing in 1833, and Harvard six years later, although neither school possessed a boat until 1844. In that year Yale bought a six-oared boat, and a year later Harvard bought an eight. The first race between the two schools was held in 1852, beginning a rivalry which still continues. Neither Yale nor Harvard, however, has ever raced at Poughkeepsie

New York's example was followed by the towns along the Hudson, and every waterside hamlet organized a boat club. By 1837, the sport had been well established as far north as Albany.

At Newburgh, 16 miles down the river from Poughkeepsie, there were two six-oared crews, while Poughkeepsie had one, the Washington. The members of the Washington crew were mechanics; they all worked in a cooperage plant making barrels for whaling ships. They were not socially acceptable to the swanky boat clubs of New York, so when the citizens of Newburgh arranged a regatta for June 27, 1837, the first one on the Hudson, the entry of the Washington crew was ignored.

In Poughkeepsie this was regarded as rank discrimination, which it was, and the oarsmen of the Washington crew and their friends decided to do something about it.

At noon on regatta day the Washingtons launched their boat from Whale Dock and rowed leisurely downstream to Newburgh, followed by the chartered steamboat Emerald, gaily bedecked with flags and carrying a brass band, ample supplies of eatables and potables, and as many Poughkeepsians as could crowd aboard. Eight rowing clubs had entered the Newburgh regatta, and the oarsmen and their craft formed a gay spectacle. In those days crew men dressed up for rowing, instead of down, and also dressed up their boats, painting them black, blue, green or scarlet, topped off with several coats of heavy varnish.

The uniform of an oarsman consisted of canvas shoes, trousers, tightly buttoned jacket and some sort of headgear, with various combinations carrying out the color scheme of the boat club. The Washingtons, for example, were dressed in solid white, and each man wore a white beaver hat, which weighed three or four pounds. Every man had also either a beard or a mustache. Their boat was a glossy black. Handsomest of all the crews at the Newburgh regatta was the Halcyon, in green and white. The Pearl and Gull crews wore straw hats, and the Pearl oarsmen were attired in blue and white checked uniforms.

The band of the West Point Military Academy, stationed on a wharf opposite the judges' schooner, struck up Hail, Columbia, the signal for the crews to take their places at the starting line. The Washingtons, ignored by regatta officials, moved up to the line just outside the official lanes. At the gun, the Washington crew jumped into the lead, closely followed by the Wave, a New York boat manned by students of the Whitehall Marine School. The distance was five miles, with a halfway turn around a stake boat. At the turn the Washingtons were five lengths ahead; they retained that margin around the stake boat and held it to the finish line.

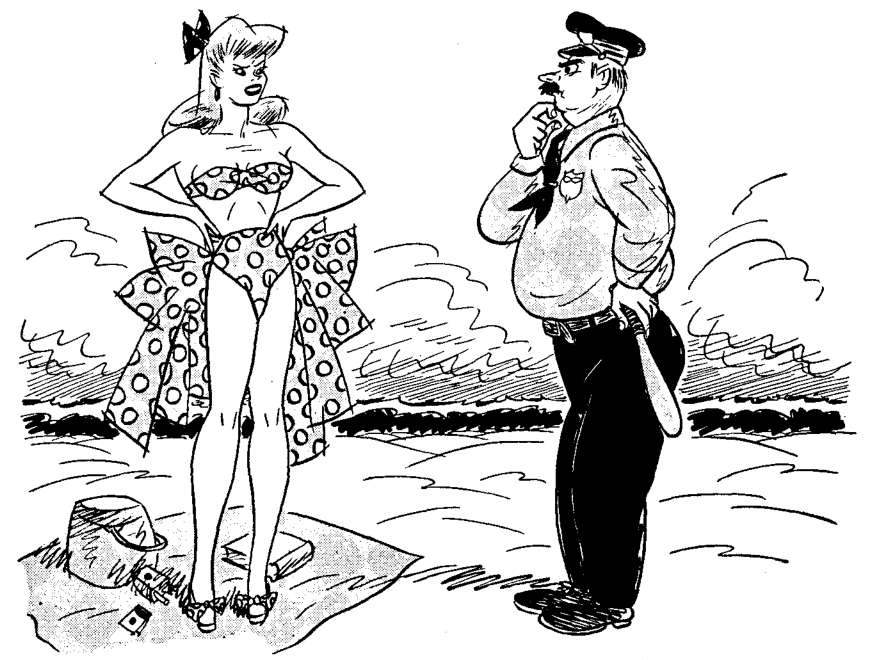
Disqualified on a Technicality

The Washington crew actually won the race, but because the crew had not been officially entered, the judges gave first place to the Waves. Aboard the steamboat, Emerald, the Poughkeepsie crowd cheered so lustily and jubilantly that the next day two New York newspapers, the Star and the Express, rebuked the Poughkeepsians for their display of poor manners.

In Poughkeepsie a few days later a mass meeting of citizens adopted resolutions commending the Washington crew, and plans were made for a big regatta on Friday, August 11, 1837. Crews from New York and all the river towns were invited to race in four- and six-oared boats, the four-oared event being added to outdo Newburgh. The big race of the day was the six, in which a half-dozen crews were entered. It was won easily by the Washington crew of Poughkeepsie, with the Robert Bache crew of Brooklyn trailing by eight lengths.

There was no Poughkeepsie entry in the four-oared race, which was won by the Brooklyn crew, of Brooklyn. Four of the oarsmen in the Brooklyn boat were brothers, named Roberts, one of whom was a lad of 14 years. After the second race all the crews paddled up to the piazzas of the Exchange Hotel, which overhung the river, and after a lot of speechmaking and toasts each crew received a purse of several hundred dollars, while young ladies tossed garlands of flowers into the boats. There was no rioting, no robbing, and no trouble of any sort; all that came 20-odd years later, when the sport was taken over, to a large extent, by the professionals.

THE END



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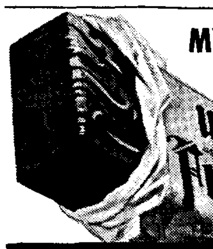

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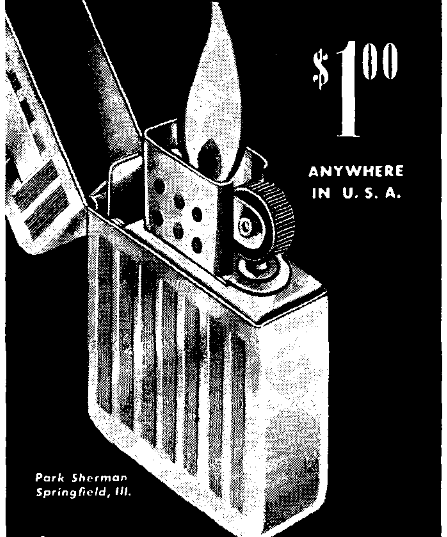

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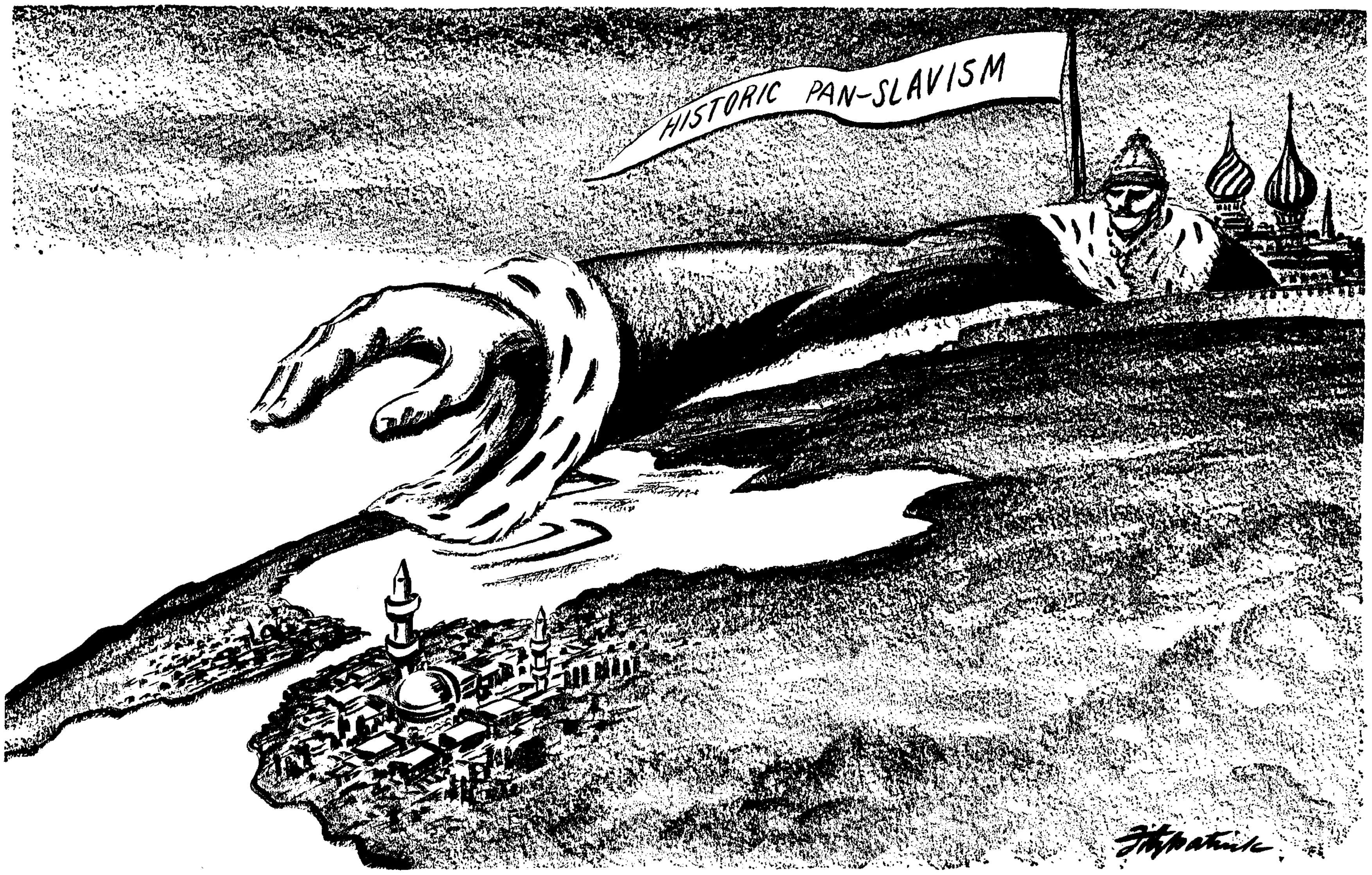


A PROPHET SPEAKS

YOU'VE heard what Secretary of State Marshall has had to say since he returned from Moscow. We know that he will need all his firmness and patience to convince the autocrat, Stalin, that Russia may not occupy Greece or Turkey or both or seize the Dardanelles. Russia must not fatten herself by devouring the weak. National boundaries must not be destroyed to satisfy a great power's lust for empire. That's how wars are born. There is nothing new about that. There is nothing new in Stalin's hunger for Turkey and his hope of one day owning the Dardanelles. And that is why Collier's publishes the appended excerpts from the writings of a world-famous man:

"Politicians are wont to refer to the Testament of Peter I, in order to show the traditional policy of Russia in general, and particularly with regard to her views of Constantinople. . . . Is it probable that this gigantic and swollen Power will pause in its career?

"With the annexation of Turkey and Greece she (would have) excellent seaports, while the Greeks (would) furnish skillful sailors for her navy. With Constantinople, she (would stand) on the threshold of the Mediterranean; with the Albanian coast, she is in the very center of the Adriatic. . . .

"And then, the broken and undulating western frontier of the Empire would call for rectification; and it would appear that the natural frontier of Russia runs from Danzig, or perhaps Stettin, to Trieste. And as sure as conquest follows conquest, and annexation follows annexation, so sure would the conquest of Turkey by Russia be only the prelude for the annexation of Hungary, Prussia and Galicia. . . .

"Russian diplomacy has rested on the timidity of Western statesmen, and her diplomatic art has gradually sunk into so complete a mannerism, that you may trace the history of the present transactions almost literally in the annals of the past. . . .

"Who is to rule in Constantinople would then no longer be the question—but who is to command all Europe? The Slavonic race long divided by internal contests . . . would then for the first time assert its unity, and, in doing so, declare war to the knife against the . . . races which have hitherto ruled the Continent. Pan-Slavism is not a movement which merely strives after national independence; it is a movement which, thus acting upon Europe, would tend to undo what a thousand years of history have created; which could not realize itself without sweeping from the map Hungary, Turkey and a large part of Germany. Moreover, it must subjugate Europe in order to secure the stability of these results, if they are ever obtained. . . .

"Russian diplomacy, more dangerous than Russian generalship, is again at work. . . .

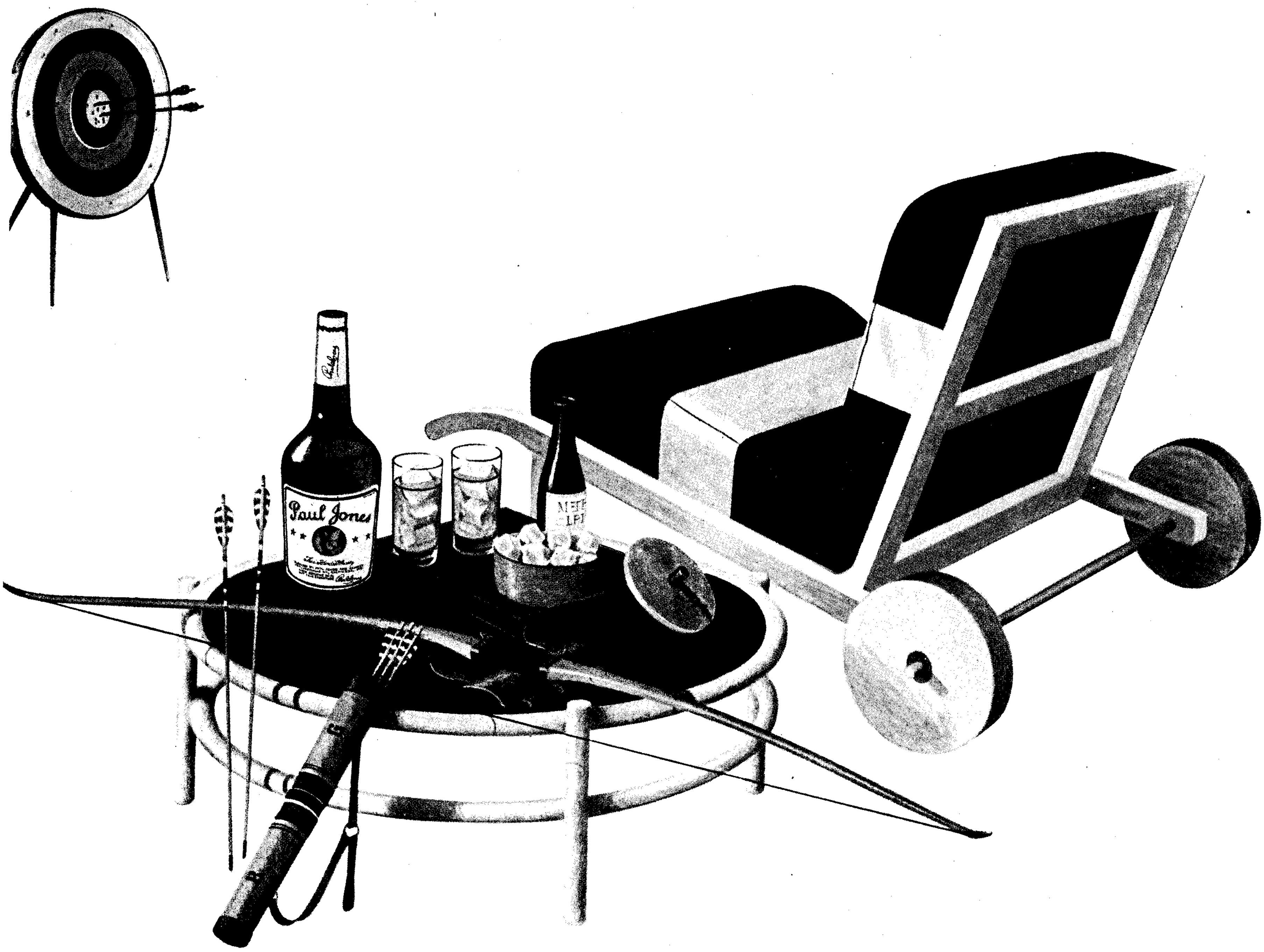
"England, especially, has been imposed on. She has been bullied, and is so still. She has not dared to declare her soul to be her own from the beginning to the present day. France, too, has been bullied. But both together have been frightened out of the only policy which could at once have guaranteed the preservation of peace, while maintaining their own respectability. To the arrogance of the Autocrat they have replied with the symptoms of cowardice.

"If at the outset they had used a manly style of language adequate to the position they hold, and the pretensions they set up before the world, if they had proved that bluster and swagger could not impose on them, the Autocrat would not only have refrained from attempting it, but would have entertained for them a very different feeling from that contempt which must now animate his bosom. There is only one way to deal with a Power like Russia, and that is the fearless way. . . .

"It is cheering to see the American intervention in Europe beginning just with the Eastern Question. Besides the commercial and military importance resulting from the situation of Constantinople, there are other important considerations, making its possession the hotly controverted and permanent subject of dispute between the East and the West—and America is the youngest and most vigorous representative of the West.

"Constantinople is the golden bridge thrown between the West and the East, and Western civilization cannot, like the sun, go round the world without passing that bridge; and it cannot pass it without a struggle with Russia."

The author of the above quotations was an ambitious and thoughtful man. For his name and the circumstances under which he wrote, see page 90.



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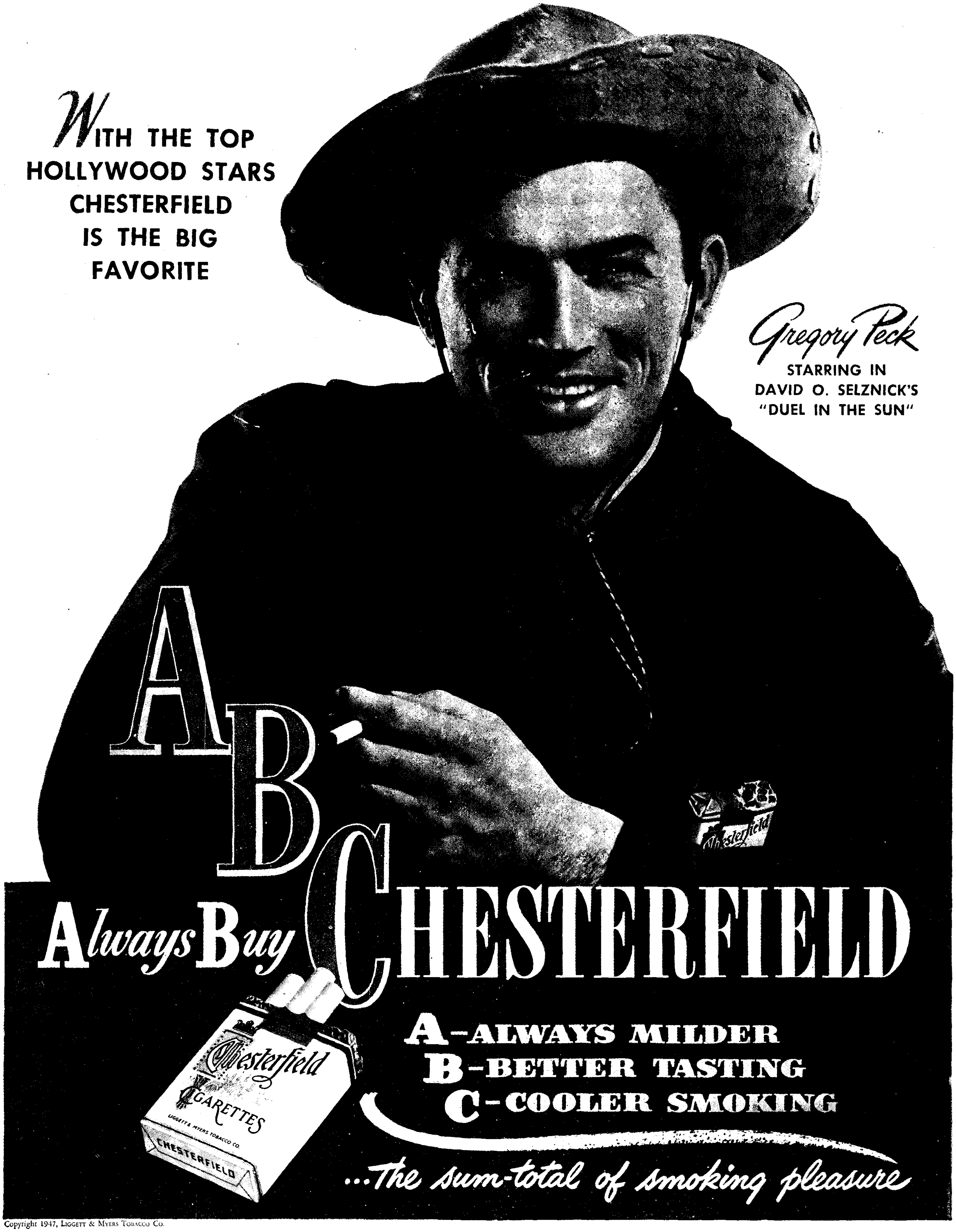
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